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Delphian Societ

OXEN PLOUGHING—Rosa Bonheur.

THIS, like many of Millet's paintings, is a poem of labor. Rosa Bonheur loved the country and the various phases of country life. A certain description of rural France found in one of George Sand's novels strongly appealed to her and after pondering long upon it, she painted her first great picture—Oxen Ploughing, for the Salon of 1848. Her father, also an artist and her painstaking teacher, was now in failing health. He lived to see this work completed and lived to see it. There is probably no other painting which so [illegible] with the beauty of ploughed fields and the strength of patient oxen.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS
PART VIII.

RECENT ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PAGE

Lord Lytton 1
Sydney Smith 16
Charles Dickens 20
English Literature since 1830 43
William Makepeace Thackeray 46
Thomas Carlyle 63
Alfred Tennyson 70
Robert Browning 88
Elizabeth Barrett Browning 103
George Eliot 116
Algernon Charles Swinburne 148
Matthew Arnold 153
Robert Louis Stevenson 158
John Ruskin 169
Jean Ingelow 184
Charles Reade 189
William Ernest Henley 196
Richard Le Gallienne 200
Alfred Austin 204
Henry James 210
Rudyard Kipling 221

RÉSUMÉ OF FRENCH HISTORY.

INTRODUCTION TO STUDY OF NORTHWESTERN EUROPE, by Alcée Fortier, D. Lt., Tulane University 230a

CHAPTER I.

Early France 231

CHAPTER II.

The House of Bourbon 238

CHAPTER III.

Causes of French Revolution 242

CHAPTER IV.

Progress of the Revolution 248

CHAPTER V.

Government of the Directory; The Consulate 257

CHAPTER VI. PAGE
France Since the Downfall of Napoleon..... 262

CHAPTER VII.
Development of French Art..... 266

CHAPTER VIII.
Recent French Artists; The Barbizon School..... 272

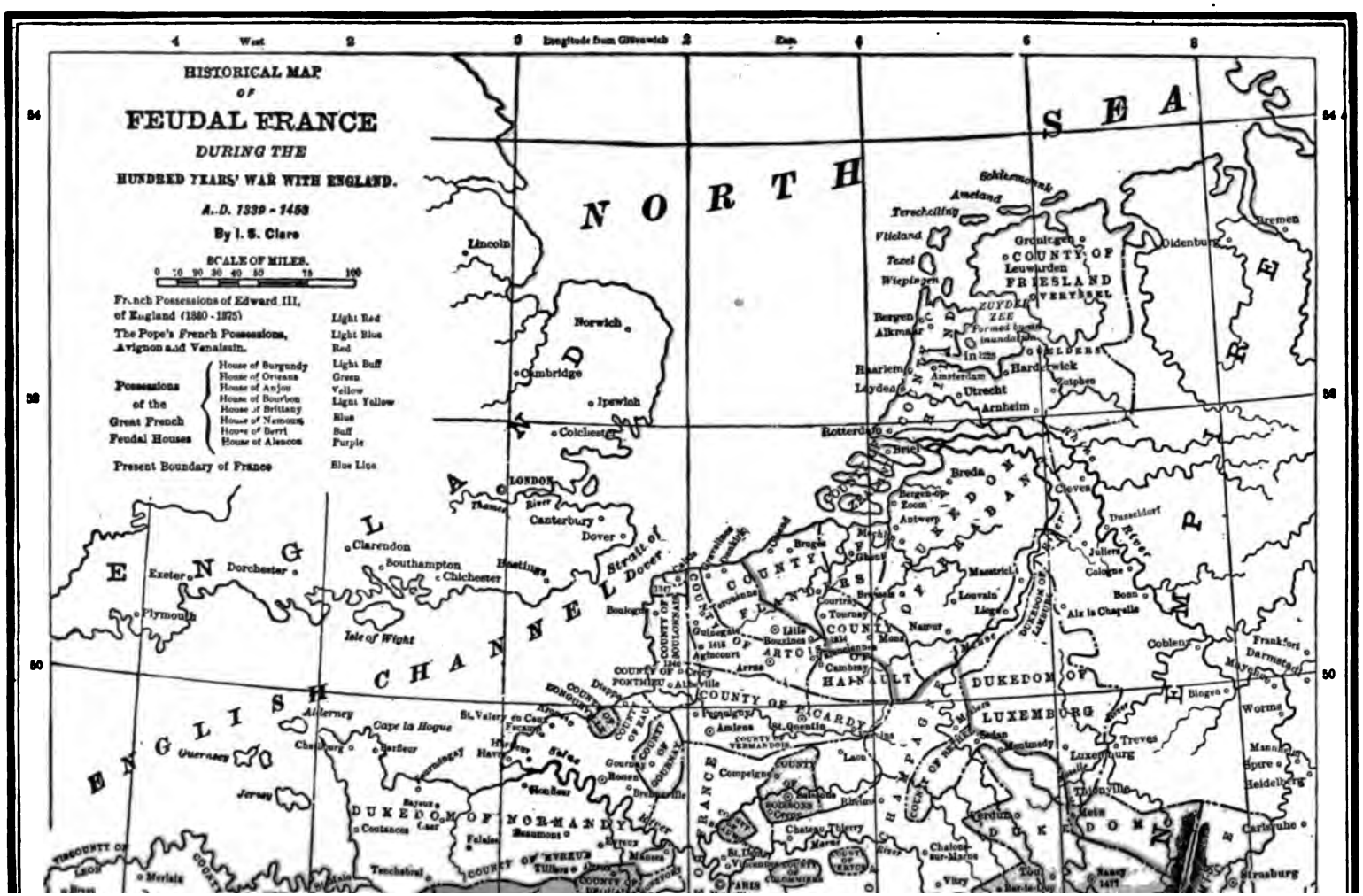
FRENCH LITERATURE.

Poems of Du Bellay and Ronsard..... 281
Jean de La Fontaine..... 286
Pierre Corneille 293
Sieur De Saint Amant..... 302
Blaise Pascal 304
Jean Baptiste Racine..... 306
Paul Scarron 318
La Rochefoucauld 323
Moliére 327
Madame de Sévigné..... 352
Literature of the 18th Century..... 356
Le Sage 359
Abbé Prévost D'Exiles..... 368
Voltaire 380
The Encyclopaedists 396
Jean Jacques Rousseau 404

LITERATURE OF THE REVOLUTION.

André Chenier 421
Rouget de Lisle..... 424
Alphonse de Lamartine..... 427

Literature of the 19th Century..... 435
Victor Hugo 438
Pierre de Béranger..... 454
George Sand 460
Balzac 480
Emile Zola 490
Description of Illustratious..... 498


HISTORICAL MAP
OF
FEUDAL FRANCE
DURING THE
HUNDRED YEARS' WAR WITH ENGLAND.
A.D. 1339 - 1453
By I. S. Clare
SCALE OF MILES.
0 10 20 30 40 50 75 100
French Possessions of Edward III, of England (1360 - 1375) Light Red
The Pope's French Possessions, Avignon and Venaissin. Light Blue
Red
Possessions of the Great French Feudal Houses
House of Burgundy Light Buff
House of Orleans Green
House of Anjou Yellow
House of Bourbon Light Yellow
House of Brittany Blue
House of Nemours Buff
House of Berri Purple
House of Alencon
Present Boundary of France Blue Line
Longitude from Greenwich
West
East
NORTH SEA
ENGLISH CHANNEL
ENGLAND
Lincoln
Norwich
Cambridge
Ipswich
Colchester
LONDON
Canterbury
Dover
Strait of Dover
Clarendon
Southampton
Chichester
Hastings
Exeter
Dorchester
Plymouth
Isle of Wight
Alderney
Cape la Hogue
Guernsey
Jersey
Cherbourg
Barfleur
Bayeux
Coutances
Falaise
Beaumont
Tenchebrai
Merlaie
DUKEDOM OF NORMANDY
COUNTY OF EVREUX
COUNTY OF ARTOIS
COUNTY OF HAINAULT
COUNTY OF PONTHIEU
COUNTY OF PICARDY
COUNTY OF FLANDERS
COUNTY OF BRABANT
COUNTY OF GUELDERS
COUNTY OF LEUWARDEN
COUNTY OF FRIESLAND
COUNTY OF VERYHSEL
DUKEDOM OF LUXEMBURG
DUKEDOM OF LORRAINE
DUKEDOM OF BURGUNDY
Boulogne
Calais
Amiens
St. Quentin
Compiegne
Soissons
Chateau Thierry
Chalons-sur-Marne
Verdun
Toul
Nancy
Metz
Trier
Treves
Luxemburg
Sedan
Montmedy
Mezieres
Liege
Namur
Louvain
Brussels
Mons
Tournay
Courtray
Lille
Bruges
Ghent
Antwerp
Bergen-op-Zoom
Breda
Brielle
Rotterdam
Utrecht
Arnheim
Zutphen
Amsterdam
Haarlem
Leyden
Hardewick
Alkmaar
Bergen
Texel
Vlieland
Terschelling
Ameland
Schiermonnik
Groningen
Leeuwarden
Didenburg
Bremen
Cleves
Dusseldorf
Juliers
Cologne
Bonn
Aix la Chapelle
Coblenz
Bingen
Worms
Frankfort
Darmstadt
Mayence
Manheim
Spire
Heidelberg
Carlsruhe
Strasburg
Nancy
Paris
Rouen
Havre
Caen
Falaise
Evreux
Tillieres
Meaux
Vincennes
Chartres
Orleans
Blois
Tours
Angers
Nantes
Saumur
Poitiers
Angoulême
Limoges
Bordeaux
Bayonne
Pau
Toulouse
Montpellier
Avignon
Lyons
Grenoble
Chambery
Geneva
Basle
Zurich
Constance
Ulm
Augsburg
Munich
Ratisbon
Vienna
Prague
Dresden
Leipsic
Berlin
Hamburg
Lubeck
Wittenberg
Magdeburg
Hanover
Brunswick
Cassel
Wurtzburg
Nuremberg
Ingolstadt
Salzburg
Innsbruck
Trent
Verona
Mantua
Milan
Pavia
Genoa
Turin
Venice
Padua
Bologna
Florence
Pisa
Siena
Rome
Naples
Palermo
Messina
Cape Bon
Tunis
Algiers
Oran
Tlemcen
Fez
Tangier
Ceuta
Malaga
Granada
Cordova
Seville
Cadiz
Lisbon
Oporto
Coimbra
Salamanca
Valladolid
Burgos
Pamplona
Saragossa
Barcelona
Tarragona
Valencia
Alicante
Murcia
Cartagena
Malaga
Gibraltar
Tangier
Ceuta
Tlemcen
Algiers
Tunis
Cape Bon
Sicily
Sardinia
Corsica
Balearic Islands
Canary Islands
Madeira
Azores
Cape Verde Islands
Cape Finisterre
Cape Ortegal
Cape Bojador
Cape Blanco
Cape Verde
Cape Finisterre
Cape Ortegal
Cape Bojador
Cape Blanco
Cape Verde
Cape Finisterre
Cape Ortegal
Cape Bojador
Cape Blanco
Cape Verde

BAY OF BISCAY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
KINGDOM OF ARAGON
CATALONIA
KINGDOM OF NAVARRE
KINGDOM OF CASTILE
KINGDOM OF LEON
PYRENEES MTS.
ALPS MTS.
DUKEDOM OF GASCONY
DUKEDOM OF AQUITAINE
DUKEDOM OF AUVERGNE
DUKEDOM OF BOURBONNAIS
DUKEDOM OF BURGUNDY
DUKEDOM OF LANGUEDOC
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COUNTY OF LA MARCHE
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COUNTY OF NIVERNAIS
COUNTY OF ROUERGUE
COUNTY OF TOULOUSE
COUNTY OF FOIX
COUNTY OF ROUSILLON
COUNTY OF PROVENCE
COUNTY OF VENAISSIN
COUNTY OF BEAUJOLAIS
COUNTY OF LYONNAIS
COUNTY OF ANGOULEME
COUNTY OF PARTHENAY
COUNTY OF CASTRES
VISCOUNTY OF LIMOUSIN
VISCOUNTY OF BEARN
REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA
Longitude from Greenwich
West
East
Bordeaux
Toulouse
Montpellier
Marseilles
Lyons
Paris
Bilbao
San Sebastian
Pampeluna
Burgos
Madrid
Tolosa
Vittoria
Navarette
Ebro
Gironde River
Dordogne River
Garonne River
Rhone River
Loire River
Seine River
Saône River
Aosta
Turin
Vercelli
Nice
Monaco
Cannes
Toulon
Aix
Arles
Avignon
Nimes
Valence
Grenoble
Vienne
Macon
Dijon
Berne
Lausanne
Geneva
Bourges
Nevers
Moulins
Clermont
Limoges
Angoulême
Poitiers
Saintes
Rochelle
Nantes
Angers
Tours
Orleans
Chartres
Rouen
Caen
Cherbourg
Belle Isle
Oleron
Bayonne
Pau
Tarbes
Auch
Agen
Cahors
Rodez
Albi
Carcassonne
Narbonne
Perpignan
Foix
Toulouse
Montauban
Bordeaux
Saintes
Angoulême
Poitiers
Limoges
Clermont
Moulins
Nevers
Bourges
Dijon
Macon
Lyons
Vienne
Valence
Grenoble
Aosta
Turin
Vercelli
Nice
Monaco
Cannes
Toulon
Aix
Arles
Avignon
Nimes
Montpellier
Narbonne
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Perpignan
Foix
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Albi
Bordeaux
Bayonne
Pau
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Pampeluna
Vittoria
Tolosa
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RECENT ENGLISH LITERATURE

EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

No literary man of this century played so many different parts and accomplished so much with such general success as he who is still popularly known as Bulwer, though fortune since changed his name to Bulwer-Lytton, and afterwards gave him the title Baron Lytton. He belonged to a distinguished family, being the son of General Bulwer, and was born in 1805. But he was carefully trained by his mother, whose name Lytton he assumed in 1843. He lisped in numbers, writing ballads at the age of seven, and publishing a volume of poems at fifteen. In his fifty years of mature life he emulated many great writers of fiction and invented styles of his own. He first attracted attention (in "Pelham") as a brilliant depicter of the gayeties and dissipations of English society, then (in "Paul Clifford") as a melodramatic chronicler of a highwayman's career, anon (in "Rienzi," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Calderon," "Harold," "The Last of the Barons") as a remarkably accurate presenter of historical romance, ancient and modern, then (in "Ernest Maltravers") as an analyst of social problems, again (in "The Caxtons," "My Novel," etc.), as a skillful adapter of Sterne's method to the circumstances of a later period, later (in "The Coming Race") as the author of a fantastic predictive view of the tendencies of modern civilization, and finally (in "The Parisians" and "Kenelm Chillingly") as an exhibitor of the effect of French and English institutions on their respective people. In the early stages of his career he was ridiculed and satirized for his pompous style and aristocratic affectations, yet by perseverance and generous ambition he won the esteem and friendship of Thackeray and Tennyson and other hostile critics.

Bulwer wrote some fine poems and made excellent poetic translations from Schiller and Horace. In the difficult and uncertain field of the drama his success was beyond dispute, and his three best plays yet keep the stage. He failed, however, where he had felt most sure of triumph, in his romantic

epic, "King Arthur." Throughout his life he wrote much on the theory of art, poetry and fiction, and exemplified his deductions and principles in various works. His unwearied powers were also seen in historical disquisitions, the discussions of public questions, and in literary essays. But this prolific student and writer was also a man of fashion, an active politician, an industrious member of parliament, and holder of public office. In spite of these distractions, he constantly returned to his favorite occupation as a novelist and had the gratification to find that his latest works, when published anonymously, excited sensation and obtained popular favor.

The great misfortune of his private life was his quarrel with his wife, a clever, high-tempered Irish woman. She insisted on making the disagreement as public as possible, attacking him with tongue and pen, and making speeches against him at the polling-booths when he was a candidate. Manfully he bore all in silence, and retained the regard of those who knew him best. He died in January, 1873.

While Lytton's lifelong success in literature is astonishing, it has not proved so permanent as might have been expected. His novels are, after all, perhaps too much modified by his theories of what they should teach, and his prodigious invention is reduced to furnishing examples of supposed rules. Throughout them all, instead of allowing the characters to reveal themselves in action and speech, he describes their feelings and thoughts. His style is somewhat affected, rhetorical to excess and lends itself to imitation and burlesque. In spite of his remarkable inventiveness he did not give his work that individuality which marks the productions of the greatest writers. Yet his works even to the last abounded in original ideas, exhibited brilliant invention, and noble sentiment, with considerable variety of portraiture.

Glaucus Sends Nydia to Ione.

(From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

Glaucus was interrupted by the entrance of Nydia. She came with her light, though cautious step, along the marble tablinum. She passed the portico, and paused at the flowers which bordered the garden. She had her water-vase in her

hand, and she sprinkled the thirsting plants, which seemed to brighten at her approach. She bent to inhale their odor. She touched them timidly and caressingly. She felt along their stems, if any withered leaf or creeping insect marred their beauty. And as she hovered from flower to flower, with her earnest and youthful countenance and graceful motions, you could not have imagined a fitter handmaid for the goddess of the garden.

"Nydia, my child!" said Glaucus.

At the sound of his voice she paused at once—listening, blushing, breathless; with her lips parted, her face upturned to catch the direction of the sound, she laid down the vase—she hastened to him; and wonderful it was to see how unerringly she threaded her dark way through the flowers, and came by the shortest path to the side of her new lord.

"Nydia," said Glaucus, tenderly stroking back her long and beautiful hair, "it is now three days since thou hast been under the protection of my household gods. Have they smiled on thee? Art thou happy?"

"Ah! so happy," sighed the slave.

"And now," continued Glaucus, "that thou hast recovered somewhat from the hateful recollections of thy former state—and now that they have fitted thee (touching her broidered tunic) with garments more meet for thy delicate shape—and now, sweet child, that thou hast accustomed thyself to a happiness, which may the gods grant thee ever! I am about to pray at thy hands a boon."

"Oh! what can I do for thee?" said Nydia, clasping her hands.

"Listen," said Glaucus, "and young as thou art, thou shalt be my confidant. Hast thou ever heard the name of Ione?"

The blind girl gasped for breath, and turning pale as one of the statues which shone upon them from the peristyle, she answered with an effort, and after a moment's pause:

"Yes! I have heard that she is of Neapolis, and beautiful."

"Beautiful! her beauty is a thing to dazzle the day. Neapolis! nay, she is Greek by origin; Greece only could furnish forth such shapes. Nydia, I love her!"

"I thought so," replied Nydia, calmly.

"I love, and thou shalt tell her so. I am about to send

thee to her. Happy Nydia, thou wilt be in her chamber—thou wilt drink the music of her voice—thou wilt bask in the sunny air of her presence."

"What! what! wilt thou send me from thee?"

"Thou wilt go to Ione," answered Glaucus in a tone that said, "What more canst thou desire?"

Nydia burst into tears.

Glaucus, raising himself, drew her toward him with the soothing caresses of a brother.

"My child, my Nydia, thou weepest in ignorance of the happiness I bestow on thee. She is gentle, and kind, and soft as the breeze of spring. She will be a sister to thy youth—she will appreciate thy winning talents—she will love thy simple graces as none other could, for they are like her own. Weepest thou still, fond fool? I will not force thee, sweet. Wilt thou not do for me this kindness?"

"Well, if I can serve thee, command. See, I weep no longer—I am calm."

"That is my own Nydia," continued Glaucus, kissing her hand. "Go, then, to her: if thou art disappointed in her kindness, if I have deceived thee, return when thou wilt. I do not *give* thee to another; I but lend. My home shall ever be thy refuge, sweet one. Ah! would it could shelter all the friendless and distressed! But if my heart whispers truly, I shall claim thee again soon, my child. My home and Ione's will become the same, and thou shalt dwell with both."

A shiver passed through the slight frame of the blind girl, but she wept no more—she was resigned.

"Go, then, my Nydia, to Ione's house—they shall show thee the way. Take her the fairest flowers thou canst pluck; the vase which contains them I will give thee; thou must excuse its unworthiness. Thou shalt take, too, with thee the lute that I gave thee yesterday, and from which thou knowest so well to awaken the charming spirit. Thou shalt give her also this letter, in which, after a hundred efforts, I have embodied something of my thoughts. Let thy ear catch every accent—every modulation of her voice—and tell me, when we meet again, if its music should flatter me or discourage. It is now, Nydia, some days since I have been admitted to Ione; there is something mysterious in this exclusion. I am dis-

tracted with doubts and fears; learn—for thou art quick, and thy care for me will sharpen tenfold thy acuteness—learn the cause of this unkindness; speak of me as often as thou canst; let my name come ever to thy lips; *insinuate* how I love rather than *proclaim* it; watch if she sighs whilst thou speakest, if she answers thee; or, if she approves, in what accent she approves. Be my friend, plead for me; and oh! how vastly wilt thou overpay the little I have done for thee! Thou comprehendest, Nydia; thou art yet a child—have I said more than thou canst understand?"

"No."

"And thou wilt serve me?"

"Yes."

"Come to me when thou hast gathered the flowers, and I will give thee the vase I speak of; seek me in the chamber of Leda. Pretty one, thou dost not grieve now?"

"Glaucus, I am a slave; what business have I with grief or joy?"

"Sayest thou so? No, Nydia, be free. I give thee freedom; enjoy it as thou wilt, and pardon me that I reckoned on thy desire to serve me."

"You are offended. Oh! I would not, for that which no freedom can give, offend you, Glaucus. My guardian, my saviour, my protector, forgive the poor blind girl! She does not grieve even in leaving thee, if she can aid thy happiness."

"May the gods bless this grateful heart!" said Glaucus, greatly moved; and, unconscious of the fires he excited, he repeatedly kissed her forehead.

"Thou forgivest me," said she, "and thou wilt talk no more of freedom; my happiness is to be thy slave; thou hast promised thou wilt not give me to another——"

"I have promised."

"And now, then, I will gather the flowers."

Silently Nydia took from the hand of Glaucus the costly and jeweled vase, in which the flowers vied with each other in hue and fragrance; tearlessly she received his parting admonition. She paused for a moment when his voice ceased—she did not trust herself to reply—she sought his hand—she raised it to her lips, dropped her veil over her face, and passed at once from his presence. She paused again as she reached the threshold; she stretched her hands toward it and murmured:

"Three happy days—days of unspeakable delight, have I known since I passed thee, blessed threshold! may peace dwell ever with thee when I am gone! And now, my heart tears itself from thee, and the only sound it utters bids me—die!" . . .

A slave entered the chamber of Ione. A messenger from Glaucus desired to be admitted.

Ione hesitated an instant.

"She is blind, that messenger," said the slave; "she will do her commission to none but thee."

Base is that heart which does not respect affliction! The moment she heard the messenger was blind, Ione felt the impossibility of returning a chilling reply. Glaucus had chosen a herald that was indeed sacred—a herald that could not be denied.

"What can he want with me? what message can he send?" and the heart of Ione beat quick. The curtain across the door was withdrawn; a soft and echoless step fell upon the marble, and Nydia, led by one of the attendants, entered with her precious gift.

She stood still a moment, as if listening for some sound that might direct her.

"Will the noble Ione," said she, in a soft and low voice, "deign to speak, that I may know whither to steer these benighted steps, and that I may lay my offerings at her feet?"

"Fair child," said Ione, touched and soothingly, "give not thyself the pain to cross these slippery floors; my attendant will bring to me what thou hast to present," and she motioned to the handmaid to take the vase.

"I may give these flowers to none but thee," answered Nydia, and, guided by her ear, she walked slowly to the place where Ione sat, and kneeling when she came before her proffered the vase.

Ione took it from her hand and placed it on the table at her side. She then raised her gently and would have seated her on the couch, but the girl modestly resisted.

"I have not yet discharged my office," said she, and she drew the letter of Glaucus from her vest. "This will, perhaps, explain why he who sent me chose so unworthy a messenger to Ione."

The Neapolitan took the letter with a hand, the trembling of which Nydia at once felt and sighed to feel. With folded arms and downcast looks she stood before the proud and stately form of Ione—no less proud, perhaps, in her attitude of submission. Ione waved her hand and the attendants withdrew; she gazed again upon the form of the young slave in surprise and beautiful compassion; then, retiring a little from her, she opened and read the letter. . . .

It seemed to Ione, as she read the letter, as if a mist had fallen from her eyes. What had been the supposed offence of Glaucus—that he had not really loved! And now, plainly, and in no dubious terms, he confessed that love. From that moment his power was fully restored. At every tender word in that letter, so full of romantic and trustful passion, her heart smote her. And had she doubted his faith, and had she believed another? and had she not, at least, allowed to him the culprit's right to know his crime, to plead in his defense? —the tears rolled down her cheeks—she kissed the letter—she placed it in her bosom; and, turning to Nydia, who stood in the same place and in the same posture:

"Wilt thou sit, my child," said she, "while I write an answer to this letter?"

"You will answer it, then!" said Nydia, coldly. "Well, the slave that accompanied me will take back your answer!"

"For you," said Ione, "stay with me—trust me; your service shall be light."

Nydia bowed her head.

"What is your name, fair girl?"

"They call me Nydia."

"Your country?"

"The land of Olympus—Thessaly."

"Thou shalt be to me a friend," said Ione, caressingly, "as thou art already a countrywoman. Meanwhile, I beseech thee, stand not on these cold and glassy marbles. There! now that thou art seated, I can leave thee for an instant."

"Ione to Glaucus—greeting. Come to me, Glaucus," wrote Ione—"come to me tomorrow. I may have been unjust to thee; but I will tell thee, at least, the fault that has been imputed to thy charge. Fear not, henceforth, the Egyptian—fear none. Thou sayest thou hast expressed too muoh—alas! in these hasty words I have already done so. Farewell!"

As Ione reappeared with the letter, which she did not dare to read after she had written (Ah! common rashness, common timidity of love), Nydia started from her seat.

"You have written to Glaucus?"

"I have."

"And will he thank the messenger who gives him thy letter?"

Ione forgot that her companion was blind; she blushed from the brow to the neck, and remained silent.

"I mean this," added Nydia, in a calmer tone; "the lightest word of coldness from thee will sadden him—the lightest kindness will rejoice. If it be the first, let the slave take back thine answer; if it be the last, let me—I will return this evening."

"And why, Nydia," asked Ione evasively, "wouldst thou be the bearer of my letter?"

"It is so, then!" said Nydia. "Ah! how could it be otherwise; who could be unkind to Glaucus?"

"My child," said Ione, a little more reservedly than before, "thou speakest warmly—Glaucus, then, is amiable in thine eyes?"

"Noble Ione! Glaucus has been that to me which neither fortune nor the gods have been—*a friend!*"

The sadness mingled with dignity with which Nydia uttered these simple words, affected the beautiful Ione; she bent down and kissed her. "Thou art grateful, and deservedly so; why should I blush to say that Glaucus is worthy of thy gratitude? Go, my Nydia—take to him thyself this letter—but return again. If I am from home when thou returnest—as this evening, perhaps, I shall be—thy chamber shall be prepared next my own. Nydia, I have no sister—wilt thou be one to me?"

The Thessalian kissed the hand of Ione, and then said with some embarrassment:

"One favor, fair Ione—may I dare to ask it?"

"Thou canst not ask what I will not grant," replied the Neapolitan.

"They tell me," said Nydia, "that thou art beautiful beyond the loveliness of earth. Alas! I cannot see that which gladdens the world! Wilt thou suffer me, then, to pass my

hand over thy face?—that is my sole criterion of beauty, and I usually guess aright."

She did not wait for the answer of Ione, but, as she spoke, gently and slowly passed her hand over the bending and half-averted features of the Greek—features which but one image in the world can yet depicture and recall—that image is the mutilated, but all wondrous, statue in her native city—her own Neapolis; that Parian face, before which all the beauty of the Florentine Venus is poor and earthly—that aspect so full of harmony—of youth—of genius—of the soul—which modern critics have supposed the representation of Psyche.

Her touch lingered over the braided hair and polished brow—over the downy and damask cheek—over the dimpled lip—the swan-like and whitest neck. "I know now that thou art beautiful," she said; "and I can picture thee to my darkness henceforth, and forever!"

When Nydia left her, Ione sank into a deep but delicious reverie. Glaucus then loved her; he owned it—yes, he loved her.

Kenelm's Fight With Tom Bowles.

(From "Kenelm Chillingly.")

Kenelm and Jessie both walked on in silence, and had now reached the center of the village street when Jessie, looking up, uttered an abrupt exclamation, gave an affrighted start, and then came to a dead stop.

Kenelm's eye followed the direction of hers, and saw, a few yards distant, at the other side of the way, a small red brick house, with thatched sheds adjoining it, the whole standing in a wide yard, over the gate of which leaned a man smoking a small cutty-pipe. "It is Tom Bowles," whispered Jessie; and instinctively she twined her arm into Kenelm's—then, as if on second thoughts, withdrew it, and said, still in a whisper, "Go back now, sir—do."

"Not I. It is Tom Bowles whom I want to know. Hush!"

For here Tom Bowles had thrown down his pipe, and was coming slowly across the road toward them.

Kenelm eyed him with attention. A singularly powerful

man, not so tall as Kenelm by some inches, but still above the middle height, herculean shoulders and chest, the lower limbs not in equal proportion—a sort of slouching, shambling gait. As he advanced, the moonlight fell on his face—it was a handsome one. He wore no hat, and his hair, of a light brown, curled close. His face was fresh-colored, with aquiline features; his age apparently about six or seven and twenty. Coming nearer and nearer, whatever favorable impression the first glance at his physiognomy might have made on Kenelm was dispelled, for the expression of his face changed, and became fierce and lowering.

Kenelm was still walking on, Jessie by his side, when Bowles rudely thrust himself between them, and seizing the girl's arm with one hand, he turned his face full on Kenelm, with a menacing wave of the other hand, and said, in a deep burly voice,

"Who be you?"

"Let go that young woman before I tell you."

"If you weren't a stranger," answered Bowles, seeming as if he tried to suppress a rising fit of wrath, "you'd be in the kennel for those words. But I s'pose you don't know that I'm Tom Bowles, and I don't choose the girl as I'm after to keep company with any other man. So you be off."

"And I don't choose any other man to lay violent hands on any girl walking by my side without telling him that he's a brute; and that I only wait till he has both his hands at liberty to let him know that he has not a cripple to deal with."

Tom Bowles could scarcely believe his ears. Amaze swallowed up for the moment every other sentiment. Mechanically he loosened his hold of Jessie, who fled off like a bird released. But evidently she thought of her new friend's danger more than her own escape; for instead of sheltering herself in her father's cottage, she ran toward a group of laborers, who, near at hand, had stopped loitering before the public-house, and returned with those allies toward the spot in which she had left the two men. She was very popular with the villagers, who, strong in the sense of numbers, overcame their awe of Tom Bowles, and arrived at the place half running, half striding, in time, they hoped, to interpose between his terrible arm and the bones of the unoffending stranger.

Meanwhile Bowles, having recovered his first astonishment, and scarcely noticing Jessie's escape, still left his right arm extended toward the place she had vacated, and with a quick backstroke of the left leveled at Kenelm's face, growled contemptuously, "Thou'lt find one hand enough for thee."

But quick as with his aim, Kenelm caught the lifted arm just above the elbow, causing the blow to waste itself on air, and with a simultaneous advance of his right knee and foot dexterously tripped up his bulky antagonist, and laid him sprawling on his back. The movement was so sudden, and the stun it occasioned so utter, morally as well as physically, that a minute or more elapsed before Tom Bowles picked himself up. And he then stood another minute glowering at his antagonist, with a vague sentiment of awe almost like a superstitious panic. But as fighting Tom gradually recovered to the consciousness of his own strength, and the recollection that it had been only foiled by the skillful trick of a wrestler, not the hand-to-hand might of a pugilist, the panic vanished, and Tom Bowles was himself again. "Oh, that's your sort, is it?" said he. "We don't fight with our heels hereabouts, like Cornishers and donkeys; we fight with our fists, youngster; and since you *will* have a bout at that, why you must."

"Providence," answered Kenelm, solemnly, "sent me to this village for the express purpose of licking Tom Bowles. It is a signal mercy vouchsafed to yourself, as you will one day acknowledge."

Again a thrill of awe, something like that which the demagogue Aristophanes might have felt when braved by the sausage-maker, shot through the valiant heart of Tom Bowles. He did not like those ominous words, and still less the lugubrious tone of voice in which they were uttered. But resolved, at least, to proceed to battle with more preparation than he had at first designed, he now deliberately disencumbered himself of his heavy fustian jacket and vest, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and then slowly advanced toward his foe.

Kenelm had also, with still greater deliberation, taken off his coat—which he folded up with care, as being both a new and an only one, and deposited by the hedge-side—and bared arms, lean indeed, and almost slight, as compared with the vast muscle of his adversary, but firm in sinew as the hind-leg of a stag.

By this time the laborers, led by Jessie, had arrived at the spot, and were about to crowd in between the combatants, when Kenelm waved them back, and said, in a calm and impressive voice,

"Stand round, my good friends, make a ring, and see that it is fair play on my side. I am sure it will be fair on Mr. Bowles's. He's big enough to scorn what is little. And now, Mr. Bowles, just a word with you in the presence of your neighbors. I am not going to say any thing uncivil. If you are rather rough and hasty, a man is not always master of himself—at least so I am told—when he thinks more than he ought to do about a pretty girl. But I can't look at your face even by this boonlight, and though its expression at this moment is rather cross, without being sure that you are a fine fellow at bottom; and that if you give a promise as man to man you will keep it. Is that so?"

One or two of the by-standers murmured assent; the others pressed round in silent wonder.

"What's all that soft-sawder about?" said Tom Bowles, somewhat falteringly.

"Simply this: if in the fight between us I beat you I ask you to promise before your neighbors that you will not by word or deed molest or interfere again with Miss Jessie Wiles."

"Eh!" roared Tom. "Is it that *you* are after her?"

"Suppose I am, if that pleases you; and, on my side, I promise that, if you beat me, I quit this place as soon as you leave me well enough to do so, and will never visit it again. What! do you hesitate to promise? Are you really afraid I shall lick you?"

"You! I'd smash a dozen of you to powder."

"In that case, you are safe to promise. Come, 'tis a fair bargain. Isn't it, neighbors?"

Won over by Kenelm's easy show of good temper, and by the sense of justice, the by-standers joined in a common exclamation of assent.

"Come, Tom," said an old fellow, "the gentleman can't speak fairer; and we shall all think you be afraid if you hold back."

Tom's face worked; but at last he growled, "Well, I promise—that is, if he beats me."

"All right," said Kenelm. "You hear, neighbors; and Tom Bowles could not show that handsome face of his among you if he broke his word. Shake hands on it."

"Well, now, that's what I call English," said Kenelm; "all pluck and no malice. Fall back, friends, and leave a clear space for us."

The men all receded; and as Kenelm took his ground, there was a supple ease in his posture which at once brought out into clearer evidence the nervous strength of his build, and, contrasted with Tom's bulk of chest, made the latter look clumsy and top-heavy.

The two men faced each other for a minute, the eyes of both vigilant and steadfast. Tom's blood began to fire up as he gazed—nor, with all his outward calm, was Kenelm insensible of that proud beat of the heart which is aroused by the fierce joy of combat. Tom struck out first, and a blow was parried, but not returned; another and another blow—still parried—still unreturned. Kenelm, acting evidently on the defensive, took all the advantages for that strategy which he derived from superior length of arm and lighter agility of frame. Perhaps he wished to ascertain the extent of his adversary's skill, or to try the endurance of his wind, before he ventured on the hazards of attack. Tom, galled to the quick that blows which might have felled an ox were thus warded off from their mark, and dimly aware that he was encountering some mysterious skill which turned his brute strength into waste force, and might overmaster him in the long run, came to a rapid conclusion that the sooner he brought that brute strength to bear, the better it would be for him. Accordingly, after three rounds, in which, without once breaking the guard of his antagonist, he had received a few playful taps on the nose and mouth, he drew back, and made a bull-like rush at his foe—bull-like, for it butted full at him with the powerful down-bent head, and the two fists doing duty as horns. The rush spent, he found himself in the position of a man *milled.* A "mill," periphrastically, means this: your adversary, in the noble encounter between fist and fist, has so plunged his head that it gets caught, as in a vise, between the side and doubled left arm of the adversary, exposing that head, unprotected and helpless, to be pounded out of recognizable shape

by the right fist of the opponent. It is a situation in which raw superiority of force sometimes finds itself, and is seldom spared by disciplined superiority of skill. Kenelm, his right fist raised, paused for a moment, then, loosening the left arm, releasing the prisoner, and giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder, he turned round to the spectators, and said apologetically, "He has a handsome face—it would be a shame to spoil it."

Tom's position of peril was so obvious to all, and that good-humored abnegation of the advantage which the position gave to the adversary seemed so generous, that the laborers actually hurrahed. Tom himself felt as if treated like a child; and alas, and alas for him! in wheeling round, and regathering himself up, his eye rested on Jessie's face. Her lips were apart with breathless terror; he fancied they were apart with a smile of contempt. And now he became formidable. He fought as fights the bull in presence of the heifer, who, as he knows too well, will go with the conqueror.

If Tom had never yet fought with a man taught by a prize-fighter, so never yet had Kenelm encountered a strength which, but for the lack of that teaching, would have conquered his own. He could act no longer on the defensive; he could no longer play, like a dexterous fencer, with the sledge-hammer of those mighty arms. They broke through his guard—they sounded on his chest as on an anvil. He felt that did they alight on his head he was a lost man. He felt also that the blows spent on the chest of his adversary were idle as the stroke of a cane on the hide of a rhinoceros. But now his nostrils dilated, his eyes flashed fire—Kenelm Chillingly had ceased to be a philosopher. Crash came his blow—how unlike the swinging roundabout hits of Tom Bowles!—straight to its aim as the rifle-ball of a Tyrolese, or a British marksman at Aldershot—all the strength of nerve, sinew, purpose, and mind concentrated in its vigor—crash just at that part of the front where the eyes meet, and followed up with the rapidity of lightning, flash upon flash, by a more restrained but more disabling blow with the left hand just where the left ear meets throat and jaw-bone.

At the first blow Tom Bowles had reeled and staggered; at the second he threw up his hands, made a jump in the air

as if shot through the heart, and then heavily fell forward, an inert mass.

The spectators pressed round him in terror. They thought he was dead. Kenelm knelt, passed quickly his hand over Tom's lips, pulse and heart, and then rising, said, humbly and with an air of apology:

"If he had been a less magnificent creature, I assure you on my honor that I should never have ventured that second blow. The first would have done for any man less splendidly endowed by nature. Lift him gently; take him home. Tell his mother, with my kind regards, that I'll call and see her and him to-morrow. And, stop, does he ever drink too much beer?"

"Well," said one of the villagers, "Tom *can* drink."

"I thought so. Too much flesh for that muscle. Go for the nearest doctor. You, my lad?—good—off with you—quick! No danger, but perhaps it may be a case for the lancet."

Tom Bowles was lifted tenderly by four of the stoutest men present and borne into his home, evincing no sign of consciousness; but his face, where not clouted with blood, very pale, very calm, with a slight froth at the lips.

Kenelm pulled down his shirt-sleeves, put on his coat, and turned to Jessie:

"Now, my young friend, show me Will's cottage."

The girl came to him white and trembling. She did not dare to speak. The stranger had become a new man in her eyes. Perhaps he frightened her as much as Tom Bowles had done. But she quickened her pace, leaving the public-house behind, till she came to the farther end of the village. Kenelm walked beside her, muttering to himself; and though Jessie caught his words, happily she did not understand, for they repeated one of those bitter reproaches on her sex as the main cause of all strife, bloodshed and mischief in general, with which the classic authors abound. His spleen, soothed by that recourse to the lessons of the ancients, Kenelm turned at last to his silent companion, and said, kindly but gravely:

"Mr. Bowles has given me this promise, and it is fair that I should now ask a promise from you. It is this—just consider how easily a girl so pretty as you can be the cause of a

man's death. Had Bowles struck me where I struck him, I should have been past the help of a surgeon."

"Oh!" groaned Jessie, shuddering, and covering her face with both hands.

"And putting aside that danger, consider that a man may be hit mortally on the heart as well as on the head, and that a woman has much to answer for who, no matter what her excuse, forgets what misery and what guilt can be inflicted by a word from her lips and a glance from her eye. Consider this, and promise that, whether you marry Will Somers or not, you will never again give a man fair cause to think you can like him unless your own heart tells you that you can. Will you promise that?"

"I will, indeed—indeed." Poor Jessie's voice died in sobs.

SYDNEY SMITH.

WHAT the *Edinburgh Review* was among the more or less literary publications of the early years of the century, Sydney Smith was, and almost is still, among the controversial writers and wits. He originated that brilliant and powerful organ, was its first editor, and for twenty-five years its most effective contributor. Although most of his writings were upon subjects of the day, they are still unsurpassed models of virile English, strong common sense, admirable humor and pointed wit. That he took the wrong side on some questions is undeniable, but his literary work is our present concern. He was the son of an eccentric spendthrift squire, born in 1771, and entered the Church. During five years' residence in Edinburgh, teaching and preaching, he and his Whig associates founded the *Edinburgh Review* on his suggestion, to ventilate their pent-up genius on political and literary matters. Smith edited the first number, which ap-

peared in 1802. Within two years he was famous as a lecturer, in London, on moral philosophy, and as a preacher; but being a Whig, preferment was long delayed and worth little when it came. He was given a country living distant from London, in which city he was the most popular society man. His principal separate publication, the "Peter Plymley Letters," was the fruit of this seclusion. It ridiculed the fears and hostility of the Tory clergy toward the Catholic Emancipation movement so successfully that his fame compelled official as well as popular recognition. He was made a canon of Bristol, and afterwards of St. Paul's, London; but the bishopric which he, as Dean Swift before him, had coveted as a well-earned prize, was withheld, and for similar political reasons. Throughout his writings, which cover a very wide field, his sturdy, fearless advocacy of freedom and justice to all is as conspicuous as the exceptional breadth and soundness of his arguments, and the pungency of his well-directed wit. Canon Sydney Smith effected a greater amount of public good, and contributed more to intellectual gayety, than any of his contemporaries in the pulpit or press. He died in 1845.

The Founding of the "Edinburgh Review."

When first I went into the church, I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar: before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put in to Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord Advocate for Scotland), and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island.

One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh-place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review; this

was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the *Review* was,

"Tenui musam meditamur avena."
"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success. I contributed from England many articles, which I have been foolish enough to collect and publish with some other tracts written by me.

To appreciate the value of the *Edinburgh Review*, the state of England at the period when that journal begun should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the Game Laws were horribly oppressive—Steel Traps and Spring Guns were set all over the country—Prisoners tried for their Lives could have no Counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind—Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of Political Economy were little understood—the Law of Debt and of Conspiracy were upon the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the Slave Trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence, which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed; and these effects have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the *Edinburgh Review*.

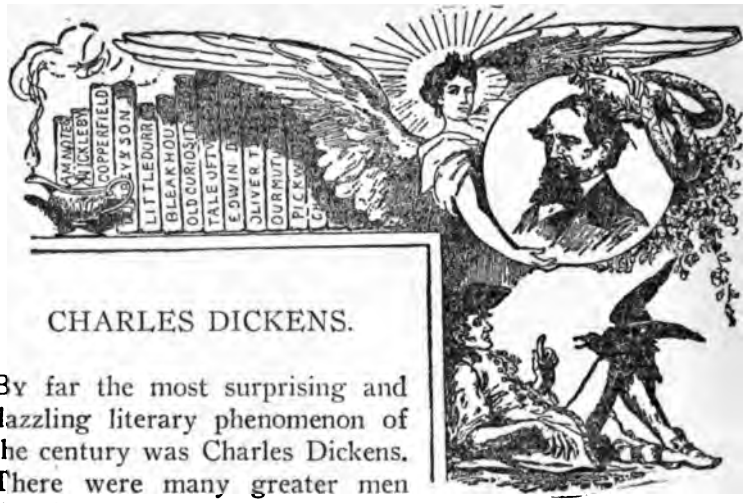
I see very little in my views to alter or repent of: I always endeavored to fight against evil; and what I thought evil then, I think evil now. I am heartily glad that all our disqualifying laws for religious opinions are abolished, and I see nothing in such measures but unmixed good and real increase of strength to our Establishment.

Mrs. Partington.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses —and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Dr. Parr's Sermon.

Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's wig, must have observed, that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz, the *mega thauma* [the "great wonder"] of barbers, and the terror of the literary world. After the manner of his wig, the Doctor has constructed his sermon, giving us a discourse of no common length, and subjoining an immeasurable mass of notes, which appear to concern every learned thing, every learned man, and almost every unlearned man since the beginning of the world.



CHARLES DICKENS.

By far the most surprising and dazzling literary phenomenon of the century was Charles Dickens. There were many greater men than he, many stronger and loftier characters; but when we remember all that he lacked in the way of equipment and backing at the outset, and then note the overwhelming conquest of fame and fortune that he, by his unaided force and genius, made, we must acknowledge that no other man so gifted, who used his gifts with such energy and faithfulness, has been seen in this age. No other author in his own lifetime and, except Shakespeare, no other author at any time, has been so familiar a word in all men's mouths, or has received the tribute of such widespread personal affection, as did this low-born son of a Cockney clerk. Among his personal friends were many of the foremost men of Europe and America; and such was the contagion of his companionship, that for the moment his associates seemed to become, in their measure, like himself: to emulate his activity and to share his point of view. It would be difficult to exaggerate his influence upon his time; and though he has been vulgarized by innumerable would-be imitators and burlesquers, his books still amuse thousands of readers, and some of their qualities command the admiration of the severest critics. His sudden death could hardly be realized: it could scarcely be believed that so intense a life, so abounding a vitality, had been extinguished; and there have been few men whose loss was so unaffectedly regretted. We see his foibles and limitations now; but our only wonder should be that they are so few and so amiable.

Charles Dickens was the son of John Dickens, a poor English clerk in the navy pay-office, and was born about eight months later than his great contemporary, Thackeray, on Februrary 7, 1812. But he outlived the author of "Vanity Fair" some seven years, dying on the 9th of June, 1870. He began his "Sketches by Boz" in 1833, when he was twenty-one years old, and was continually productive during thirty-seven years, dying, like Thackeray, in the act of working on an unfinished story, "Edwin Drood." From an obscure and penniless hack-writer, he had made himself the most popular author in the world, and had amassed a handsome fortune by his pen, and by public readings from his own works in England, Ireland and America. His literary reputation does not stand so high now as it did thirty years since; but his extraordinary and dazzling genius is incontestable. His contemporary success was due to his enormous humor, to his exaggerated but effective sentiment, to his vivid and dramatic scenic accessories, to the intense light which he cast upon phases of life in the lower and middle classes which had hitherto been unportrayed, to the unfailing and often excessive animation of his narrative, and to the fascination of his personality, which was brought into prominence by his readings. His career, aside from his books, was uneventful: he married, he disagreed with his wife, he twice visited America, he edited a magazine which commanded the largest circulation, at that time, in the world. But his life was full of movement; the story of it affects the reader like a breathless ride in an express train. It was a relentless straining of the nerves, a whirl of excitement, to the last pitch and beyond. Dickens never rested until he died; in his ears was ever the roar of public commendation; ever driving him onward was the necessity to make his triumphs continuous; his thirst for approbation became a mania; his abnormally stimulated emotional nature distorted his sense of proportion and his intellectual judgment; the public which he addressed never knew and never saw Charles Dickens the man, but only the part which he all his life enacted—the part of Charles Dickens the novelist. For Dickens was in truth a great actor with a marvelous gift of literary expression superadded. All that he wrote and did was tinged with the exaggeration, the lime-

light extravagance, the caricature of the stage. Very seldom was the simple modesty of nature reproduced in his works. His powers of observation were unequalled, and what he observed he described; but he observed something different from actual existence. He was the subject of a perennial, overwrought hallucination. But the glamour of genius which irradiated his work, his fun, his color, his eye for characteristic features, his intolerance of wrong and his enthusiasm for humanity, overwhelmed criticism, and deceived a generation into sharing his own belief that his delineations were true. And it is only now, after nearly thirty years, that we are able to see him as he really was, and to estimate his work dispassionately by the unchangeable standards of literary art.

The quality of his productions does not vary greatly from the beginning to the end of his career; but upon the whole his earlier books are the best. "Pickwick," his first great success, was pure comedy, and as comedy he never surpassed it. "Oliver Twist," with its humor, its strong characterizations, its strange episodes, its tragic passages and its scathing exposure of abuses, was the type and in some respects the model of all his subsequent work in that line. He had just awakened to a realization of his power, and was exercising it with full enjoyment. Thenceforward there was never an intermission and scarcely a diminution in the tide of his success. In 1836 he married Catherine Hogarth, who survived him; in 1849 he established *Household Words*, the sales of which were immediately enormous. By this time his reputation was fully confirmed. His first visit to America was in 1842, and the fruits of that journey, "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," aroused much personal feeling against him in this country, though they did not diminish the number of his readers here. In 1859, owing to domestic troubles complicated with a quarrel with his publishers, *Household Words* became *All the Year Round*, but underwent no other alteration, either in its form or popularity. "David Copperfield," a novel partly autobiographical, and by some preferred to his other works, appeared in 1850. "A Tale of Two Cities," written under the influence of Carlyle's "French Revolution," and admired at the time, though now consid-

ered melodramatic, was published in 1859. During the latter years of his life he began the famous series of "Readings" from his books which so greatly increased his personal fame and fortune, but the nervous strain brought him also death before he was sixty. His friends, his physicians, and nature herself warned him, but he kept on, and paid the penalty. He persuaded himself that his only object was to leave a large estate to his family, and protested that the work itself was distasteful to him; yet at the same time he was involuntarily confessing the delight it afforded him to exhibit himself on the platform, to witness his personal success, and to count up his unprecedented gains. His American Readings were fully as successful as those in England, and they also availed to remove the hostility which his "American Notes" twenty-five years before had created. The actor-instinct in the man, not satisfied with the spectacular features which marked his whole career, and with the frequent amateur performances in aid of charities and on other special pretexts which interlarded his other activities, demanded this final gratification; and this, like all else that he craved, was granted him. Dickens was the spoiled darling of fortune and of his public, which included all English-speaking persons, and many others whom he reached through translations. It is greatly to his credit that he always tried to do his very best, never sparing himself in the effort; nor, if we except certain passages in his private life, did he ever commit a dishonorable or unwarrantable act.

Dickens was a man of fine appearance, a trifle above the middle height, with dark curling hair and large, brilliant, expressive eyes. He was of athletic habit, given to long and frequent walks, often at night; for he slept ill, and had a theory that mental labor could be counteracted in its effects by physical exertion—a theory which no doubt hastened his end. His voice on the platform was flexible, eloquent, and finely modulated; his dramatic power remarkable. He rests in Westminster Abbey; and not many of his fellows there have better deserved the honor.

PICKWICK RETURNS THANKS.

(From "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.")

A CASUAL observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head, and circular spectacles, which were intently turned towards his (the secretary's) face during the reading of the above resolutions. To those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other, in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become, when, starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his enthusiastic followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded! What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, and the other waving in air to assist his glowing declamation: his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters, which,

had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the perils of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries. On his right hand sat Mr. Tracy Tupman; the too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardor of a boy, in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love. Time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form; the black silk waistcoat had become more and more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch-chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision; and gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat, but the soul of Tupman had known no change—admiration of the fair sex was still its ruling passion. On the left of his great leader sat the poetic Snodgrass, and near him again the sporting Winkle, the former poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue cloak with a canine-skin collar, and the latter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely-fitted drabs.

Mr. Pickwick's oration upon this occasion, together with the debate thereon, is entered on the Transactions of the Club. Both bear a strong affinity to the discussions of other celebrated bodies; and, as it is always interesting to trace a resemblance between the proceedings of great men, we transfer the entry to these pages.

"Mr. Pickwick observed (says the Secretary) that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame was dear to the heart of his friend Snodgrass, the fame of conquest was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame, in the sports of the field, the air, and the water, was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle. He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions, and human feelings (cheers,)—possibly by human weaknesses—(loud cries of "No"); but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference effectually quenched it. The praise of mankind was his swing; philan-

thropy was his insurance office. (Vehement cheering.) He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely; and let his enemies make the most of it—he had felt some pride when he presented his Tittlebatian Theory to the world; it might be celebrated, or it might not. (A cry of 'It is,' and great cheering.) He would take the assertion of that honorable Pickwickian whose voice he had just heard—it was celebrated; but if the fame of that treatise were to extend to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride with which he should reflect on the authorship of that production, would be as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him, on this, the proudest moment of his existence. (Cheers.) He was an humble individual. (No, no.) Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honor and of some danger. Traveling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad, and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage-coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. (Cheers—a voice 'No.') No! (Cheers.) Let that honorable Pickwickian who cried 'No' so loudly, come forward and deny it, if he could. (Cheers.) Who was it that cried 'No?' (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some vain and disappointed man—he would not say haberdasher—(loud cheers)—who, jealous of the praise which had been—perhaps undeservedly—bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and caluminious mode of—"

"Mr. BLOTTON (of Aldgate), rose to order. Did the honorable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of 'Order,' 'Chair,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Leave off,' &c.)

"Mr. PICKWICK would not put up to be put down by clamor. He *had* alluded to the honorable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

"Mr. BLOTTON would only say then, that he repelled the hon. gent.'s false and scurrilous accusation with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent. was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'chair,' and 'order.')

"Mr. A. SNODGRASS rose to order. He threw himself

upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know, whether this disgraceful contest between two members of the club, should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

"The CHAIRMAN was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

"Mr. BLOTTON, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

"The CHAIRMAN felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honorable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him, in a common sense.

"Mr. BLOTTON had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge, that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. PICKWICK felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honorable friend. He begged it to be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)"

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

(From "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.")

SAM WELLER sat himself down and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then, looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task, it being always considered necessary in such case for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer,

and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a wery good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—Tony Veller, Esq. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities, arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked

ven the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter —there."

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family, and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting his pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly modified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

" 'Lovely ———' "

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, Sir," replied the girl; who with quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

" 'Lovely creetur'," repeated Sam.

" 'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin'

day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some of them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

" 'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed' "—

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't dammed," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.' "

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

" 'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—.' I forget wot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot; here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.' "

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

" 'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.' "

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You ought jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

" 'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.' "

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

" 'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-hearted, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

" 'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (wich p'r'haps you may have heerd on, Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.' "

"I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

" 'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same genteel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, House-maid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayors, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

Mark Tapley's Venture.

(From "The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.")

Martin Chuzzlewit, being about to leave London to go to America, unexpectedly receives a note for £20.

The final upshot of the business at that time was, that he resolved to treat himself to a comfortable but frugal meal in his own chamber; and having ordered a fire to be kindled, went out to purchase it forthwith.

He bought some cold beef, and ham, and French bread, and butter, and came back with his pockets pretty heavily laden. It was somewhat of a damping circumstance to find the room full of smoke, which was attributable to two causes: firstly, to the flue being naturally vicious and a smoker; and secondly, to their having forgotten in lighting the fire an odd sack or two and some other trifles, which had been put up the chimney to keep the rain out. They had already rem-

edied this oversight, however; and propped up the window-sash with a bundle of firewood to keep it open; so that, except in being rather inflammatory to the eyes and choking to the lungs, the apartment was quite comfortable.

Martin was in no vein to quarrel with it, if it had been in less tolerable order, especially when a gleaming pint of porter was set upon the table, and the servant-girl withdrew, bearing with her particular instructions relative to the production of something hot, when he should ring the bell. The cold meat being wrapped in a play-bill, Martin laid the cloth by spreading that document on the little round table with the print downwards; and arranging the collation upon it. The foot of the bed, which was very close to the fire, answered for a sideboard; and when he had completed these preparations, he squeezed an old arm-chair into the warmest corner, and sat down to enjoy himself.

He had begun to eat with a great appetite, glancing round the room meanwhile with a triumphant anticipation of quitting it forever on the morrow, when his attention was arrested by a stealthy footstep on the stairs, and presently by a knock at his chamber door, which although it was a gentle enough knock, communicated such a start to the bundle of firewood that it instantly leaped out of the window, and plunged into the street.

"More coals, I suppose," said Martin. "Come in!"

"It an't a liberty, sir, though it seems so," rejoined a man's voice. "Your servant, sir. Hope you're pretty well, sir."

Martin stared at the face that was bowing in the doorway; perfectly remembering the features and expression, but quite forgetting to whom they belonged.

"Tapley, sir," said the visitor. "Him as formerly lived at the Dragon, sir, and was forced to leave in consequence of a want of jollity, sir."

"To be sure!" cried Martin. "Why, how did you come here?"

"Right through the passage and up the stairs. sir," said Mark.

"How did you find me out, I mean?" asked Martin.

"Why, sir," said Mark, "I've passed you once or twice

in the street if I'm not mistaken; and when I was a looking in at the beef-and-ham shop just now, along with a hungry sweep, as was very much calculated to make a man jolly, sir —I see you a buying that."

Martin reddened as he pointed to the table, and said, somewhat hastily:

"Well! what then?"

"Why then, sir," said Mark, "I made bold to foller; and as I told 'em down stairs that you expected me, I was let up."

"Are you charged with any message, that you told them you were expected?" inquired Martin.

"No, sir, I a'n't," said Mark. "That was what you may call a pious fraud, sir, that was."

Martin cast an angry look at him; but there was something in the fellow's merry face, and in his manner—which with all its cheerfulness was far from being obtrusive or familiar—that quite disarmed him. He had lived a solitary life too, for many weeks, and the voice was pleasant in his ear.

"Tapley," he said, "I'll deal openly with you. From all that I can judge, and from all I have heard of you through Pinch, you are not a likely kind of fellow to have been brought here by impertinent curiosity or any other offensive motive. Sit down. I'm glad to see you."

"Thankee, sir," said Mark. "I'd as lieve stand."

"If you don't sit down," retorted Martin, "I'll not talk to you."

"Very good, sir," observed Mark. "Your will's a law, sir. Down it is;" and he sat down accordingly upon the bedstead.

"Help yourself," said Martin, handing him the only knife.

"Thankee, sir," rejoined Mark. "After you've done."

"If you don't take it now, you'll not have any," said Martin.

"Very good, sir," rejoined Mark. "That being your desire—now it is." With which reply he gravely helped himself, and went on eating. Martin having done the like for a short time in silence, said, abruptly,

"What are you doing in London?"

"Nothing at all, sir," rejoined Mark.

"How's that?" asked Martin.

"I want a place," said Mark.

"I am sorry for you," said Martin.

"—To attend upon a single gentleman," resumed Mark. "If from the country, the more desirable. Make-shifts would be preferred. Wages no object."

He said this so pointedly, that Martin stopped in his eating, and said, "If you mean me—"

"Yes, I do, sir," interposed Mark.

"Then you may judge from my style of living here, of my means of keeping a man-servant. Besides, I am going to America immediately."

"Well, sir," returned Mark, quite unmoved by this intelligence, "from all that ever I heard about it, I should say America's a very likely sort of a place for me to be jolly in!"

Again Martin looked at him angrily, and again his anger melted away in spite of himself.

"Lord bless you, sir, said Mark, "what is the use of us going round and round, and hiding behind the corner, and dodging up and down, when we can come straight to the point in six words! I've had my eye upon you any time this fortnight. I see well enough that there's a screw loose in your affairs. I know'd well enough the first time I see you down at the Dragon that it must be so, sooner or later. Now, sir, here I am without a sitiwation; without any want of wages for a year to come; for I saved up (I didn't mean to do it, but I couldn't help it) at the Dragon—here am I with a liking for what's wentersome and a liking for you, and a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down; and will you take me, or will you leave me?"

"How can I take you?" cried Martin.

"When I say take," rejoined Mark, "I mean will you let me go; and when I say will you let me go, I mean will you let me go along with you; for go I will, somehow or another. Now that you've said America, I see clear at once that that's the place for me to be jolly in. Therefore, if I don't pay my own passage in the ship you go in, sir, I'll pay my own passage in another. And mark my words: if I go alone, it shall be, to carry out the principle, in the rottenest, craziest, leakingest tub of a vessel that a place can be got in for love or money. So, if I'm lost upon the way, sir, there'll be a

drowned man at your door, and always a knocking double knocks at it, too, or never trust me!"

"This is mere folly," said Martin.

"Very good, sir," returned Mark. "I'm glad to hear it, because if you don't mean to let me go, you'll be more comfortable, perhaps, on account of thinking so. Therefore, I contradict no gentleman. But, all I say is, that if I don't emigrate to America, in that case, in the beastliest old cockle-shell as goes out of port, I'm—"

"You don't mean what you say, I'm sure!" said Martin.

"Yes, I do," cried Mark.

"I tell you I know better," rejoined Martin.

"Very good, sir," said Mark, with the same air of perfect satisfaction. "Let it stand that way at present, sir, and wait to see how it turns out. Why, love my heart alive! the only doubt I have is, whether there's any credit in going with a gentleman like you, that's as certain to make his way there as a gimlet is to go through soft deal."

This was touching Martin on his weak point, and having him at a great advantage. He could not help thinking, either, what a brisk fellow this Mark was, and how great a change he had wrought in the atmosphere of the dismal little room already.

"Why, certainly, Mark," he said, "I have hopes of doing well there, or I shouldn't go. I may have the qualifications for doing well, perhaps."

"Of course you have, sir," returned Mark Tapley. "Everybody knows that."

"You see," said Martin, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking at the fire, "ornamental architecture applied to domestic purposes can hardly fail to be in great request in that country; for men are constantly changing their residences there, and moving further off; and it's clear they must have houses to live in."

"I should say, sir," observed Mark, "that that's a state of things as opens one of the jolliest look-outs for domestic architecture that ever I heerd tell on."

Martin glanced at him hastily, not feeling quite free from a suspicion that this remark applied a doubt of the successful issue of his plans. But Mr. Tapley was eating the boiled

beef and bread with such entire good faith and singleness of purpose expressed in his visage, that he could not but be satisfied. Another doubt arose in his mind, however, as this one disappeared. He produced the blank cover in which the [£20] note had been enclosed, and fixing his eyes on Mark as he put it in his hand, said,

"Now tell me the truth. Do you know anything about that."

Mark turned it over and over; held it near his eyes; held it away from him at arm's length; held it with the superscription upwards, and with the superscription downwards; and shook his head with such a genuine expression of astonishment at being asked the question, that Martin said, as he took it from him again,

"No, I see you don't. How should you? Though, indeed, your knowing about it would not be more extraordinary than its being here. Come, Tapley," he added, after a moment's thought, "I'll trust you with my history, such as it is, and then you'll see, more clearly, what sort of fortunes you would link yourself to, if you followed me."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mark; "but afore you enter upon it, will you take me if I choose to go? Will you turn off me—Mark Tapley—formerly of the Blue Dragon, as can be well recommended by Mr. Pinch, and as wants a gentleman of your strength of mind to look up to; or will you, in climbing the ladder as you're certain to get to the top of, take me along with you at a respectful distance? Now, sir," said Mark, "it's of very little importance to you, I know —there's the difficulty; but it's of very great importance to me; and will you be so good as to consider of it?"

If this were meant as a second appeal to Martin's weak side, founded on his observation of the effect of the first, Mr. Tapley was a skillful and shrewd observer. Whether an intentional or an accidental shot, it hit the mark full; for Martin, relenting more and more, said, with a condescension which was inexpressibly delicious to him, after his recent humiliation:

"We'll see about it, Tapley. You shall tell me in what disposition you find yourself to-morrow."

"Then, sir," said Mark, rubbing his hands, "the job's done. Go on, sir, if you please. I'm all attention."

Throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and looking at the fire, with now and then a glance at Mark, who at such times nodded his head sagely, to express his profound interest and attention, Martin ran over the chief points in his history.

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.

(From "Master Humphrey's Clock.")

As he turned the key in the lock, he surveyed me with some astonishment, which was not diminished when he looked from me to my companion. The door being opened, the child addressed him as grandfather and told him the little story of our companionship.

"Why bless thee, child," said the old man, patting her on the head, "how couldst thou miss thy way—what if I had lost thee, Nell?"

"I would have found my way back to *you,* grandfather," said the child boldly; "never fear."

The old man kissed her, and then turning to me and begging me to walk in, I did so. The door was closed and locked. Preceding me with the light, he led me through the place I had already seen from without, into a small sitting room behind, in which was another door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed that a fairy might have slept in, it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged. The child took a candle and tripped into this little room, leaving the old man and me together.

"You must be tired, sir," said he, as he placed a chair near the fire, "how can I thank you?"

"By taking more care of your grandchild another time, my good friend," I replied.

"More care!" said the old man in a shrill voice, "more care of Nelly! why, who ever loved a child as I love Nell?"

He said this with such evident surprise that I was perplexed what answer to make, and the more so because coupled with something feeble and wandering in his manner, there were in his face marks of deep and anxious thought, which convinced me that he could not be, as I had at first been inclined to suppose, in a state of dotage and imbecility.

"I don't think you consider"—I began.

"I don't consider!" cried the old man, interrupting me, "I don't consider her! ah, how little you know of the truth! Little Nelly, little Nelly!"

It would be impossible for any man, I care not what his form of speech might be, to express more affection than the dealer in curiosities did, in these four words. I waited for him to speak again, but he rested his chin upon his hand and shaking his head twice or thrice fixed his eyes upon the fire.

While we were sitting thus in silence, the door of the closet opened, and the child returned, her light brown hair hanging loose about her neck, and her face flushed with the haste she had made to rejoin us. She busied herself immediately in preparing supper, and while she was thus engaged I remarked that the old man took an opportunity of observing me more closely than he had done yet. I was surprised to see that all this time everything was done by the child, and that there appeared to be no other persons but ourselves in the house. I took advantage of a moment when she was absent to venture a hint on this point, to which the old man replied that there were few grown-up persons as trustworthy or as careful as she.

"It always grieves me," I observed, roused by what I took to be his selfishness, "it always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity—two of the best qualities that Heaven gives them —and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments."

"It will never check hers," said the old man, looking steadily at me, "the springs are too deep. Besides, the children of the poor know but few pleasures. Even the cheap delights of childhood must be bought and paid for."

"But—forgive me for saying this—you are surely not so very poor"—said I.

"She is not my child, sir," returned the old man. "Her mother was, and she was poor. I have nothing—not a penny—though I live as you see, but"—he laid his hand upon my arm and leaned forward to whisper, "She shall be rich one of these days, and a fine lady. Don't you think ill of me because I use her help. She gives it cheerfully, as you see, and it would break her heart if she knew that I suffered anybody else to do

for me what her little hands could undertake. I don't consider!" he cried with sudden querulousness, "why, God knows that this one child is the thought and object of my life, and yet He never prospers me—no, never."

At this juncture the subject of our conversation again returned, and the old man motioning to me to approach the table broke off, and said no more.

We had scarcely begun our repast when there was a knock at the door by which I had entered, and Nell, bursting into a hearty laugh, which I was rejoiced to hear, for it was childlike and full of hilarity, said it was no doubt dear old Kit come back at last.

"Foolish Nell!" said the old man fondling with her hair. "She always laughs at poor Kit."

The child laughed again, more heartily than before, and I could not help smiling from pure sympathy. The little old man took up a candle and went to open the door. When he came back Kit was at his heels.

Kit was a shock headed, shambling, awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim, and resting himself now on one leg and now on the other, and changing them constantly, stood in the door-way, looking into the parlor with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld.

"A long way, wasn't it, Kit?" said the little old man.

"Why then, it was a goodish stretch, master," returned Kit.

"Did you find the house easily?"

"Why then, not over and above easy, master," said Kit.

"Of course you have come back hungry?"

"Why then, I do consider myself rather so, master," was the answer.

The lad had a remarkable way of standing sideways as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. I think he would have amused one anywhere, but the child's exquisite enjoyment of his oddity, and the relief it was to find that there was something she associated with merriment in a place that appeared so unsuited to her, were quite

irresistible. After several efforts to preserve his gravity, Kit burst into a loud roar, and so stood with his mouth wide open and his eyes nearly shut, laughing violently.

The old man had again relapsed into his former abstraction and took no notice of what passed, but I remarked that when her laugh was over, the child's bright eyes were dimmed with tears, called forth by the fullness of heart with which she welcomed her uncouth favorite after the little anxiety of the night. As for Kit himself (whose laugh had been all the time one of that sort which very little would change into a cry) he carried a large slice of bread and meat and a mug of beer into a corner, and applied himself to disposing of them with great voracity.

"Ah!" said the old man, turning to me with a sigh, as if I had spoken to him but that moment, "you don't know what you say when you tell me that I don't consider her."

"You must not attach too great weight to a remark founded on first appearances, my friend," said I.

"No," returned the old man thoughtfully, "no. Come hither, Nell."

The little girl hastened from her seat, and put her arm about his neck.

"Do I love thee, Nell?" said he. "Say—do I love thee, Nell, or no?"

The child only answered by her caresses, and laid her head upon his breast.

"Why dost thou sob?" said the grandfather, pressing her closer to him and glancing towards me. "Is it because thou

know'st I love thee and dost not like that I should seem to doubt it by my question? Well, well—then let us say I love thee dearly."

"Indeed, indeed you do," replied the child with great earnestness, "Kit knows you do."

Kit, who in despatching his bread and meat had been swallowing two-thirds of his knife at every mouthful with the coolness of a juggler, stopped short in his operations on thus being appealed to, and bawled, "Nobody isn't such a fool as to say he doesn't," after which he incapacitated himself for further conversation by taking a most prodigious sandwich at one bite.

"She is poor now"—said the old man, patting the child's cheek, "but I say again that the time is coming when she shall be rich. It has been a long time coming, but it must come at last; a very long time, but it surely must come. It has come to other men who do nothing but waste and riot. When *will* it come to me?"

"I am very happy as I am, grandfather," said the child.

"Tush, tush!" returned the old man, "thou dost not know—how should'st thou?" Then he muttered again between his teeth, "The time must come, I am very sure it must. It will be all the better for coming late!"

ENGLISH LITERATURE

SINCE 1830.

BEWILDERING in its richness, extent and variety is the English literature of the nineteenth century. It is impossible for critics of the present day to decide accurately on the merit of the work of each author, or to estimate clearly the value of the whole. Yet it may be said that the great writers of this age have reached heights surpassed only by Shakespeare and Milton, while hundreds more are conspicuous by achievements worthy at least of local and temporary fame. A most striking characteristic of the reign of Queen Victoria has been the general diffusion of knowledge. One of the chief results of this diffusion has been to free the author from immediate dependence on royal or noble patrons and to enable him to appeal for recognition and approval directly to the people. These in turn have been instructed by the literary critics whose labor has been fostered by the periodical press. Quarterly reviews began with the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802; then came literary magazines and journals; and finally every newspaper of any pretensions gives its notices of new books. England, which at the opening of the century was ruled by an aristocracy, has become strongly democratic. The contemporary literature has strongly reflected these changes. Some of the greatest writers, as Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, have resisted or deprecated them, while others have encouraged, urged and supported them.

Another striking characteristic of the times has been the

vast improvement in the physical surroundings of the people, the facilities for quick and easy intercourse, and the marvelous progress of science. Local ignorance has been removed by the breaking down of the barriers which shut out knowledge of the outer world. But on the other hand the seclusion which fostered contemplation has been lost. In the swift movement of the world, in which all are compelled to take part, present temporal advantage becomes man's chief end, spiritual truth is overwhelmed and lost. Even in those who are subject to its sway, the incessant movement produces weariness and ennui. There follows complaint of the emptiness of all things, which is found not only in poets and philosophers, but even in popular novelists.

Victoria's reign has been blessed with a grand chorus of noble poets. Chief among them is Alfred Tennyson, who began modestly in 1830 with "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," and advanced from these musical dreamy fancies to the noble performances of his riper years, "In Memoriam" and "The Idylls of the King." In the same decade Robert Browning, with more rugged and independent genius, addressed the public, but by his obscurity and jerky style, failed to secure general audience. Gradually a select few gave this master of psychological insight their devotion, and later societies of cultivated people were formed to study the profound thought of his mysterious works. His wife had attained vogue as a poet before she won his love. She excelled him in musical performance, though taking many liberties with rhyme and metre. Matthew Arnold, both poet and prose-writer, represents the conflict between doubt and faith, yet inculcates self-reliance. His keen intellect demanded demonstration even in matters incapable of it. In essays and criticism his manner was always urbane, but his expression of opinion was severe and crushing. His poetry recalls the Greek classics, his prose the French essayists. Swinburne entered the arena as a pronounced pagan, rejecting the restraints of modern morality, yet displaying matchless powers of musical rendering. Though an aristocrat by birth, he was a sentimental radical in opinion. In his later works he became conservative, but his early effusions prevented his being made poet laureate on the death of Tennyson. Dante G. Rossetti was

a lyric poet of great sweetness and power, but his morbid life prevented him from accomplishing adequate works.

Three great prose-writers have adorned the century. Lord Macaulay was a typical man of letters, devoted to books and writing from childhood, gifted with a prodigious memory and wonderful power of language. His brilliant essays made history and literature familiar to the masses. His "History of England" was intended to be more fascinating than a novel, and for a time accomplished its purpose. In marked contrast with him is the rugged Scotch peasant, Thomas Carlyle, who became a prophet to his generation. Regarding life as tragically earnest, he was vehement in his denunciation of wrong, and his prediction of disasters. Usually scornful of his fellow-men, except a few select heroes whom he worshipped, he revealed at times a surprisingly tender heart. The "Sartor Resartus," a discourse on clothes, is an allegory of his own life. His "French Revolution," full of dithyrambic eloquence, is a vivid presentation of that great episode in the world's history. John Ruskin, a more attractive prose-poet, has been a prophet of art and lover of nature. His "Modern Painters" is an eloquent discourse on the fundamental principles of art. In other words he carried on his teaching, insisting that true appreciation of art depends on purity of heart and leads to the love of God. In later writings he urged in more subdued style social reforms and new principles of political economy.

But the most extensive field of modern literature is that of the novel, which has advanced from being a record of adventures or exhibition of scenes to an exposition of character developed in dialogue and action. In some hands it has become an engine of social reform. It has steadily extended its domain until it threatens to become the field of discussion of questions in science and religion, in fact to include all human action and thought as its province.

W. M. THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was the type of the English nineteenth century gentleman in literature, as was Fielding of the eighteenth. He was a British aristocrat, tempered by genius. He was born in Calcutta, British India, in 1811, and died in London at the age of fifty-two, the greatest English novelist, satirist and humorist of his time.

He was brought up to the use and expectation of wealth, but became poor during his twenties, and had to do something for a living. Trade was not to his taste; politics not within his capacities; but he had made little excursions in amateur art and letters, and so drifted into the use of pen and pencil as means of support. His work, at first, was hardly serious in purpose; in art he never got beyond a peculiar kind of caricature, though he wrote witty and telling art-criticism, and illustrated many of his own stories. In his early sketches and tales, he eschewed formality, and wrote as the educated and witty man-of-the-world of his time and nation talked. This style, and the sociable attitude towards the reader which he adopted, though it recalls the way of Fielding, whom he admired, was not the fruit of imitation, but of sympathy. No writer ever expressed his exact self in his compositions more thoroughly than Thackeray. He matured early, though to the last there was much boyishness in his complex nature, and his literary style from the first had almost the maturity of his latest work; it was easy, flexible, rich, various: it lent itself without effort to the precise shade of meaning which he might wish to convey; it was pure literature and pure naturalness—as natural as the unre-

strained chat of men at a club; there is not a passage in his writings that he might not have uttered normally in conversation; yet from beginning to end there is no touch of vulgarity or unworthiness. He was vigorously sane at all times; but there was a soul as well as a body in his sanity; he laughed at humbug, but he deeply reverenced what deserved honor; his pathos is always true, and his sentiment naive and winning. Poetic feeling was also his; and although most of his verse is merely comedy or satire in rhyme, he could upon occasion be sincerely touching, as his "Mahogany Tree," and his "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse" prove. In reading Thackeray (except to some extent in "Barry Lyndon," and more in "Henry Esmond"), the personality of the author is always present to us; but it is a personality of that antique kind which aids instead of detracting from the literary effect. We might say that the man himself was a part of, or an element in, his own literature. All attempts to imitate his method have proved ruinous; but that is because there has been but one Thackeray. Fielding, Sterne, and long before them, the great Rabelais, adopted a personal tone; but they, too, were men of commanding genius and each was as distinctly himself as Thackeray was.

Some of Thackeray's earlier pieces, such as "The Ravenswing," and "Memorials of Gormandizing," are as masterly in form and treatment as anything he wrote afterwards; their excellence, finish and apparent facility are positively amazing. In "Barry Lyndon" and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" are studies of character which, so far as they go, he never surpassed; but his later books take a broader view of life than his earlier ones, and involve more serious themes. The emphatic success of "Vanity Fair" awakened him to the responsibility of his literary position; his modesty was commensurate with his genius, but he could not but recognize the effects of his power, and he never afterwards reverted to the vein of "The Book of Snobs" and "The Yellow-Plush Papers," which are masterpieces in their way, but it is not the high way of "Esmond" and "The Newcomes." The several great novels, from "Vanity Fair" onward, are rich and multifarious pictures of life, with little of what is technically called plot, but redolent of the humor, the pathos,

the littleness and the greatness of human nature. In construction they are not seldom loose, and once in a while the author actually forgets what he had written in a previous chapter, and a character whose death had been mentioned comes to life again, or some similar lapse occurs. Thackeray was by disposition indolent, and averse from continuous and methodical work; he bent himself to his task with pain; though, once caught in the current of his narrative, he entered livingly and intensely into the scenes he was portraying. The method of publication prevailing at the time, in monthly numbers, tended to encourage the habit of postponing the labor till the last moment, and added to the difficulty of laying out a detailed plan in advance. Nevertheless, Thackeray, during the thirty years of his literary activity, accomplished work large in amount and of the finest quality; and he died at last in the midst of what promised to be one of his best stories. What he did was done so well as to be and to remain inimitable.

Thackeray had the dramatic faculty of throwing himself imaginatively into other times and persons, and of writing in character. As "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" he made himself a power in *Fraser's Magazine* and elsewhere; he assumed the guise of a Snob in the "Snob Papers," of a Cockney footman in the "Yellow-Plush" series, of an adventurer in "Barry Lyndon," of an eighteenth century gentleman and officer in "Esmond," of Pendennis in the novels following the work of that name. In "Barry Lyndon" and in "Esmond" the make-up is elaborate and well-sustained; in the Titmarsh series and in the Pendennis books the change is in the name only; in the others we have a capital study of character as revealed in dialect or in social foibles, but the Master who manages the puppets is not hidden. But some costuming, be it ever so slight and transparent, made composition easier for Thackeray, just as the accessories of the stage help out an actor; and it suited his humor to refer to his characters as if they were the stock-in-trade of a puppet-show, instead of being, as they were, among the most real personages in fiction. It was a singular survival in him—who was a master writer,—of an affectation or shrinking common to amateurs, who seek to distinguish between them-

selves in their private capacity, and the profession in which they dabble. Thackeray would always be the London clubman; he would be an author only in make-believe. The writer, of course, immeasurably transcended the clubman, as Thackeray himself knew; but habit, and the artistic temperament, made him cling to the form of the disguise long after it had become as transparent as that of "The Author of Waverley."

Thackeray visited the East in his thirty-third year, and America eight years later; he often sojourned in Paris and other parts of the Continent. In America and in England he delivered two series of lectures, on "The Four Georges" and on "The English Humorists," which were worthy of his genius, though not the best exposition of it. He wrote and illustrated his travels, and made America one of the scenes of his great novel, "The Virginians." His life, from his thirtieth year, was overshadowed by a great sorrow—the insanity of his young wife, whom he had married three or four years before. She survived her husband, but never regained her reason. Thackeray's character, apart from his genius, was tender, noble and manly; but he was subject to moods and dark hours, and was abnormally sensitive at times. In person he was very tall and of massive build, with abundant wavy hair which early turned white. His fame did not reach its apogee until after his death; but as he recedes in time his literary stature constantly increases. After all criticisms, he remains, upon the whole, the greatest English figure in the prose literature of his generation.

The Mahogany Tree.

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we,
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

Rawdon Crawley Goes Home.

(From "Vanity Fair.")

Colonel Rawdon Crawley, who had married Becky Sharp, was arrested on Saturday night and taken to a sponging-house for a debt of £150. He wrote to his wife, begging her to get him released, if she had to pawn her jewelry, and she wrote a deceitful reply that she had made the effort without success, and was ill in bed. The prisoner then applied to his brother, Sir Pitt Crawley, whose wife came to the rescue.

Wheels were heard whirling up to the gate—the young Janitor went out with his gate-keys. It was a lady whom he let in at the bailiff's door.

"Colonel Crawley," she said, trembling very much. He, with a knowing look, locked the outer door upon her—then unlocked and opened the inner one, and calling out, "Colonel, you're wanted," led her into the back parlor, which he occupied.

Rawdon came in from the dining-parlor where all those people were carousing, into his back room, a flare of coarse light following him into the apartment where the lady stood, still very nervous.

"It is I, Rawdon," she said, in a timid voice, which she strove to render cheerful. "It is Jane." Rawdon was quite overcome by that kind voice and presence. He ran up to her —caught her in his arms—gasped out some inarticulate words of thanks, and fairly sobbed on her shoulder. She did not know the cause of his emotion.

The bills of Mr. Moss were quickly settled, perhaps to the disappointment of that gentleman, who had counted on having the Colonel as his guest over Sunday at least; and Jane, with beaming smiles and happiness in her eyes, carried away Rawdon from the bailiff's house, and they went homewards in the cab in which she had hastened to his release. "Pitt was gone to a parliamentary dinner," she said, "when Rawdon's note came, and so, dear Rawdon, I—I came myself;" and she put her kind hand in his. Perhaps it was well for Rawdon Crawley that Pitt was away at that dinner. Rawdon thanked his sister a hundred times, and with an ardor of gratitude which touched and almost alarmed that soft-hearted woman. "Oh," said he, in his rude, artless way, "you—you don't know how I'm changed since I've known

you, and—and little Rawdy. I—I'd like to change somehow. You see I want—I want—to be—." He did not finish the sentence, but she could interpret it. And that night after he left her, and as she sat by her own little boy's bed, she prayed humbly for that poor way-worn sinner.

Rawdon left her and walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets, and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

He took out his door-key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He was in the ball-dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the banisters at the stair-head.—Nobody was stirring in the house besides —all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within—laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before; a hoarse voice shouted "Brava! Brava!"—it was Lord Steyne's.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sat. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband: and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh—and came forward holding out his hand. "What, come back! How d'ye do, Crawley?" he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. "I am innocent, Rawdon," she said; "before God, I am innocent." She clung hold of his

coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. "I am innocent.—Say I am innocent," she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. "You innocent! Damn you," he screamed out. "You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by——! You're as innocent as your mother, the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;" and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Becky could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave and victorious.

"Come here," he said.—She came up at once.

"Take off those things."—She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. "Throw them down," he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

"Come up stairs," Rawdon said to his wife. "Don't kill me, Rawdon," she said. He laughed savagely.—"I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?"

"No," said Rebecca, "that is—"

"Give me your keys," Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one; and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that.

It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love-letters many years old—all sorts of small trinkets and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocket-book with bank-notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too, and one was quite a fresh one—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

"Did he give you this?" Rawdon said.

"Yes," Rebecca answered.

"I'll send it to him to-day," Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search), "and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this—I have always shared with you."

"I am innocent," said Becky. And he left her without another word.

What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Rebecca sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about—dresses and feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders; her gown was torn where Rawdon had wrenched the brilliants out of it. She heard him go down stairs a few minutes after he left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone for ever. Would he kill himself?—she thought—not until after he had met Lord Steyne. She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah, how dreary it seemed, how miserable, lonely and profitless! Should she take laudanum, and end it, too—have done with all hopes, schemes, debts and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position—sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice, and in Steyne's pay. "Mon Dieu, Madame, what has happened?" she asked.

What *had* happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not; but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips; or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreaty and show of kindness, persuaded her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them there at her husband's orders, and Lord Steyne went away.

Mrs. Newcome at Home.

To push on in the crowd, every male or female struggler must use his or her shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbor, elbow him and take it. Look how a steadily-purposed man or woman at court, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand; the closest to the grandstand, if minded to go to Ascot; the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear that exciting divine; the largest quantity of ice, champagne and seltzer, cold pâte, or other his or her favourite flesh-pot, if gluttonously minded, at a supper whence hundreds of people come empty away. A woman of the world will marry her daughter and have done with her, get her carriage, and be at home and asleep in bed; whilst a timid mamma has still her girl in the nursery, or is beseeching the servants in the cloak-room to look for her shawls, with which some one else has whisked away an hour ago. What a man has to do in society is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? Take it. At the Treasury or the Home Office? Ask for it. Do you want to go to a party to which you are not invited? Ask to be asked. Ask A., ask B., ask Mrs. C., ask everybody you know; you will be thought a bore; but you will have your way. What matters if you are considered obtrusive, provided that you obtrude? By pushing steadily, nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand will yield to you. Only command persons, and you may be pretty sure that a good number

will obey you. How well your money will have been laid out, O gentle reader, who purchase this; and, taking the maxim to heart, follow it through life! You may be sure of success. If your neighbour's foot obstructs you, stamp on it; and do you suppose he won't take it away?

The proofs of the correctness of the above remarks I show in various members of the Newcome family. Here was a vulgar little woman, not clever nor pretty especially; meeting Mr. Newcome casually, she ordered him to marry her, and he obeyed as he obeyed her in everything else which she chose to order through life. Meeting Colonel Newcome on the steps of her house, she orders him to come to her evening party; and though he has not been to an evening party for five-and-thirty years—though he has not been to bed the night before—though he has no multi coat except one sent him out by Messrs. Stultz to India in the year 1821—he never once thinks of disobeying Mrs. Newcome's order, but is actually at her door at five minutes past ten, having arrayed himself, to the wonderment of Clive, and left the boy to talk to his friend and fellow-passenger, Mr. Binnie, who has just arrived from Portsmouth, who has dined with him, and who, by previous arrangement, has taken up his quarters in the same hotel.

Doctor McGuffog, Professor Bodgers, Count Poski, and all the lions present at Mrs. Newcome's reunion that evening, were completely eclipsed by Colonel Newcome. The worthy soul, who cared not the least about adorning himself, had a handsome diamond brooch of the year 1801—given him by poor Jack Cutler, who was knocked over by his side at Argaum, and wore this ornament in his desk for a thousand days and nights at a time—in his shirtfrill, on such parade evenings as he considered Mrs. Newcome's to be. The splendour of this jewel, and of his flashing buttons, caused all eyes to turn to him. There were many pairs of mustachios present; those of Professor Spandau, and of Maximilien Tranchard, French exile and apostle of liberty, were the only whiskers in the room capable of vying in interest with Colonel Newcome's. Polish chieftains were at this time so common in London, that nobody (except one noble Member for Marylebone, and, once a year, the Lord Mayor) took any interest in them. The general opinion was, that the stranger was the

Wallachian Boyar, whose arrival at Mivart's the *Morning Post* had just announced. Mrs. Miles, whose delicious every other Wednesdays in Montague Square are supposed by some to be rival entertainments to Mrs. Newcome's alternate Thursdays in Bryanstone Square, pinched her daughter Mira, engaged in a polyglot conversation with Herr Schnurr, Signor Carabossi, the guitarist, and Monsieur Piver, the celebrated French chess player, to point out the Boyar. Mira Miles wished she knew a little Moldavian, not so much that she might speak it, but that she might be heard to speak it. Mrs. Miles, who had not had the educational advantages of her daughter, simpered up with "Madame Newcome pas ici—votre excellence nouvellement arrive—avez vous fait ung bong voyage? Je recis chez moi Mercredi prochaing; lonnure de vous voir—Madamasel Miles ma fille;" and Mira, now reinforcing her mamma, poured in a glib little oration in French, somewhat to the astonishment of the Colonel, who began to think, however, that perhaps French was the language of the polite world, into which he was now making his very first *entrée*.

Mrs. Newcome had left her place at the door of her drawing-room to walk through her rooms with Rummun Loll, the celebrated Italian merchant, otherwise his Highness Rummun Loll, otherwise his Excellency Rummun Loll, the chief proprietor of the diamond mines in Golconda, with a claim of three million and a half upon the East India Company—who smoked his hookah after dinner when the ladies were gone, and in whose honor (for his servants always brought a couple or more of hookahs with them) many English gentlemen made themselves sick, while trying to emulate the practice. Mr. Newcome had been obliged to go to bed by himself in consequence of the uncontrollable nausea produced by the chillum; and Doctor McGuffog, in hopes of converting his Highness, had puffed his till he was as black in the face as the interesting Indian—and now, having hung on his arm—always in the dirty gloves—flirting a fan while his Excellency consumed betel out of a silver box; and having promenaded him and his turban, and his shawls, and his kincob pellisse, and his laquered moustache, and keen brown face and opal eyeballs, through her rooms, the hostess came back to her station at the drawing-room door.

As soon as his Excellency saw the Colonel, whom he perfectly well knew, his Highness' princely air was exchanged for one of the deepest humility. He bowed his head and put his two hands before his eyes, and came creeping toward him submissively, to the wonderment of Mrs. Miles; who was yet more astonished when the Moldavian magnate exclaimed in perfectly good English, "What, Rummun, you here?"

The Rummun, still bending and holding out his hands before him, uttered a number of rapid sentences in the Hindustani language, which Colonel Newcome received, twirling his mustachios with much hauteur. He turned on his heel rather abruptly, and began to speak to Mrs. Newcome, who smiled and thanked him for coming—on his first night after his return.

The Colonel said: "To whose house should he first come but to his brother's?" How Mrs. Newcome wished she could have had room for him at dinner! And there was room after all, for Mr. Shaloony was detained at the House. The most interesting conversation. The Indian Prince was so intelligent!

"The Indian what?" asked Mr. Newcome. The heathen gentleman had gone off, and was seated by one of the handsomest women in the room, whose fair face was turned toward him, whose blond ringlets touched his shoulder, and who was listening to him as eagerly as Desdemona listened to Othello.

The Colonel's rage was excited as he saw the Indian's behaviour. He curled his mustachios up to his eyes in his wrath. "You don't mean that that man calls himself a Prince? That a fellow who wouldn't sit down in an officer's presence is . . ."

"How do you do, Mr. Honeyman? Eh, bon soir, monsieur. You are very late, Mr. Pressly. What, Barnes; is it possible that you do me the honour to come all the way from Mayfair to Marlebone. I thought you young men of fashion never crossed Oxford Street. Colonel Newcome, this is your nephew."

"How do you do, sir," said Barnes, surveying the Colonel's costume with inward wonder, but without the least outward manifestation of surprise. "I suppose you dined here to meet

the black Prince? I came to ask you and my uncle to meet him at dinner on Wednesday. Where's my uncle, ma'am?"

"Your uncle has gone to bed ill. He smoked one of those hookahs which the Prince brings, and it has made him unwell, Barnes. How is Lady Ann? Is Lord Kew in London? Is your sister better for Brighton air? I see your cousin is appointed Secretary of Legation. Have you good accounts of your aunt Lady Fanny?"

"Lady Fanny is as well as can be expected, and the baby is going on perfectly well, thank you," Barnes said dryly; and his aunt, obstinately gracious with him, turned away to some other newcomer.

"It's interesting, isn't it, sir," says Barnes, turning to the Colonel, "to see such union in families? Whenever I come here, my aunt trots out all my relations; and I send a man round in the mornin' to ask how they all are. So Uncle Hobson is gone to bed sick with a hookah? I know there was a deuce of a row made when I smoked at Marble Head. You are promised to us for Wednesday, please. Is there anybody you would like to meet? Not our friend, the Rummun? How the girls crowd him! By Gad, a fellow who's rich may have the pick of any gal in London—not here—not in this sort of thing; I mean in society, you know," says Barnes confidently. "I've seen the old dowagers crowdin' round that fellow, and the girls snugglin' up to his india-rubber face. He's known to have two wives already in India; but, by Gad, for a settlement, I believe some of 'em here would marry—I mean girls in society."

"But isn't this society?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh, of course. It's very good society and that sort of thing—but it's not, you know—you understand. I give you my honour there are not three people in the room one meets anywhere, except the Rummun. What is he at home, sir? I know he ain't a prince, you know, any more than I am."

"I believe he is a very rich man now," said the Colonel. "He began from very low beginnings, and odd stories are told about the origin of his fortune."

"That may be," says the young man;" of course, as business men, that's not our affair. But has he got the fortune? He keeps a large account with us, and, I think, wants to

have larger dealings with us still. As one of the family we may ask you to stand by us, and tell us anything you know. My father has asked him down to Newcome, and we've taken him up; wisely or not, I can't say. I think otherwise; but I'm quite young in the house, and of course the elders have the chief superintendence." The young man of business had dropped his drawl and languor, and was speaking quite unaffectedly, good-naturedly, and selfishly. Had you talked to him for a week, you could not have made him understand the scorn and loathing with which the Colonel regarded him. Here was a young fellow as keen as the oldest curmudgeon; a lad with scarce a beard to his chin that would pursue his bond as rigidly as Shylock. "If he is like this at twenty, what will he be at fifty?" groaned the Colonel. "I'd rather Clive were dead than have him such a heartless worldling as this." And yet the young man's life was as good as that of other folks he lived with. You don't suppose he had any misgivings, provided he was in the city early enough in the morning; or slept badly unless he indulged too freely overnight; or had twinges of conscience that his life was misspent? He thought his life a most lucky and reputable one. He had a share in a good business, and felt that he could increase it. Some day he would marry a good match, with a good fortune; meanwhile he could take his pleasure decorously, and sow his wild oats as some of the young Londoners sow them, not broadcast after the fashion of careless scatterbrained youth, but trimly and neatly, where the crop can come up unobserved, and be taken in without bustle or scandal. Barnes Newcome never missed going to church or dressing for dinner. He never kept a tradesman waiting for his money. He seldom drank too much, and never was late for business or huddled over his toilet, however brief had been his sleep, or severe his headache. In a word, he was as scrupuously whited as any sepulchre in the whole bills of mortality.

Whilst young Barnes and his uncle were thus holding parley, a slim gentleman of bland aspect, with a roomy forehead, or what his female admirers called "a noble brow," and a neat white neck-cloth tied with clerical skill, was surveying Colonel Newcome through his shining spectacles, and waiting for an opportunity to address him. The Colonel remarked

the eagerness with which the gentleman in black regarded him, and asked Mr. Barnes who was the padre? Mr. Barnes turned his eyeglass towards the spectacles, and said, "He didn't know any more than the dead; he didn't know two people in the room." The spectacles nevertheless made the eyeglass a bow, of which the latter took no sort of cognizance. The spectacles advanced; Mr. Newcome fell back with a peevish exclamation of "Confound the fellow, what is he coming to speak to *me* for?" He did not choose to be addressed by all sorts of persons in all houses.

But he of the spectacles, with an expression of delight in his pale-blue eyes, and smiles dimpling his countenance, pressed onwards with outstretched hands, and it was towards the Colonel he turned these smiles and friendly salutations. "Did I hear aright, sir, from Mrs. Miles," he said, "and have I the honour of speaking to Colonel Newcome?"

"The same, sir," says the Colonel; at which the other, tearing off a glove of lavender-coloured kid, uttered the words, "Charles Honeyman," and seized the hand of his brother-in-law. "My poor sister's husband," he continued, "my own benefactor; Clive's father. How strange are these meetings in the mighty world! How I rejoice to see you, and know you!"

"You are Charles, are you?" cries the other. "I am very glad, indeed, to shake you by the hand, Honeyman. Clive and I should have beat up your quarters today, but we were busy until dinner-time. You put me in mind of poor Emma, Charles," he added sadly. Emma had not been a good wife to him, a flighty, silly little woman, who had caused him when alive many a night of pain and day of anxiety.

"Poor, poor Emma!" exclaimed the ecclesiastic, casting his eyes towards the chandelier, and passing a white cambric handkerchief gracefully before them. No man in London understood the ring business or the pocket-handkerchief business better, or smothered his emotion more beautifully. "In the gayest moments, in the giddiest throng of fashion, the thoughts of the past will arise; the departed will be among us still. But this is not the strain wherewith to greet the friend newly arrived on our shores. How it rejoices me to behold you in Old England! How you must have joyed to see Clive!"

"D—— the humbug," muttered Barnes, who knew him perfectly well. "The fellow is always in the pulpit."

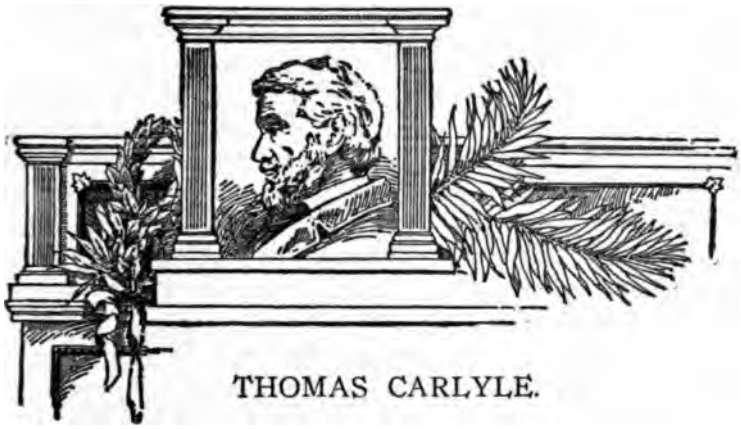
The incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's chapel smiled and bowed to him. "You do not recognize me, sir; I have the honour of seeing you in your public capacity in the City, when I have called at the Bank, the bearer of my brother-in-law's ——"

"Never mind that, Honeyman!" cried the Colonel.

"But I do mind, my dear Colonel," answers Mr. Honeyman. "I should be a very bad man, and a very ungrateful brother, if I *ever* forget your kindness."

"For God's sake, leave my kindness alone."

"He'll never leave it alone as long as he can use it," muttered Mr. Barnes in his teeth; and turning to his uncle, "May I take you home, sir? My cab is at the door, and I shall be glad to drive you." But the Colonel said he must talk to his brother-in-law for awhile; and Mr. Barnes, bowing very respectfully to him, slipped under a dowager's arm in the doorway, and retreated silently down stairs.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

DURING the first forty years of his long life, Carlyle was practically unknown. He was born in a little Scotch village in 1795, the son of poor peasants, with no visible likelihood of ever making himself heard of ten miles beyond his native parish. But there were, it appeared, a brain and a heart in the child, and its parents were able to afford it a grammar-school education; and the boy afterwards attended Edinburgh University, and obviously did not misuse his time there. At the age of twenty he was teaching mathematics in Annan, and two years later was schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, where began his friendship with young Edward Irving. It was a long journey from the Scotch pedagogue's desk to the primacy of English literature. He determined to become a barrister, and studied law for three or four years, maintaining himself the while by hammering algebra and geometry into hard Scotch heads, and contributing articles to encyclopædias. In 1822, being then twenty-seven years old, the Bullen boys hired him as tutor; and he visited the great world of London and Paris before he was thirty. At this time, all he had written was a Life of Schiller, a translation of Legendre's "Geometry," and a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." The latter has held its place ever since, but, by itself could not be considered a hopeful basis for a reputation. But the German genius had a strong attraction for Carlyle, and influenced the central years of his life. Some specimens of the works of other German writers, and essays upon German authors, were printed by him about this time; as literature

and criticism they are in some respects among the most agreeable reading that has come from his pen. He did not at that time know the great destiny that awaited him; and he had not yet begun that whimsical, chronic quarrel with the world which grew upon him as his position in the world of letters became dominant. He had faith and enthusiasm, and the power of saying the thing he meant in such phrase as made his reader rejoice. The great new light which came into English literature with Carlyle was already shining in these early essays, with a softer and clearer lustre than in after years, when it was rendered lurid and portentous, sometimes, by the clouds and storms which assailed the giant mind which was its medium.

In 1826 Carlyle married Jane Welsh. Probably the inner life of a married couple has never been more widely published than was that of these two queer and gifted beings, who were greatly averse from publicity of that kind during their lifetime. And it is precisely because the annals of their domestic affairs is so full, that it is still difficult to arrive at any final conclusion upon it. It reads like a rugged and harrowing journey; and yet, for aught we can say, so might the story of any two other nervous and exacting persons, if described with equal minuteness by either of them. It is not improbable that they had quite as much average happiness as do most couples; their ideal was higher and their irritability greater than the ordinary, and their power of giving vivid expression to their thoughts and experiences was certainly far beyond the common. But after all allowances have been made, we cannot affirm that Jane and Thomas were an easy wife and husband to get on with. They kept each other on edge. On the other hand, it seems quite likely that his domestic jars, added to his dyspeptic tendency, may have stimulated Carlyle to write more and more poignantly, than he would otherwise have done. That the two loved and admired each other in the bottom of their hearts is unquestionable.

Seven years after his marriage Carlyle published "Sartor Resartus," and thereby conquered fame among those who know what original thought and literary faculty are. It was a great book to have been written at that time, and it still remains a high and unique example of genius and humor. It

breaks the bonds of Eighteenth Century ideas, and gives us the freedom and perception of the Nineteenth. It is a veiled autobiography of a mind, and shows on its author's part a grasp of the philosophy of creation, and of the meaning of the world, which is attained only by master intellects. No doubt he was somewhat indebted to Goethe; but Carlyle could not help being independent, and though his orbit crossed that of the great German, it never coincided with it. This first work fairly gives the measure of the writer; his "French Revolution," published in 1837 (after having been rewritten, owing to the burning of the first MS. while in the custody of John Stuart Mill), confirmed the promise of "Sartor," and is assuredly a masterpiece of forcible and picturesque narrative, and of marvellous scope and conciseness. Its abrupt and almost fantastic style repels many; but it has many passages of splendid eloquence, and is pervaded by the grim undercurrent of humor which was peculiar to Carlyle. Since the book was written further research and ampler materials have somewhat abated its value as mere history; but its worth as literature is indestructible, and it paints a picture of the great Revolution, and announces a meaning in it, such as is possible only to a mind of Carlyle's synthetic insight.

But it also gives evidence of a curious contrariety in Carlyle's view of the world, which became more accentuated as he grew older. He was a champion of the rights of man, and yet he was a hero-worshipper—a believer in the divine right of great men to rule. The distinction between the common and the superior man seems to him to be one of kind as well as of degree; and this view opposes the best thought of the race. The essential unity of the human race is a truth which did not appeal to him. He fell into contradictions and obscurities, and his mighty force wasted itself in them. He dazzles more than he convinces, and always appears somewhat sensational, in the higher sense of the word. He harangues us with almost fierce earnestness, and calls upon the verities and eternities; but somehow we seem to feel a pose and an unreality beneath it all. Doubtless Carlyle was sincere—he believed in himself; but he may have expended an energy in persuading himself so to believe which might more usefully have been expended in other directions.

The remaining forty years of his literary activity were devoted to biographical writing, and to essays on the questions of the times, usually of a warning or denunciatory character. His "Oliver Cromwell," "John Sterling," and "Frederick the Great" are impressive works; but in reading them for information we must bear in mind the powerful predilections of the writer. In truth, Carlyle's works are more interesting and valuable as portrayals of his own trenchant and singular judgments upon men and life, than as trustworthy pictures of life and men themselves. Even so, his books are an awakening and an educating force of which every intelligent mind should avail itself. Carlyle's career ended sadly; the message which he so strenuously proclaimed failed to win the assent of his generation. Yet he was, upon the whole, the greatest man of letters of his time in England, great even in his errors, and modern thought, without his influence, would have been less independent and honest than it is to-day.

THE ATTACK UPON THE BASTILLE.

(From "The French Revolution.")

ALL morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere, "To the Bastille!" Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon Elector Thuriot de la Rosiére gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled: cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale:* the suburb Sainte-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly as one man! Such vision (spectral, yet real) thou, O Thuriot! as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of other phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering spectral realities which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt. "Que voulez-vous?" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace.

"Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, "what mean you? Consider if I could not precipitate both of us from this height"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, rule circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is as questionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new deputation of citizens (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter; which has kindled the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration; and overhead, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we could do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never over nave or felloe did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious; and yet, alas! it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers with their Invalides' musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths still soar

aloft intact: ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its back towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

WORK.

BLESSED is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that: for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge: a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone." . . .

Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work;—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful

grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old Graves, with their long mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdom—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, born in that famous birth-year of great men, 1809, lived to a great age, companioned by noble thoughts and by his eminent contemporaries, supported by the strong unfaltering fire of his own genius, honored by his queen, held by millions of readers as the foremost poet of his time, and exceptionally happy in the domestic sphere of wife and children. Poor in his youth, he died a rich man, from the honorable exercise of his extraordinary gifts. A fuller, more influential and successful life has seldom been lived by any man; his rich nature was characterized by that trenchant masculinity which admits the refinement of the Eternal Feminine; his sterling sense was softened and led by the spirit, and he was initiate in the incommunicable mysteries of the soul. His career and character, not less than his poetry, must remain a profitable study for many generations. The poetry of no other Englishman since Shakespeare has become so familiar in men's mouths as his, and its effect has been succulent both to literature and to life. He is beyond dispute the English poet of his century and one of the few writers great enough to make a century memorable. Always (to use his own words) "he gave the people of his best:" and though, in the much that he has written, there is not a little which mature criticism rates far below his best, and more that could be spared as being reproductions in fresh forms of thoughts treated by him before; yet there stands to his credit a body of poetry which only the finest and noblest genius could have created, and without which the literature of his time would lack some of its most exquisite graces and most felicitous and penetrating interpretations.

Tennyson's outward life was uneventful. He entered Cambridge in 1828, with Hallam (son of the historian), Trench and Houghton; was compelled by his slender income to defer his marriage until 1850, when he was forty-one; was raised to the laureate-ship of England in the same year, and accepted a peerage in 1884. He was no traveler, rarely leaving England, and never realizing the hope of his youth, "To see, before I die, the palms and temples of the south." He died in 1892, well past the age of fourscore, but with the fineness of his genius unabated. His history is that of his mind and heart, which is shadowed forth in his writings, yet ever veiled beneath the reticences of pure art. He was great enough to eschew the individual and singular in the published expression of his thought, and to offer only those ideas and feelings which are catholic in the race. All who have loved and lost have experienced the emotions of "In Memoriam;" no one who has meditated deeply on the problems of the age can fail to find his best conclusions in "Locksley Hall;" scepticism may find its utterance and its answer in "The Two Voices;" the refusal of the soul to stay in mortal limitations resounds in "Ulysses;" the passion, purity and exaltation of love are portrayed in "Œnone," "Maude," "Love and Duty," "Tears, Idle Tears," "The Gardener's Daughter," and many other lovely poems; the mockery of beauty without God is shown in "The Palace of Art;" the grandeur of patriotism, civil and military, is expressed in the "Ode on the Death of Wellington" and in "England;" and so we might continue. In a word, the life of his age flowed through Tennyson, and found in him its broadest utterance. Philosophy, science, history and art were elemental spirits employed by this Prospero to give body, color and pertinence to his harmonious creations; his brain was balanced by his heart, and the first was as lofty as the last was deep.

The beginnings of the poet's career were not ambitious. Before he was twenty, he and his brother published a small volume of "Poems by Two Brothers," which showed faculty, but no definite aim. His "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," appearing when he was twenty-one, were studies in form, sentiment and beauty, but only his more sagacious critics were able to foretell from it his future eminence. In 1842 another volume was brought out; and in this we find the first specimen of a work

destined to be the most voluminous and one of the most important of his life—the fragment called "Morte d'Arthur." The plan of the "Epic of Arthur" had then been for some time in his mind; but he had not satisfied himself with his treatment of it. The fragment, however, was so generally praised that he was encouraged to take up the subject with renewed vigor; and, at intervals during the fifty years that followed, he gradually elaborated the whole stately series of poems bearing upon the story of Uther's mystic Son. The work as a whole is sufficient basis for a great reputation; but the merit of the various parts is not equal; there is poetry in all of them, but some of the earlier ones—"Enid," "Guinevere," "Elaine," and the "Morte d'Arthur" itself, seem to touch a higher level than the rest. The material was derived chiefly from the prose narrative of Malory; as an individual effort to put in homogeneous metrical form the legends of the beginnings of a nation, perhaps nothing since Homer's Iliad and Odyssey has been done to compare with it. But it is somewhat too long for the taste of the present day, and the general sameness of treatment and tone militate against its cumulative effect.

The most important fact of Tennyson's young manhood, in its influence upon his mind, was the death of his friend Arthur Hallam. The sad event took place in 1833, when Tennyson was twenty-four years old; "In Memoriam," the poem which commemorates it, was not published till 1850. During these seventeen years he had been enabled to pass through the acuter stages of grief into a calmer and deeper state, in which became visible to him the mercy of the God who giveth and who taketh away. The poem, therefore, shows the balance and symmetry of high art; it shows pain compensated by spiritual growth and the consolations of religion and philosophy. It has probably been more widely read than any other of Tennyson's productions; and the wonderful perfection of its form, and the truth and insight of its expression, its passion, its reverence and its sincerity, make it worthy of its reputation. The personal lineaments of Arthur Hallam, lovable as these were, disappear in the deeper beauty and significance of that for which he stands—the human love and companionship which death interrupts, but does not destroy. Tennyson, in his poem, made his private suffering the means

of comfort to his race; and no poet can perform a loftier service.

"The Princess," published in 1847, embodies a discussion of various modern social topics, prominent among them that of woman's position in the community. It is presented in unique form, the exponents of the ideas of the day being attired in mediæval costume, and the scenery being that of the Age of Chivalry. It would indeed have been difficult if not impossible to treat the subject poetically on any other plan. The poem is in blank verse, every line packed with meaning, to such an extent as sometimes to render the thought obscure. Its progress is relieved by the introduction of several exquisite songs, one at least of which—"Tears, idle Tears,"—is one of the most delicious lyrics ever written. "The Princess" holds a noble argument; but the main problem which it attacks cannot be finally solved by any individual; only in the lapse of ages will the divine purpose be revealed.

The concluding twenty years of Tennyson's life, from 1870 onwards, were largely occupied with essays in dramatic literature. He produced six or seven plays, in the Shakespearian form, based on historic or quasi-historic subjects; and all of them were acted on the stage by competent performers, with measurable success. Worthy and admirable productions they certainly are; but the challenge to the great Elizabethan dramatist was too obvious; and the lack of humor in the nineteenth century poet, as well as the habit of fifty years in other forms of poetic art, prevents these plays from ranking with his most satisfactory work. We are disposed to regret that the force and genius which went to their making had not been applied in other directions. They contain many splendid lines and stirring passages, many fine situations, and masterly delineations of character; but they do not show Tennyson at his best; and the greater a writer is, the more stringent is our demand that he maintain his highest level.

To many, Tennyson's shorter pieces will remain the favorites. Some of them seem the very flower of human speech. "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "The Lady of Shallott," "The Lotus Eaters," "Love and Death," "A Dream of Fair Women," "The Sleeping Beauty," and that last noble message—"Crossing the Bar;" these and many another as we

read them, seem to attain the limits of beauty in measure, rhyme and thought. But it is still too early to decide what of Tennyson is most nearly immortal. He lies in Westminster Abbey; and it is enough for us to know that so long as that historic church stands, his fame is likely to endure. Or we might say that the English language which he has dignified and enriched will not outlast the noble creations which he has incarnated in it.

Tears, Idle Tears.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
  The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
  She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
  Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
  Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
  To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
  The fullness of her face—

Grave Mother of majestic works,
  From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
  And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
  The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
  Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
  Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
  The falsehood of extremes.

Elaine's Letter to Guinevere.

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat;
"Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I
For anger: these are slanders: never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved

One peerless, without stain: so let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, tho' my love had no return:
Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,
Thanks, but you work against your own desire;
For if I could believe the things you say
I should but die the sooner; wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean and die."
So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word; and when he asked
"Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?
Then will I bear it gladly;" she replied,
"For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
The letter she devised; which being writ
And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not," she said—"you never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
My latest: lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me, he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased: her father promised; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deemed her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying the sad chariot-bier
Passed like a shadow through the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisting all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,
" Sister, farewell forever," and again,
" Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

. . . . . .

Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across
Where these had fallen, slowly passed the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and the barge
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.
There two stood armed, and kept the door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd
"What is it?" but that oarsman's haggard face,
As hard and still as is the face that men
Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks
On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and they said,
"He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! what are they? flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to fairy land?
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,
But that he passes into fairy land."

While thus they babbled of the King, the King
Came girt with knights: then turned the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose
And pointed to the damsel and the doors.
So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
And reverently they bore her into hall.
Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
At last the Queen herself and pitied her:
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stooped, took, brake seal and read it; this was all:

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime called the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan.
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read,
And ever in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read
To hers which lay so silent, and at times,
So touched were they, half-thinking that her lips,
Who had devised the letter, moved again.

THE POET'S SONG.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
  He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
  And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
  And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
  And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
  The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
  And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
  But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
  When the years have died away."

THE FLOWER.

Once in a golden hour
  I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
  The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
  Thro' my garden bower,
And muttering discontent
  Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
  It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall,
  Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
  By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried
  "Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
  He who runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
  For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
  And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
  Call it but a weed.

A Welcome to Alexandra.

March 7, 1863.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
  Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
  Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

1865-1866.

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

IN MEMORIAM.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
  To find in loss a gain to match?
  Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
  Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
  Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
  The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man who loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn."

. . . . . .

I sometimes hold it half a sin
  To put in words the grief I feel;
  For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
  A use in measured language lies;
  The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
  Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
  But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

. . . . .

I envy not in any moods
  The captive void of noble rage,
  The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
  His license in the field of time,
  Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
  The heart that never plighted troth,
  But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
  I feel it, when I sorrow most;
  'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
  The moon is hid; the night is still;
  The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
  From far and near, on mead and moor,
  Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
  That now dilate and now decrease,
  Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
  I almost wish'd no more to wake,
  And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
  For they controll'd me when a boy;
  They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

. . . . .

My own dim life should teach me this,
  That life shall live forevermore
  Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
  Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
  In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
  'Twere hardly worth my time to choose
  Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace
  Like birds the charming serpent draws,
  To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

. . . . .

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
  The flying cloud, the frosty light:
  The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
  Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
  The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
  For those that here we see no more;
  Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
  And ancient forms of party strife;
  Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the cold, the sin,
  The faithless coldness of the times;
  Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
  The civic slander and the spite;
  Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
  Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
  Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
  Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

. . . . .

Whatever I have said or sung,
  Some bitter notes my harp would give,
  Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
  She did but look through dimmer eyes;
  Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care,
  He breathed the spirit of the song;
  And if the words were sweet and strong,
He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
  To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
  And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

Love is and was my Lord and King,
  And in his presence I attend
  To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
  And will be, tho' as yet I keep
  Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard.

And hear at times a sentinel
  Who moves about from place to place,
  And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

Love Song from Maud.

Come into the garden, Maud,
  For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
  I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
  And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
  And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
  On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
  To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
  The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
  To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
  And a hush with the setting moon.

. . . . .

There has fallen a splendid tear
  From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming my dove, my dear;
  She is coming, my love, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
  The white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
  And the lily whispers, "I wait."

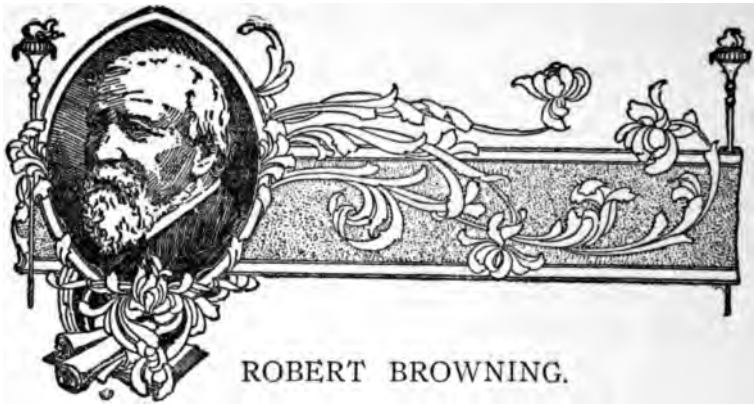
Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
  When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crossed the bar.



THE beautiful romance of Browning's life is a part of his own and his wife's poetry. He was about two-and-thirty when they met and loved each other, and they ran away and were married in 1846, when he was thirty-four. During the fifteen years that followed, their happiness in each other was full and complete, with no shadow on it; and Browning even had the happiness of knowing that his love had prolonged her life and freed it from much physical pain, as well as transfiguring it with spiritual joy. She died in 1861, and he survived her twenty-eight years, dying in Venice in 1889. But in soul they were never apart; it was a true marriage; and as they were both persons of the finest genius, their felicity was a final answer to the doubt whether high souls can be truly mated. Most of their married life was passed in Italy, partly on account of Mrs. Browning's delicate health, partly because her father was never reconciled to their marriage, but died the surly and selfish tyrant that he had always lived; and partly because the political hopes and struggles of Italy were ardently espoused by both the poets, and largely tinged much of their verse. Their only child, a son, was born in Florence; and Mrs. Browning lived long enough to see her hopes of the emancipation of Italy from the Austrian yoke accomplished.

Browning is the most interesting figure among modern poets; he has been for years the subject of study on the part of numerous "societies," and the final word on him has not yet been said. He is a philosopher, a man of the world, a poet and a lover; these dissimilar elements are united, but not completely fused in him. His music is broken, but when it does

ring true, there is no sweeter sound in literature. "Your poetry doesn't sing!" Swinburne once said to him; and no one who has read him can question the truth of the criticism. Browning himself admitted it; he recognized his ruggedness and obscurity as faults; he did what he could to overcome them; but in spite of his efforts his thoughts would "break thro' language and escape." We must accept him as he is; and there is no keener, subtler, and at the same time braver and truer mind among the poets of this century. His field of exploration is human nature in its deeper and more remote manifestations; his activity is thus in a world scarcely known to exist by the ordinary person; and the surprises he announces and the treasures he brings to light are therefore a cause of perplexity and doubt to the spectators, much as if an Oriental magician were to produce before them strange objects apparently created out of empty air. Browning does his best to make all clear to them; but the material he works with has not yet been reduced to recognizable form; it is like ore from the mine, which to the uninstructed looks like anything but precious metal.

The difficulty of Browning's verse, the need of study to understand most of it, and the real value which careful study shows it to possess, have led many to assign him a place in literature higher than he deserves. He is a great writer and often a great poet; but in no respect is he the greatest. His apprehension of the relativity of all things is imperfect; were it otherwise he would be able to state his message in terms as simple as those of Shakespeare, and so accommodate it to the understanding of the simple. Browning himself was a scholar of high attainments, and he often used his acquired knowledge as if it were a common possession, like the multiplication table. Such is the fault of "Sordello," in order to understand which one must begin with a thorough mastery of the mediæval history of Italy. Nor is familiarity with the various dialectics of modern philosophy less indispensable to an adequate comprehension of much that he has written; and the public naturally and rightly revolts from such requirements. The profoundest truths can be stated plainly; they can be disentangled from accidental conditions, and made to shine by their own light. Browning constantly fails to free them from these

trammels of temporary clothing, and display them in the grandeur of their nakedness. He needs an expositor, an annotator, an editor; and this necessity disables him from conveying to the world more than a small part of the good he tried to do. The world awaits a stronger unifying force, a more synthetic genius. Doubtless, no truth that Browning perceived will be lost; but it will come to us by the medium of other minds than his. In many of his poems his power of brilliant costuming and of dramatic statement blinds us to the thing which was his real object, and we praise him for achievements which were merely accessory to his intent. But this is as much his fault as ours, and he must pay the penalty of it.

Browning has been truly called one of the most suggestive of poets. Vivid and impressive pictures start into view under his pen as if spontaneously; he gives us the word which tells and omits the rest; and often he hits the very nerve of meaning. Color and sparkle cover his work with a splendid sheen and iridescence, dazzling and enchanting the eye. He places the external of a man or woman before us with a few masterly touches, and then proceeds to dive into their inmost souls and reveal the hidden springs of their action and thought. He brings similes and illustrations from afar; he sets his picture in a splendid frame, and throws behind it the shadows of a mystic or mysterious background. At times he fills the listening soul with music that seems to come from Heaven itself; but anon a discord jars upon us, and we forgive it less easily because but now we had been so deeply delighted. To read him is like driving with Phaëton in the chariot of the Sun; we brush the stars and then plunge headlong earthwards. The emotions which he portrays are the most impassioned known to our nature; his landscapes are fierce, ominous, appalling, transcendently lovely, but seldom soothing and inviting. The serene middle path was rarely trodden by his Muse. Our pulse beats faster as we follow her, but we are not won by those gentle and sweet fascinations which make us forget the means in the end.

The length of many of Browning's poems is portentous; such a work as "The Ring and the Book" could not be adequately perused in months, having in view the complicated psychical analysis which is its warp and woof. Nor can it

be said that, for any but students, the fruit to be gathered repays the time and effort of the gathering. "The Ring and the Book" is indeed full of superb poetry; but this is involved with much that is of less value, but which, on the other hand, is instrumental to the complete effect. Many attempts have been made to isolate the "Beauties of Browning," but they have failed, as might have been expected; no vital work can be thus eviscerated without losing more than is gained. Detached apothegms, no matter how trenchant or penetrating, have little weight; to detach them is as if one were to bring down to the plain the rock which caps the mountain; in its true place it was sublime, but thus displaced it is a rock and no more. Finally, we must take Browning as he is, or do without him. There is no golden road to him.

Nevertheless, there are many of his poems which all who run may read, and profit by. Such are "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Ben Ezra," "Pippa Passes," and many shorter pieces in "Bells of Pomegranates" and "Men and Women." His poem, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," is one of his strangest and most captivating productions, and characteristic of his genius, inasmuch as it is open to many interpretations, and is probably read by each student according to the fashion of his own nature and knowledge. "Waring" is another of these absorbing problems which Browning gives us, possessing a meaning transcending what any specific solution can afford. We feel the spirit breathing through the form, and bringing inspiration; but the form itself is dim to our apprehension, and the more we seek to define it, the further does the true soul retire from us.

The latter years of Browning's life were spent in England, with annual excursions to Italy. He was fond of society, and could be met at certain London houses almost daily during the season. His conversation was that of an accomplished man of the world, with something else added; one who did not know who he was might have wondered what this something was, but to those who knew it was the magic influence of a great soul. He continued to write up to nearly the time of his death, and the force and edge of his wonderful intellect were never abated or dulled. His fame will increase as time goes on,

though the actual knowledge of his writings will probably remain the possession of the few. But in indirect ways he will lead and enlighten the race, and he was of too lofty a mind to care whether the good that came through him was credited to himself or another.

PIPPA'S SONG.

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

THE LOST LEADER.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud.
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
  There will be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
  Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

Incident of the French Camp.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
  A mile or so away,
On a little mound Napoleon
  Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how
  Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
  Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
  That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
  Waver at yonder wall,—"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
  A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping: nor bridle drew
  Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

(The first six and last two stanzas are given.)

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

. . . . . .

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men!
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst:

So, take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

Love Among the Ruins.

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
    Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
    Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
    As they crop—
Was the site once of a city great and gay,
    (So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince
    Ages since
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
    Peace or war.

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,
    As you see,
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
    From the hills
Intersect and give a name to (else they run
    Into one),
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
    Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
    Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
    Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
    Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
    And embeds
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
    Stock or stone—
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
    Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
    Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
    Bought and sold.

Now,—the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Thro' the chinks—
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games.

And I know—while thus the quiet-coloured eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away—
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
All the men!
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

"How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix."

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck to neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

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And all I remember is,—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

CAVALIER TUNES.

I. Marching Along.

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies knell.
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

Cho.—Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

Cho.—March we along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II. Give a Rouse.

I

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

II

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

Cho.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

Cho.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III. Boot and Saddle.

I

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

II

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

III

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

IV

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT, born in 1809, began verse-making at a very early age, and her father published a volume of hers when she was but sixteen. The version of "Prometheus Bound," published in 1853, she afterwards pronounced an "early failure," and substituted another. A volume issued in 1838 contained some fine short poems. Though her health was delicate, her life was a studious and happy one up to this time, when the rupture of a blood-vessel brought her to the verge of death. Her elder brother accompanied her to Torquay, and in a few days he was drowned by the capsizing of a sail-boat. Miss Barrett, filled with horror of the place, was taken back to London, and there, in a darkened room, continued her studies and composition. Few friends were admitted, but Robert Browning called to thank her for a graceful compliment to him in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." The acquaintance ripened into intimacy and love. Her health improved, and, though her father strongly objected, she left home and was married to the poet. He took her to Italy, where they resided in Florence. The depth of her love is shown in her poems called "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Her interest in Italian affairs appears in "Casa Guidi Windows." Her longest work is "Aurora Leigh," a kind of versified novel in nine books, describing the life of an educated English lady of the time. She died in June, 1861.

The seclusion of her life, and her fondness for high study, especially of classical poetry, caused her early utterances to seem to come from a remote sphere. She was always too fluent and unrestrained in expression. She was careless about rhymes, and capricious in the use of words. Yet she excels her husband in the intelligibility and singing quality of her verses.

On the other hand, while he has filled his works with studies of numerous characters, her views of human nature are wanting in exactness and variety. The great change wrought by her marriage gave her writings more strength as well as sweetness. Her residence in Italy led her to take a special interest in social and political affairs. But her best work is seen in poems exhibiting tenderness and strong feeling, as in "The Cry of the Children," "Cowper's Grave," and "The Sonnets from the Portuguese."

Cowper's Grave.

It is a place where poets crown'd
  May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
  May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
  As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
  To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
  Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
  A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood,
  Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
  And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read
  Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
  And darkness on the glory—
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds,
  And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
  Because so broken hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
  The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
  In meeker adoration;

Nor ever shall he be in praise
  By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
  Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
  I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
  On God, whose heaven hath won him.
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
  Towards his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
  Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain
  Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
  Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
  His own did calmly number;
And silent shadows from the trees
  Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
  From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
  Beside him true and loving!
And timid hares were drawn from woods
  To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes,
  With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remained,
  Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
  The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
  Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy
  Whom only God created.

Sonnets from the Portuguese.

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,—
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery while I strove,—
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang—"Not Death, but Love."

My own beloved, who hast lifted me
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,
And in betwixt the languid ringlets, blown
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully
Shines out again, as all the angels see,
Before thy saving kiss! My own, my own,
Who camest to me when the world was gone,
And I who looked for only God, found *thee!*
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.
As one who stands in dewless asphodel,
Looks backward on the tedious time he had
In the upper life—so I, with bosom-swell,
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well.

A Portrait.

I will paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
  Which a trail of golden hair
  Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
  Which two blue eyes undershine,
  Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,
  Though too calm, you think, and tender,
  For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
  Frank, obedient, waiting still
  On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things,—
  As young birds, or early wheat
  When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
  Of loud mirth that scorneth measure,
  Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasure for the rest,
  Which come softly, just as she
  When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
  In a bower of gentle looks,
  Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
  As a silver stream may run,
  Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
  As if drawn from thoughts more far
  Than our common jestings are.

And, if any poet knew her,
  He would sing of her with falls
  Used in lovely madrigals.

And, if any painter drew her,
  He would paint her unaware
  With a halo round the hair.

And, if reader read the poem,
  He would whisper, "You have done a
  Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
  That same picture) would exclaim,
" 'Tis my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her
  In the street even, smileth stilly,
  Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
  Soften, sleeken every word,
  As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
  The hard earth wheron she passes,
  With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"
  Ay, and always, in good sooth,
  We may all be sure He doth.

The Best Thing in the World.

What's the best thing in the world?
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;
Sweet south wind that means no rain;
Truth, not cruel to a friend;
Pleasure, not in haste to end;
Beauty, not self-decked and curled
Till its pride is over plain;
Light, that never makes you wink;
Memory, that gives no pain;
Love, when, *so,* you're loved again.
What's the best thing in the world?
—Something out of it, I think.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure;
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!'
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say:
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet;
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting;
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon;
And the second time, a glove:
But the third time I may bend
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run;
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee;
'I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds.
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.
Lo, the wild swan hath deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow;
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
  Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
  And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
  The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
  The young flowers are blowing toward the west:
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
  They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
  In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
  Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his tomorrow
  Which is lost in long ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest;
  The old year is ending in the frost;
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest;
  The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
  Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
  In our happy fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces;
  And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
  Down the cheeks of infancy.
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
  Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary;
  Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children;
  For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without in our bewildering,
  And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the children, "it may happen
  That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year; her grave is shapen
  Like a snowball in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
  Was no room for any work in the close clay;
From the sleep wherein she lieth, none will wake her,
  Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
  With your ear down, little Alice never cries.
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
  For the smile has time for growing in her eyes;
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
  The shroud by the kirk-chime.
It is good when it happens," say the children,
  "That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! They are seeking
  Death in life, as best to have.
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
  With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city;
  Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty;
  Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through.
But they answer, "are your cowslips of the meadows
  Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coalshadows,
  From your pleasures fair and fine.

"For oh!" say the children, "we are weary,
  And we cannot run or leap:
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
  To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping;
  And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;
  For all day we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground;
  Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning;
  Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
  And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
  Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,—
  All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
  And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
  'Stop! be silent for to-day.'"

. . . . . .

And well may the children weep before you!
  They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
  Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
  They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom;
  Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm;
Are worn as if with age, yet retrievingly
  The harvest of its memories cannot reap;
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly—
  Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
  And their look is dread to see.
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
  With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
  Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
  And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O goldheaper,
  And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
  Than the strong man in his wrath."

LOVING.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
  No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
  That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
  That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear, "For life, for death!"
  Oh fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
  On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
  With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
  Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can *die* when the dream is past—
  Oh, never call it loving!

GEORGE ELIOT.

GEORGE ELIOT is the pseudonym under which Marion Evans won unique fame in literature. She was born near Nuneaton in Warwickshire, England, in 1820. She was well educated, and after her mother's death, when she was only sixteen, she kept house for her father, a land agent. When he removed to Coventry she studied German, Italian and music, of which she was passionately fond. Always retiring in disposition, she made friends with difficulty, but when the shy girl had done so, the results proved startling and far-reaching. Under the influence of the Brays of Coventry, she broke away from the Evangelical faith in which she had been trained, and translated from the German Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Her father was greatly offended, and her brother completely estranged. On her father's death she went to Geneva for further study, and on her return to England she resided with Mr. Chapman, editor of the *Westminster Review*. To this review she contributed learned articles, and also made more translations. She was brought in contact with some of the free-thinkers of the time, and among them with George Henry Lewes, the biographer of Goethe. This new influence changed the current of her life. She went to live with Lewes as his wife, though the law did not allow her that name, and there was no formal ceremony of marriage, civil or religious. Mr. Lewes had already been married, but his wife, who had been forgiven for adultery and taken back, had repeated the offence. Under English law there was no remedy because the first offence had been condoned. In course of time the London world, which had severely condemned Lewes and his new

consort, found that they lived in harmony and mutual helpfulness, and practically restored them to its favor. They lived together for nearly a quarter of a century till Mr. Lewes's death in 1878. In May, 1880, George Eliot, then sixty years of age, was formally married to John W. Cross, an old friend, but she died suddenly before the close of that year. Mr. Cross published her biography. Many others have discussed her career and works.

Lewes, who was an industrious author, was the first to recognize the real bent of his wife's genius, and under the stimulus of his encouragement she wrote "Scenes of Clerical Life." They were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* and met with popular approval. Her first years with Mr. Lewes were a period of struggle, almost to penury, but her great success came with the publication of "Adam Bede." Henceforth the pecuniary returns from her work were enormous. The later novels were "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Her "Spanish Gypsy" and other poems are of less importance. Her "Letters" are stilted in style and give little insight into her own personality.

George Eliot was wisely directed by her husband to the novel as the most available form for conveying her views on life. Though her intellect had rejected the dogma of Christianity, her nature had been so steeped in its self-sacrificing spirit, that her stories reveal it. In her earlier books her moral earnestness led her to add to the story much unnecessary preaching, and the influence of Thackeray caused her to introduce some social satire. But in the later ones sober philosophy prevails. Her first attempts to depict life were in drawing characters that had been familiar to her youth. Her efforts resulted in a distinct advance in the novel of character. She exhibits the real complexity of life, making no character absolutely good or evil, but showing the curious mingling of their diverse elements. From her own experience she had acquired a comprehension of weakness and an understanding of the tragedies of common lives.

"Adam Bede" was the first adequate literary report of the spirit of Methodism. The Quaker preacher, Dinah Morris, was drawn from the author's aunt. Similar sketches of

provincial life in the midland counties are found in "Silas Marner" and the more tragic "Mill on the Floss," in which Maggie Tulliver's happiness is ruined by her brother's cruel uprightness and by her own affectionate trustfulness. The greatest of her works is "Middlemarch," a pathetic story of failure. The scholar Casaubon never finishes the work of his life and disappoints the wife who had looked up to his superior attainments. "Romola," her only historical novel, treats of Florence in Savonarola's times, but while the preaching monk is accurately portrayed the interest lies with the other characters. In "Daniel Deronda" she departs so far from her usual practice as to present a faultless hero, in an effort to produce interest on behalf of the Jews and their aspirations as a race. But the work, in spite of some excellent characters, has not retained general interest. "Felix Holt" is the least worthy of her novels, though it returns to English ground, on which she had won her fame.

Had not this distinguished woman been so renowned for her fiction she would have been remarkable for her learning. In appearance she was slender and delicate, with a long, plain, grief-stricken face, a look of restrained power, and a personality at once magnetic and commanding. Her genius enabled her not merely to reflect the image of English society seventy years ago, but to indicate the hopes and desires of the best thinkers of her time.

Romola and Her Father.

The voice came from the farther end of a long, spacious room surrounded with shelves, on which books and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order. Here and there, on separate stands in front of the shelves, were placed a beautiful feminine torso; a headless statue, with an uplifted muscular arm wielding a bladeless sword; rounded, dimpled, infantine limbs severed from the trunk, inviting the lips to kiss the cold marble; some well-preserved Roman busts, and two or three vases of Magna Græcia. A large table in the centre was covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels in dark pottery. The color of these objects was chiefly pale or sombre; the vellum bindings, with their deep-ridged backs, gave little

relief to the marble livid with long burial; the once splendid patch of carpet at the farther end of the room had long been worn to dimness; the dark bronzes wanted sunlight upon them to bring out their tinge of green, and the sun was not yet high enough to send gleams to brightness through the narrow windows that looked on the Via de' Bardi.

The only spot of bright color in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved *leggio,* or reading-desk, such as is often seen in the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish gold color, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black *rascia,* or serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her; one long white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside towards his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuousness; an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head, and the grand line of her neck and shoulders. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread; the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's *Miscellanea,* from which she was reading aloud at the eightieth chapter, to the following effect:

"There was a certain nymph of Thebes named Chariclo, especially dear to Pallas; and this nymph was the mother of

Teiresias. But once when, in the heat of summer, Pallas, in company with Chariclo, was bathing her disrobed limbs in the Heliconian Hippocrene, it happened that Teiresias, coming as a hunter to quench his thirst at the same fountain, inadvertently beheld Minerva unveiled, and immediately became blind. For it is declared in the Saturnian laws that he who beholds the gods against their will shall atone for it by a heavy penalty. . . . When Teiresias had fallen into this calamity, Pallas, moved by the tears of Chariclo, endowed him with prophecy and length of days, and even caused his prudence and wisdom to continue after he had entered among the shades, so that an oracle spake from his tomb; and she gave him a staff, wherewith, as by a guide, he might walk without stumbling. . . . And hence Nonnus, in the fifth book of the *Dionysiaca,* introduces Actæon exclaiming that he calls Teiresias happy, since, without dying, and with the loss of his eyesight merely, he had beheld Minerva unveiled, and thus, though blind, could for evermore carry her image in his soul."

At this point in the reading the daughter's hand slipped from the back of the chair and met her father's, which he had that moment uplifted; but she had not looked round, and was going on, though with a voice a little altered by some suppressed feeling, to read the Greek quotation from Nonnus, when the old man said:

"Stay, Romola; reach me my own copy of Nonnus. It is a more correct copy than any in Poliziano's hands, for I made emendations in it which have not yet been communicated to any man. I finished it in 1477, when my sight was fast failing me."

Romola walked to the farther end of the room, with the queenly step which was the simple action of her tall, finely-wrought frame, without the slightest conscious adjustment of herself.

"Is it in the right place, Romola?" asked Bardo, who was perpetually seeking the assurance that the outward fact continued to correspond with the image which lived to the minutest detail in his mind.

"Yes, father; at the west end of the room, on the third shelf from the bottom, behind the bust of Hadrian, above Apollonius Rhodius and Callimachus, and below Lucan and Silius Italicus."

As Romola said this a fine ear would have detected in her clear voice and distinct utterance a faint suggestion of weariness struggling with habitual patience. But as she approached her father, and saw his arms stretched out a little with nervous excitement to seize the volume, her hazel eyes filled with pity; she hastened to lay the book on his lap, and kneeled down by him, looking up at him as if she believed that the love in her face must surely make its way through the dark obstruction that shut out every thing else. At that moment the doubtful attractiveness of Romola's face, in which pride and passion seemed to be quivering in the balance with native refinement and intelligence, was transfigured to the most lovable womanliness by mingling pity and affection; it was evident that the deepest fount of feeling within her had not yet wrought its way to the less changeful features, and only found its outlet through her eyes.

But the father, unconscious of that soft radiance, looked flushed and agitated as his hand explored the edges and back of the large book.

"The vellum is yellowed in these thirteen years, Romola?"

"Yes, father," said Romola, gently; "but your letters at the back are dark and plain still—fine Roman letters; and the Greek character," she continued, laying the book open on her father's knee, "is more beautiful than that of any of your bought manuscripts."

"Assuredly, child," said Bardo, passing his finger across the page as if he hoped to discriminate line and margin. "What hired amanuensis can be equal to the scribe who loves the words that grow under his hand, and to whom an error or indistinctness in the text is more painful than a sudden darkness or obstacle across his path? And even these mechanical printers who threaten to make learning a base and vulgar thing—even they must depend on the manuscript over which we scholars have bent with that insight into the poet's meaning which is closely akin to the *mens divinior* of the poet himself—unless they would flood the world with grammatical falsities and inexplicable anomalies that would turn the very fountains of Parnassus into a deluge of poisonous mud. But find the passage in the fifth book to which Poliziano refers. I know it very well."

Seating herself on a low stool close to her father's knee, Romola took the book on her lap and read the four verses containing the exclamation of Actæon.

"It is true, Romola," said Bardo, when she had finished; "it is a true conception of the poet; for what is that grosser, narrower light by which men behold merely the petty scene around them, compared with that far-stretching, lasting light which spreads over centuries of thought, and over the life of nations, and makes clear to us the minds of the immortals who have reaped the great harvest and left us to glean in their furrows? For me, Romola, even when I could see, it was with the great dead that I lived; while the living often seemed to me mere spectres—shadows dispossessed of true feeling and intelligence."

Florence Expects a Guest.

It was the 17th of November, 1494: more than eighteen months since Tito and Romola had been finally united in the joyous Easter time, and had had a rainbow-tinted shower of comfits thrown over them, after the ancient Greek fashion, in token that the heavens would shower sweets on them through all their double life.

Since that Easter a great change had come over the prospects of Florence; and as in the tree that bears a myriad of blossoms, each single bud with its fruit is dependent on the primary circulation of the sap, so the fortunes of Tito and Romola were dependent on certain grand political and social conditions which made an epoch in the history of Italy.

In this very November, little more than a week ago, the spirit of the old centuries seemed to have re-entered the breasts of Florentines. The great bell in the palace tower had rung out the hammer sound of alarm, and the people had mustered with their rusty arms, their tools and impromptu cudgels, to drive out the Medici. The gate of San Gallo had been fairly shut on the arrogant, exasperating Piero, galloping away toward Bologna with his hired horsemen frightened behind him, and shut on his keener young brother, the cardinal, escaping in the disguise of a Franciscan monk: a price had been set on both their heads. After that, there had been some sacking of houses,

according to old precedent; the ignominious images painted on the public buildings, of the men who had conspired against the Medici in days gone by, were effaced; the exiled enemies of the Medici were invited home. The half-fledged tyrants were fairly out of their splendid nest in the Via Larga, and the Republic had recovered the use of its will again.

But now, a week later, the great palace in the Via Larga had been prepared for the reception of another tenant; and if drapery roofing the streets with unwonted color, if banners and hangings pouring out of the windows, if carpets and tapestry stretched over all steps and pavements on which exceptional feet might tread, were an unquestionable proof of joy, Florence was very joyful in the expectation of its new guest. The stream of color flowed from the palace in the Via Larga round by the Cathedral, then by the great Piazza della Signoria, and across the Ponte Vecchio to the Porta San Frediano—the gate that looks toward Pisa. There, near the gate, a platform and canopy had been erected for the Signoria; and Messer Luca Corsini, doctor of law, felt his heart palpitating a little with the sense that he had a Latin oration to read; and every chief elder in Florence had to make himself ready, with smooth chin and well-lined silk lucco, to walk in procession; and the well-born youths were looking at their rich new tunics after the French mode which was to impress the stranger as having a peculiar grace when worn by Florentines; and a large body of the clergy, from the archbishop in his effulgence to the train of monks, black, white, and gray, were consulting betimes in the morning how they should marshall themselves, with their burden of relics and sacred banners and consecrated jewels, that their movement might be adjusted to the expected arrival of the illustrious visitor, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

An unexampled visitor! For he had come through the passes of the Alps with such an army as Italy had not seen before: with thousands of terrible Swiss, well used to fight for love and hatred as well as for hire; with a host of gallant cavaliers proud of a name; with an unprecedented infantry, in which every man in a hundred carried an arquebus; nay, with cannon of bronze, shooting not stones but iron balls, drawn not by bullocks but by horses, and capable of firing a second time before a city could man the breach made by the first ball. Some

compared the newcomer to Charlemagne, reputed rebuilder of Florence, welcome conqueror of degenerate kings, regulator and benefactor of the Church; some preferred the comparison to Cyrus, liberator of the chosen people, restorer of the temple. For he had come across the Alps with the most glorious projects: he was to march through Italy amidst the jubilees of a grateful and admiring people; he was to satisfy all conflicting complaints at Rome: he was to take possession, by virtue of hereditary right and a little fighting, of the kingdom of Naples; and from that convenient starting point he was to set out on the conquest of the Turks, who were partly to be cut to pieces and partly converted to the faith of Christ. It was a scheme that seemed to befit the Most Christian King, head of a nation which, thanks to the devices of a subtle Louis the Eleventh who had died in much fright as to his personal prospects ten years before, had become the strongest of Christian monarchies; and this antitype of Cyrus and Charlemagne was no other than the son of that subtle Louis —the young Charles the Eighth, son of France.

Surely, on a general statement, hardly anything could seem more grandiose, or fitter to revive in the breasts of men the memory of great dispensations by which new strata had been laid in the history of mankind. And there was a very widely spread conviction that the advent of the French king and his army into Italy was one of those events at which marble statues might well be believed to perspire, phantasmal fiery warriors to fight in the air, and quadrupeds to bring forth monstrous births —that it did not belong to the usual order of Providence, but was in a peculiar sense the work of God. It was a conviction that rested less on the necessarily momentous character of a powerful foreign invasion than on certain moral emotions to which the aspect of the times gave the form of presentiments: emotions which had found a very remarkable utterance in the voice of a single man.

That man was Fra Girolamo Savonarola, Prior of the Dominican convent of San Marco in Florence. On a September morning, when men's ears were ringing with the news that the French army had entered Italy, he had preached in the Cathedral of Florence from the text, "Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth." He believed it was by supreme guidance he had reached just so far in his exposition of Genesis

the previous Lent; and he believed the "flood of water"—emblem at once of avenging wrath and purifying mercy—to be the divinely indicated symbol of the French army. His audience, some of whom were held to be among the choicest spirits of the age—the most cultivated men in the most cultivated of Italian cities—believed it too, and listened with shuddering awe. For this man had a power rarely paralleled, of impressing his beliefs on others, and of swaying very various minds. And as long as four years ago he had proclaimed from the chief pulpit in Florence that a scourge was about to descend on Italy, and that by this scourge the Church was to be purified. Savonarola appeared to believe, and his hearers more or less waveringly believed, that he had a mission like that of the Hebrew prophets, and that the Florentines amongst whom his message was delivered were in some sense a second chosen people. The idea of prophetic gifts was not a remote one in that age: seers of visions, circumstantial heralds of things to be, were far from uncommon either outside or inside the cloister; but this very fact made Savonarola stand out the more conspicuously as a grand exception. While in others the gift of prophecy was very much like a farthing candle illuminating small corners of human destiny with prophetic gossip, in Savonarola it was like a mighty beacon shining far out for the warning and guidance of men. And to some of the soberest minds the supernatural character of his insight into the future gathered a strong attestation from the peculiar conditions of the age.

At the close of 1492, the year in which Lorenzo de' Medici died and Tito Melema came as a wanderer to France, Italy was enjoying a peace and prosperity unthreatened by any near and definite danger. There was no fear of famine, for the seasons had been plenteous in corn, and wine, and oil; new palaces had been rising in all fair cities, new villas on pleasant slopes and summits; and the men who had more than their share of the good things were in no fear of the larger number who had less. For the citizens' armor was getting rusty, and populations seemed to have become tame, licking the hands of masters who paid for a ready-made army when they wanted it, as they paid for goods of Smyrna. Even the fear of the Turk had ceased to be active, and the Pope found it more immediately profitable to accept bribes from him for a little prospective poisoning than to form plans either for conquering or for converting him.

Altogether this world, with its partitioned empire and its roomy universal Church, seemed to be a handsome establishment for the few who were lucky or wise enough to reap the advantages of human folly: a world in which lust and obscenity, lying and treachery, oppression and murder, were pleasant, useful, and when properly managed, not dangerous. And as a sort of fringe or adornment to the substantial delights of tyranny, avarice, and lasciviousness, there was the patronage of polite learning and the fine arts, so that flattery could always be had in the choicest Latin to be commanded at that time, and sublime artists were at hand to paint the holy and the unclean with impartial skill. The Church, it was said, had never been so disgraced in its head, had never shown so few signs of renovating, vital belief in its lower members; nevertheless it was much more prosperous than in some past days. The heavens were fair and smiling above; and below there were no signs of earthquake.

Yet at that time, as we have seen, there was a man in Florence who for two years and more had been preaching that a scourge was at hand; that the world was certainly not framed for the lasting convenience of hypocrites, libertines, and oppressors. From the midst of those smiling heavens he had seen a sword hanging—the sword of God's justice—which was speedily to descend with purifying punishment on the Church and the world. In brilliant Ferrara, seventeen years before, the contradiction between men's lives and their professional beliefs had pressed upon him with a force that had been enough to destroy his appetite for the world, and at the age of twenty-three had driven him into the cloister. He believed that God had committed to the Church the sacred lamp of truth for the guidance and salvation of men, and he saw that the Church, in its corruption, had become a sepulchre to hide the lamp. As the years went on, scandals increased and multiplied, and hypocrisy seemed to have given place to impudence. Had the world, then, ceased to have a righteous Ruler? Was the Church finally forsaken? No, assuredly: in the Sacred Book there was a record of the past which might be seen as in a glass what would be in the days to come, and the book showed that when the wickedness of the chosen people, type of the Christian Church, had become crying, the judgments of God had de-

scended on them. Nay, reason itself declared that vengeance was imminent, for what else would suffice to turn men from their obstinacy in evil? And unless the Church were reclaimed, how could the promises be fulfilled, that the heathens should be converted and the whole world become subject to the one true law? He had seen his belief reflected in visions—a mode of seeing which had been frequent with him from his youth up.

But the real force of demonstration for Girolamo Savonarola lay in his own burning indignation at the sight of wrong; in his fervent belief in an Unseen Justice that would put an end to the wrong, and in an Unseen Purity to which lying and uncleanness were an abomination. To his ardent, power-loving soul, believing in great ends, and longing to achieve those ends by the exertion of its own strong will, the faith in a supreme and righteous Ruler became one with the faith in a speedy divine interposition that would punish and reclaim.

Meanwhile, under that splendid masquerade of dignities sacred and secular which seemed to make the life of lucky Churchmen and princely families so luxurious and amusing, there were certain conditions at work which slowly tended to disturb the general festivity. Ludovico Sforzaem—copious in gallantry, splendid patron of an incomparable Leonardo da Vinci—holding the ducal crown of Milan in his grasp, and wanting to put it on his own head rather than let it rest on that of a feeble nephew who would take very little to poison him, was much afraid of the Spanish-born old King Ferdinand and the Crown Prince Alfonso of Naples, who, not liking cruelty and treachery, which were useless to themselves, objected to the poisoning of a near relative for the advantage of a Lombard usurper; the royalties of Naples again were afraid of their suzerain, Pope Alexander Borgia; all three were anxiously watching Florence, lest with its midway territory it should determine the game by underhand backing; and all four, with every small state in Italy, were afraid of Venice—Venice the cautious, the stable, and the strong, that wanted to stretch its arms not only along both sides of the Adriatic but across to the ports of the western coast.

Lorenzo de' Medici, it was thought, did much to prevent the fatal outbreak of such jealousies, keeping up the old Florentine alliance with Naples and the Pope, and yet persuading

Milan that the alliance was for the general advantage. But young Piero de' Medici's rash vanity had quickly nullified the effect of his father's wary policy, and Ludovico Sforza, roused to suspicion of a league against him, thought of a move which would checkmate his adversaries: he determined to invite the French king to march into Italy, and, as heir of the house of Anjou, take possession of Naples. Ambassadors—"orators," as they were called in those haranguing times—went and came; a recusant cardinal, determined not to acknowledge a pope elected by bribery (and his own particular enemy), went and came also, and seconded the invitation with hot rhetoric; and the young king seemed to lend a willing ear. So that in 1493 the rumor spread and became louder and louder that Charles the Eighth of France was about to cross the Alps with a mighty army; and the Italian populations, accustomed, since Italy had ceased to be the heart of the Roman empire, to look for an arbitrator from afar, began vaguely to regard his coming as a means of avenging their wrongs and redressing their grievances.

And in that rumor Savonarola had heard the assurance that his prophecy was being verified. What was it that filled the ears of the prophets of old but the distant tread of foreign armies, coming to do the work of justice? He no longer looked vaguely to the horizon for the coming storm: he pointed to the rising cloud. The French army was that new deluge which was to purify the earth from iniquity; the French king, Charles VIII., was the instrument elected by God, as Cyrus had been of old, and all men who desired good rather than evil were to rejoice in his coming. For the scourge would fall destructively on the impenitent alone. Let any city of Italy, let Florence above all—Florence beloved of God, since to its ear the warning voice had been specially sent, repent and turn from its ways, like Nineveh of old, and the storm-cloud would roll over it and leave only refreshing raindrops.

Fra Girolamo's word was powerful; yet now that the new Cyrus had already been three months in Italy, and was not far from the gates of Florence, his presence was expected there with mixed feelings, in which fear and distrust certainly predominated. At present it was not understood that he had redressed any grievances; and the Florentines clearly had nothing

to thank him for. He held their strong frontier fortresses, which Piero de' Medici had given up to him without securing any honorable terms in return; he had done nothing to quell the alarming revolt of Pisa, which had been encouraged by his presence to throw off the Florentine yoke; and "orators," even with a prophet at their head, could win no assurance from him, except that he would settle everything when he was once within the walls of Florence. Still, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the exasperating Piero de' Medici had been fairly pelted out for the ignominious surrender of the fortresses, and in that act of energy the spirit of the Republic had recovered some of its old fire.

The preparations for the equivocal guest were not entirely those of a city resigned to submission. Behind the bright drapery and banners symbolical of joy, there were preparations of another sort made with common accord by government and people. Well hidden within walls there were hired soldiers of the Republic, hastily called in from the surrounding districts; there were old arms duly furbished, and sharp tools and heavy cudgels laid carefully at hand, to be snatched up on short notice; there were excellent boards and stakes to form barricades upon occasion, and a good supply of stones to make a surprising hail from the upper windows. Above all, there were people very strongly in the humor for fighting any personage who might be supposed to have designs of hectoring over them, they having lately tasted that new pleasure with much relish. This humor was not diminished by the sight of occasional parties of Frenchmen, coming beforehand to choose their quarters, with a hawk, perhaps, on their left wrist, and, metaphorically speaking, a piece of chalk in their right hand to mark Italian doors withal; especially as creditable historians imply that many sons of France were at that time characterized by something approaching to a swagger, which must have whetted the Florentine appetite for a little stone-throwing.

And this was the temper of Florence on the morning of the 17th of November, 1494.

INSIDE THE DUOMO.

When Baldassarre, with his hands bound together, and the rope round his neck and body, pushed his way behind the curtain, and saw the interior of the Duomo before him, he gave a start of astonishment, and stood still against the doorway. He had expected to see a vast nave empty of everything but lifeless emblems—side altars with candles unlit, dim pictures, pale and rigid statues—with perhaps a few worshippers in the distant choir following a monotonous chant. This was the ordinary aspect of churches to a man who never went into them with any religious purpose.

And he saw, instead, a vast multitude of warm, living faces upturned in breathless silence toward the pulpit, at the angle between the nave and the choir. The multitude was of all ranks, from magistrates and dames of gentle nurture to coarsely clad artisans and country people. In the pulpit was a Dominican friar, with strong features and dark hair, preaching with the crucifix in his hand.

For the first few minutes Baldassarre noted nothing of his preaching. Silent as his entrance had been, some eyes near the doorway had been turned on him with surprise and suspicion. The rope indicated plainly enough that he was an escaped prisoner, but in that case the church was a sanctuary which he had a right to claim; his advanced years and look of wild misery were fitted to excite pity rather than alarm; and as he stood motionless, with eyes that soon wandered absently from the wide scene before him to the pavement at his feet, those who had observed his entrance presently ceased to regard him, and became absorbed again in the stronger interest of listening to the sermon.

Among the eyes that had been turned toward him were Romola's: she had entered late through one of the side doors and was so placed that she had a full view of the main entrance. She had looked long and attentively at Baldassarre, for gray hairs made a peculiar appeal to her, and the stamp of some unwonted suffering in the face, confirmed by the cord round his neck, stirred in her those sensibilities toward the sorrows of age, which her whole life had tended to develop. She fancied that his eyes had met hers in their first wandering

gaze: but Baldassarre had not, in reality, noted her; he had only had a startled consciousness of the general scene, and the consciousness was a mere flash that made no perceptible break in the fierce tumult of emotion which the encounter with Tito had created. Images from the past kept urging themselves upon him like delirious visions, strangely blended with thirst and anguish. No distinct thought for the future could shape itself in the midst of that fiery passion: the nearest approach to such thought was the bitter sense of enfeebled powers, and a vague determination to universal distrust and suspicion. Suddenly he felt himself vibrating to loud tones which seemed like the thundering echo of his own passion. A voice that penetrated his very marrow with its accent of triumphant certitude was saying: "The day of vengeance is at hand."

Baldassarre quivered and looked up. He was too distant to see more than the general aspect of the preacher standing, with his right arm outstretched, lifting up the crucifix; but he panted for the threatening voice again as if it had been a promise of bliss. There was a pause before the preacher spoke again. He gradually lowered his arm. He deposited the crucifix on the edge of the pulpit, and crossed his arms over his breast, looking round at the multitude as if he would meet the glance of every individual face.

"All ye in Florence are my witnesses, for I spoke not in a corner. Ye are my witnesses, that four years ago, when there were yet no signs of war and tribulation, I preached the coming of the scourge. I lifted up my voice as a trumpet to the prelates and princes and people of Italy and said, The cup of your iniquity is full. Behold, the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup, and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead. And you, O priests, who say, Ha, ha! there is no Presence in the sanctuary—the Shechinah is naught—the Mercy-seat is bare: we may sin behind the veil, and who shall punish us? To you, I said, the presence of God shall be revealed in his temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding-sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall be thorns, and for the breath of wantons shall come the pestilence. Trust

not in your gold and silver, trust not in your high fortresses: for, though the walls were of iron, and the fortresses of adamant, the Most High shall put terror into your hearts and weakness into your councils, so that you shall be confounded and flee like women. He shall break in pieces mighty men without number, and put others in their stead. For God will no longer endure the pollution of his sanctuary; he will thoroughly purge his Church.

"And forasmuch as it is written that God will do nothing but he revealeth it to his servants the prophets, he has chosen me, his unworthy servant, and made his purpose present to my soul in the living word of the Scriptures, and in the deeds of his providence; and by the ministry of angels he has revealed it to me in visions. And his word possesses me so that I am but as the branch of the forest when the wind of heaven penetrates it, and it is not in me to keep silence, even though I may be a derision to the scorner. And for four years I have preached in obedience to the Divine will: in the face of scoffing I have preached three things, which the Lord has delivered to me: that in these times God will regenerate his Church, and that before the regeneration must come the scourge over all Italy, and that these things will come quickly.

"But hypocrites who cloak their hatred of the truth with a show of love have said to me, 'Come now, Frate, leave your prophesyings: it is enough to teach virtue.' To these I answer: 'Yes, you say in your hearts, God lives afar off, and his word is as a parchment written by dead men, and he leads not as in the days of old, rebuking the nations, and punishing the oppressors, and smiting the unholy priests as he smote the sons of Eli. But I cry again in your ears: God is near and not afar off; his judgments change not. He is the God of armies; the strong men who go up to battle are his ministers, even as the storm, and fire, and pestilence. He drives them by the breath of his angels, and they come upon the chosen land which has forsaken the covenant. And thou, O Italy, art the chosen land; has not God placed his sanctuary within thee, and thou hast polluted it? Behold, the ministers of his wrath are upon thee—they are at thy very doors!'"

Savonarola's voice had been rising in impassioned force up to this point, when he become suddenly silent, let his hands fall

and clasped them quietly before him. His silence, instead of being the signal for small movements amongst his audience, seemed to be as strong a spell to them as his voice. Through the vast area of the cathedral men and women sat with faces upturned, like breathing statues, till the voice was heard again in clear low tones.

"Yet there is a pause—even as in the days when Jerusalem was destroyed there was a pause that the children of God might flee from it. There is a stillness before the storm: lo, there is blackness above, but not a leaf quakes: the winds are stayed, that the voice of God's warning may be heard. Hear it now, O Florence, chosen city in the chosen land! Repent and forsake evil: do justice: love mercy: put away all uncleanness from among you, that the spirit of truth and holiness may fill your souls and breathe through all your streets and habitations, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt.

"For the sword is hanging from the sky; it is quivering; it is about to fall! The sword of God upon the earth, swift and sudden! Did I not tell you, years ago, that I had beheld the vision and heard the voice? And behold, it is fulfilled! Is there not a king with his army at your gates? Does not the earth shake with the tread of horses and the wheels of swift cannon? Is there not a fierce multitude that can lay bare the land as with a sharp razor? I tell you the French king with his army is the minister of God: God shall guide him as the hand guides a sharp sickle, and the joints of the wicked shall melt before him, and they shall be mown down as stubble: he that fleeth of them shall not flee away, and he that escapeth of them shall not be delivered. And the tyrants who have made to themselves a throne out of the vices of the multitude, and the unbelieving priests who traffic in the souls of men and fill the very sanctuary with fornication, shall be hurled from their soft couches into burning hell; and the pagans and they who sinned under the old covenant shall stand aloof and say: 'Lo, these men have brought the stench of a new wickedness into the everlasting fire.'

"But thou, O Florence, take the offered mercy. See! the Cross is held out to you: come and be healed. Which among the nations of Italy has had a token like unto yours? The

tyrant is driven out from among you: the men who held a bribe in their left hand and a rod in the right are gone forth and no blood has been spilled. And now put away every other abomination from among you, and you shall be strong in the strength of the living God. Wash yourselves from the black pitch of your vices, which have made you even as the heathens: put away the envy and hatred that have made your city as a nest of wolves. And there shall be no harm happen to you: and the passage of armies shall be to you as a flight of birds, and rebellious Pisa shall be given to you again, and famine and pestilence shall be far from your gates, and you shall be as a beacon among the nations. But, mark! while you suffer the accursed thing to lie in the camp you shall be afflicted and tormented even though a remnant among you may be saved."

These admonitions and promises had been spoken in an incisive tone of authority; but in the next sentence the preacher's voice melted into a strain of entreaty.

"Listen, O people, over whom my heart yearns, as the heart of a mother over the children she has travailed for! God is my witness that but for your sakes I would willingly live as a turtle in the depths of the forest, singing low to my Beloved, who is mine and I am his. For you I toil, for you I languish, for you my nights are spent in watching, and my soul melteth away for very heaviness. O Lord, thou knowest I am willing—I am ready. Take me, stretch me on thy cross: let the wicked who delight in blood, and rob the poor, and defile the temple of their bodies, and harden themselves against thy mercy—let them wag their heads and shoot out the lip at me: let the thorns press upon my brow, and let my sweat be anguish—I desire to be made like thee in thy great love. But let me see the fruit of my travail—let this people be saved! Let me see them clothed in purity: let me hear their voices rise in concord as the voices of the angels: let them see no wisdom but in thy eternal law, no beauty but in holiness. Then they shall lead the way before the nations, and the people from the four winds shall follow them, and be gathered into the fold of the blessed. For it is thy will, O God, that the earth shall be converted unto thy law: it is thy will that wickedness shall cease and love shall reign. Come, O blessed promise; and behold, I am willing—lay me on the altar: let my blood flow and the fire consume me; but

let my witness be remembered among men, that iniquity shall not prosper forever."[1]

During the last appeal, Savonarola had stretched out his arms and lifted up his eyes to heaven; his strong voice had alternately trembled with emotion and risen again in renewed energy; but the passion with which he offered himself as a victim became at last too strong to allow of further speech, and he ended in a sob. Every changing tone, vibrating through the audience, shook them into answering emotion. There were plenty among them who had very moderate faith in the Frate's prophetic mission, and who in their cooler moments loved him little; nevertheless, they too were carried along by the great wave of feeling which gathered its force from sympathies that lay deeper than all theory. A loud responding sob rose at once from the wide multitude, while Savonarola had fallen on his knees and buried his face in his mantle. He felt in that moment the rapture and glory of martyrdom without its agony.

In that great sob of the multitude Baldassarre's had mingled. Among all the human beings present, there was perhaps not one whose frame vibrated more strongly than his to the tones and words of the preacher; but it had vibrated like a harp of which all the strings had been wrenched away except one. That threat of a fiery inexorable vengeance—of a future into which the hated sinner might be pursued and held by the avenger in an eternal grapple, had come to him like the promise of an unquenchable fountain to unquenchable thirst. The doctrines of the sages, the old contempt for priestly superstitions had fallen away from his soul like a forgotten language: if he could have remembered them, what answer could they have given to his great need like the answer given by this voice of energetic conviction? The thunder of denunciation fell on his passion-wrought nerves with all the force of self-evidence: his thought never went beyond it into questions—he was possessed by it as the war-horse is possessed by the clash of sounds. No word that was not a threat touched his consciousness; he had no fibre to be thrilled by it. But the fierce exultant delight to which he was moved by the idea of perpetual vengeance found at once a climax and a relieving outburst in the preacher's

[1]The sermon here given is not a translation, but a free representation of Fra Girolamo's preaching in its more impassioned moments.

words of self-sacrifice. To Baldassarre those words only brought the vague triumphant sense that he too was devoting himself! signing with his own blood the deed by which he gave himself over to an unending fire, that would seem but coolness to his burning hatred.

"I rescued him—I cherished him—if I might clutch his heart-strings forever! Come, O blessed promise! Let my blood flow; let the fire consume me!"

The one chord vibrated to its utmost. Baldassarre clutched his own palms, driving his long nails into them, and burst into a sob with the rest.

Silas Marner.

Yet the next moment there seemed to be some evidence that ghosts had a more condescending disposition than Mr. Macey attributed to them; for the pale, thin figure of Silas Marner was suddenly seen standing in the warm light, uttering no word, but looking round at the company with his strange unearthly eyes. The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement, like the antennæ of startled insects, and every man present, not excepting even the sceptical farrier, had an impression that he saw, not Silas Marner in the flesh, but an apparition; for the door by which Silas had entered was hidden by the high-screened seats, and no one had noticed his approach. Mr. Macey, sitting a long way off from the ghost, might be supposed to have felt an argumentative triumph, which would tend to neutralize his share of the general alarm. Had he not always said that when Silas Marner was in that strange trance of his, his soul went loose from his body? Here was the demonstration: nevertheless, on the whole, he would have been as well contented without it. For a few moments there was a dead silence, Marner's want of breath and agitation not allowing him to speak. The landlord, under the habitual sense that he was bound to keep his house open to all company, and confident in the protection of his unbroken neutrality, at last took on himself the task of adjuring the ghost.

"Master Marner," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "what's lacking to you? What's your business here?"

"Robbed!" said Silas, gaspingly. "I've been robbed! I

want the constable—and the Justice—and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp."

"Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney," said the landlord, the idea of a ghost subsiding; "he's off his head, I doubt. He's wet through."

Jem Rodney was the outermost man, and sat conveniently near Marner's standing-place; but he declined to give his services.

"Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr. Snell, if you're a mind," said Jem, rather sullenly. "He's been robbed, and murdered, too, for what I know," he added, in a muttering tone.

"Jem Rodney!" said Silas, turning and fixing his strange eyes on the suspected man.

"Ay, Master Marner, what do you want wi' me?" said Jem, trembling a little, and seizing his drinking-can as a defensive weapon.

"If it was you stole my money," said Silas, clasping his hands entreatingly, and raising his voice to a cry, "give it me back,—and I won't meddle with you. I won't set the constable on you. Give it me back, and I'll let you—I'll let you have a guinea."

"Me stole your money!" said Jem, angrily. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' *my* stealing your money."

"Come, come, Master Marner," said the landlord, now rising resolutely, and seizing Marner by the shoulder, "if you've got any information to lay, speak it out sensible, and show as you're in your right mind, if you expect anybody to listen to you. You're wet as a drowned rat. Sit down and dry yourself, and speak straight-forrard."

"Ah, to be sure, man," said the farrier, who began to feel that he had not been quite on a par with himself and the occasion. "Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was why I did'nt speak at first—thinks I, the man's run mad."

"Ay, ay, make him sit down," said several voices at once, well pleased that the reality of ghosts remained still an open question.

The landlord forced Marner to take off his coat, and then sit down on a chair aloof from every one else, in the center of the circle and the direct rays of the fire. The weaver, too feeble

to have any distinct purpose beyond that of getting help to recover his money, submitted unresistingly. The transient fears of the company were now forgotten in their strong curiosity, and all faces were turned toward Silas, when the landlord, having seated himself again, said:

"Now, then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say—as you've been robbed? Speak out."

"He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him," cried Jem Rodney, hastily. "What could I ha' done with his money? I could as easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it."

"Hold you're tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say," said the landlord. "Now, then, Master Marner."

Silas now told his story, under frequent questioning as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident.

This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbors, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us: there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

The slight suspicion with which his hearers at first listened to him gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress: it was impossible for the neighbors to doubt that Marner was telling the truth, not because they were capable of arguing at once from the nature of his statements to the absence of any motive for making them falsely, but because, as Mr. Macey observed, "Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mushed" as poor Silas was. Rather, from the strange fact that the robber had left no traces, and had happened to know the nick of time, utterly incalculable by mortal agents, when Silas would go away from home without locking his door, the more probable conclusion seemed to be that his disreputable intimacy in that quarter, if it ever existed, had been broken up, and that, in consequence, this ill turn had been done to Marner by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. Why this preternatural felon should be obliged to wait until the door was left unlocked, was a question which did not present itself.

"It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master Marner," said the landlord. "You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so, if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver wink; but Jem's been a-sitting here drainking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey; "let's have no accusing o' the innicent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up. Let's have no accusing of the innicent, Master Marner."

Memory was not so utterly torpid in Silas that it could not be awakened by these words. With a movement of compunction as new and strange to him as everything else within the last hour, he started from his chair and went close up to Jem, looking at him as if he wanted to assure himself of the expression in his face.

"I was wrong," he said, "yes, yes—I ought to have thought. There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head. I don't accuse you—I won't accuse anybody—only," he added, lifting up his hands to his head, and turning away with bewildering misery, "I try, I try to think where my guineas can be."

"Ay, ay, they're gone where it's hot enough to melt 'em, I doubt," said Mr. Macey.

"Tchuh!" said the farrier. And then he asked with a cross-examining air, "How much money might there be in the bags, Master Marner?"

"Two hundred and seventy-two pounds and six pence, last night when I counted it," said Silas, seating himself again, with a groan.

"Pooh! why, they'd be none so heavy to carry. Some tramp's been in, that's all; and as for the no footmarks, and the bricks and the sand being all right—why, your eyes are pretty much like a insect's, Master Marner; they're obliged to look so close, you can't see much at a time. It's my opinion as, if I'd been you, or you'd been me—for it comes to the same thing—you wouldn't have thought you'd found everything as

you left it. But what I vote is, as two of the sensiblest o' the company should go with you to Master Kench, the constable's—he's ill i' bed, I know that much—and get him to appoint one of us his deputy; for that's the law, and I don't think anybody 'ull take upon him to contradick me there. It isn't much of a walk to Kench's; and then, if it's me as is deppity, I'll go back with you, Master Marner, and examine your premises; and if anybody's got any fault to find with that, I'll thank him to stand up and say it out like a man."

By this pregnant speech the farrier had re-established his self-complacency, and waited with confidence to hear himself named as one of the superlatively sensible men.

"Let us see how the night is, though," said the landlord, who also considered himself personally concerned in this proposition. "Why, it rains heavy still," he said, returning from the door.

"Well, I'm not the man to be afraid o' the rain," said the farrier. "For it'll look bad when Justice Malam hears as respectable men like us had a information laid before 'em and took no steps."

The landlord agreed with this view, and after taking the sense of the company and duly rehearsing a small ceremony known in high ecclesiastical life as the *nolo episcopari*, he consented to take on himself the chill dignity of going to Kench's. But to the farrier's strong disgust, Mr. Macey now started an objection to his proposing himself as a deputy constable; for that oracular old gentleman, claiming to know the law, stated, as a fact delivered to him by his father, that no doctor could be a constable.

"And you're a doctor, I reckon, though you're only a cow-doctor—for a fly's a fly, though it may be a hoss-fly," concluded Mr. Macey, wondering a little at his own 'cuteness."

There was a hot debate upon this, the farrier being of course indisposed to renounce the quality of doctor, but contending that a doctor could be a constable if he liked—the law meant, he needn't be one if he didn't like. Mr. Macey thought this was nonsense, since the law was not likely to be fonder of doctors than of other folks. Moreover, if it was in the nature of doctors more than of other men not to like being constables, how came Mr. Dowlas to be so eager to act in that capacity?

"I don't want to act the constable," said the farrier, driven into a corner by this merciless reasoning; "and there's no man can say it of me, if he'd tell the truth. But if there is to be any jealousy and envying about going to Kench's in the rain, let them go as like it—you won't get me to go, I can tell you."

By the landlord's intervention, however, the dispute was accommodated. Mr. Dowlas consented to go as a second person disinclined to act officially; and so poor Silas, furnished with some old coverings, turned out with his two companions into the rain again, thinking of the long night-hours before him, not as those do who long to rest, but as those who expect to "watch for the morning."

. . . . . .

While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew; her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium, to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness toward Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated

her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged, delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a barmaid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from falling. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter—the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion—pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant—it was an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking clouds, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtained off all futurity—the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze-bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet

relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension; the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of "mammy," and an effort to regain the pillowing arm and bosom, but mammy's ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother's knees, all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running toward it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place, and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas' great-coat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands toward the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate half-transparent lids.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his hearth? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. During the last few weeks, since he had lost his money, he had contracted the habit of opening his door and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might somehow be coming back to him, or that some trace, some news of it, might be mysteriously on the road, and be caught by the

listening ear or the straining eye. It was chiefly at night, when he was not occupied in his loom, that he fell into this repetition of an act for which he could have assigned no definite purpose, and which can hardly be understood except by those who have undergone a bewildering separation from a supremely loved object. In the evening twilight, and later whenever the night was not dark, Silas looked out on that narrow prospect round the Stone-pits, listening and gazing, not with hope, but with mere yearning and unrest.

This morning he had been told by some of his neighbors that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new one rung in, because that was good luck, and might bring his money back again. This was only a friendly Raveloe way of jesting with the half-crazy oddities of a miser, but it had helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Since the oncoming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for awhile—there was really something on the road coming toward him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch to close it—but he did not close it: he was arrested, as he had already been since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or the evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth.

Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger under his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow curls all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? This was the first thought that darted across Silas' blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard—and within that vision another, of the thoughts that had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life: it stirred fibres that had never been moved in Raveloe—old quiverings of tenderness—old impressions of awe at the presentment of some power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awakened, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of in-

articulate cries with " mammy " by which little children express bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with were it only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell into a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas' dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary interest of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was a cry of " mammy " again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. " Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas' arm, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze, and half-covered with the shaken snow.

. . . . . .

"You'll take the child to the parish tomorrow?" asked Godfrey, speaking as indifferently as he could.

"Who says so?" said Marner, sharply. "Will they make me take her?"

"Why, you wouldn't like to keep her, should you—an old bachelor like you?"

"Till anybody shows they've a right to take her away from me," said Marner. "The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father: it's a lone thing—and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone, I don't know where—and this is come from I don't know where. I know nothing—I'm partly mazed."

. . . . . .

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

The Choir Invisible.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence. . . .
. . . . This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony;
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused.
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

In the veins of this poet flowed the blood of an English admiral and of a peer of the realm. This fact is significant in estimating his literary career. An aristocrat by birth and associations, he turned, by a sort of reaction, to a sentimental radicalism, to which much of his poetry gives expression. His politics were emotional, but the emotion was violent, and Swinburne's unequalled powers of statement and superb imagination tempted him to indulge more than he otherwise might in the pleasure of wordy warfare. As Disraeli once said of Gladstone, he was at times "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Swinburne's intellect was active and subtle, and his cunning in the use of forms of speech has never been surpassed; yet his intellectual weight was but moderate, and in judgment and self-restraint he was markedly deficient. Neither his political nor his literary criticism has serious value, except as specimens of English composition, and as characteristic effusions. Even his poetry, voluminous though it is, is narrow in its scope and monotonous in its mastery of rhythm and melody; but it is real poetry, and no English writer has ever surpassed it in the qualities which give it distinction. Its sensuous beauty and splendor are often amazing, and were it as commendable in point of ethics and common sense, Swinburne would be the poet of the century. His early work was received with a mingling of astonishment, rapture and denunciation; but his advance after that was small. "Atalanta in Calydon," published in 1864, when the author was twenty-eight years old, has passages as delicious as anything he since accomplished; and in his "Laus Veneris," which appeared two years later, though written previously, he gave his measure and quality, and struck a keynote of feeling and character which was not essentially modified later.

Swinburne was educated at Eton and Oxford, though he took no degree; he became a good classical scholar, and his love of Greek paganism is apparent in all his writings. He touched many subjects, but this classical bent is traceable throughout. In English history he made studies of Henry II.'s Rosamond, of Mary Queen of Scots ("Chastelard," "Bothwell," "Mary

Stuart"), "The Armada" (a magnificent poem), and some minor pieces; in prose literary criticism he produced "William Blake," "George Chapman," "A Note on Charlotte Bronté," "A Study of Shakespeare," "A Study of Victor Hugo," "A Study of Ben Jonson," and other essays; he tried his hand in Arthurian legend, in "Tristram of Lyonesse," and was the author of a Greek and of an Italian tragedy—"Erechtheus" and "Marino Faliero." He even wrote a novel of English society—and a very good one—published serially in London in 1879, under the pen-name of "Mrs. Horace Manners." It was called "A Year's Letters," but has never been reprinted, or acknowledged by the author. Whatever he produced has fascination and distinction, and is irreproachable in form. But his best and most lasting work is to be sought in his poems and ballads, and in passages of his dramas. He saw and depicted character vividly, but always through a Swinburnian atmosphere, so that he cannot be regarded as a dramatist in the Shakespearian sense. He had wit, irony and passion, but not humor.

Moreover, with all his beauty, there was something unwholesome and unsound about Swinburne. He was violent rather than powerful. His delicacies and refinements were something other than manly. In youth he had a tendency to finger forbidden subjects; his later work is free from such improprieties. Whatever he did gave evidence of good workmanship, and possesses literary importance; but his stature did not increase in late years, and, at the age of sixty he had lapsed into the background of things.

The Making of Man.

(Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon.")

Before the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
  Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven;
  And madness, risen from hell;

Strength, without hands to smite;
  Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
  And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took it in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of years,
And froth and drift of the sea,
  And dust of the laboring earth,
And bodies of things to be,
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
  And death beneath and above;
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
  They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
  They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
  For the veils of the souls therein;
A time for labor and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin.
They gave him a light in his ways,
  And love, and a space for delight;
And beauty and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire,
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;

He weaves and is clothed with derision;
  Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
  Between a sleep and a sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NOT if men's tongues and angels' all in one
  Spake, might the word be said that might speak Thee.
  Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields, mountains, yea,
    the sea,
What power is in them all to praise the sun?
His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.
  Man, woman, child, praise God for him; but he
  Exults not to be worshiped, but to be.
He is; and, being, beholds his work well done.
All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all mirth,
Are his: without him, day were night on earth.
  Time knows not his from time's own period.
All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all lyres,
Fall dumb before him ere one string suspires.
  All stars are angels; but the sun is God.

BEN JONSON.

BROAD-BASED, broad-fronted, bounteous, multiform,
  With many a valley impleached with ivy and vine,
  Wherein the springs of all the streams run wine,
And many a crag full-faced against the storm,
The mountain where thy Muse's feet made warm
  Those lawns that revelled with her dance divine
  Shines yet with fire as it was wont to shine
From tossing torches round the dance aswarm.
Nor less, high-stationed on the grey grave heights,
High-thoughted seers with heaven's heart-kindling lights
  Hold converse: and the herd of meaner things
Knows or by fiery scourge or fiery shaft
When wrath on thy broad brows has risen, and laughed,
  Darkening thy soul with shadow of thunderous wings.

In a Garden.

Baby, see the flowers!
—Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
—Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon!
—Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea!
—Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!
—Baby's hand
Opens warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!
—Baby's head
Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, the apostle of "sweetness and light," was a man with a message to the cultured only. He had little sympathy with the uncultured, with the uneducated, who still form by far the greater portion of mankind. He was a poet, critic, essayist for scholars, for literary men, for the refined; a thoroughly literary writer who had acquired an exquisite style, but who was more sensitive to influences than fertile in original impulse. He has uttered some exquisite notes for cultured ears to catch, but he will always be *caviare* to the general public.

Matthew Arnold was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, and was born at Laleham in 1822. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby and Oxford, and was elected to a fellowship in Oriel College in 1845. In 1851 he was appointed Lay-Inspector of Schools, which position he retained until shortly before his death. He traveled frequently in France and Germany, and made elaborate reports on foreign systems of education. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1849 his first volume of verse, "The Strayed Reveller," was published; and in 1853 "Empedocles and other Poems" appeared. In 1859 he published "Merope," a tragedy after the antique, and the year following a volume entitled "New Poems." Subsequently he published but little poetry, but devoted himself principally to critical essays. His poems are mainly one long variation on a single theme, the divorce between the soul and the intellect, and the depths of spiritual regret and yearning which that divorce produces.

In 1865 his "Essays on Criticism" were published, and at once gave him indisputable rank as a writer of English prose. The volume had an almost immediate influence upon students of literature in England. Soon afterwards he began a series of prose works in a sort of middle region between literature, politics and ethics. The best known of them are

"Culture and Anarchy," "St. Paul and Protestanism," "Literature and Dogma," and "Last Essays on Church and Religion." Not able to rest content with earlier dogma and inspiration, yet shrinking from an unsympathetic rationalism, he wanders, as he puts it, "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." Later Arnold returned to more purely literary criticism, though diverging from it somewhat in his "Mixed Essays" and "Irish Essays," among the last works that he published. He died suddenly in 1888.

The keynote of Matthew Arnold's work is a yearning for sweetness and light, for calm peace and beauty in a restless world that to him is out of joint. Unfortunately he deemed himself born with a mission to set it right. His hope for the future is that sweetness and light will grow, and that the authority of what he styled the remnant or elect, *i. e.*, people who accepted his dicta, would come to be finally established.

Balder Dead.

So on the floor lay Balder dead; and round
Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts and spears,
Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove:
But in his breast stood fixed the fatal bough
Of mistletoe, which Lok the Accuser gave
To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw:
'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.
And all the Gods and all the Heroes came
And stood round Balder on the bloody floor,
Weeping and wailing; and Valhalla rang
Up to its golden roof with sobs and cries:
And on the tables stood the untasted meats,
And in the horns and gold-rimmed skulls the wine:
And now would Night have fallen, and found them yet
Wailing; but otherwise was Odin's will:
And thus the Father of the Ages spake:
"Enough of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail!
Not to lament in was Valhalla made.

If any here might weep for Balder's death
I most might weep, his Father; such a son
I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God.
But he has met that doom which long ago
The Nornies, when his mother bare him, spun,
And Fate set seal, that so his end must be.
Balder has met his death, and ye survive:
Weep him an hour; but what can grief avail?
For you yourselves, ye Gods, shall meet your doom,
All ye who hear me, and inhabit Heaven,
And I too, Odin too, the Lord of all;
But ours we shall not meet, when that day comes,
With woman's tears and weak, complaining cries—
Why should we meet another's portion so?
Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
With cold, dry eyes, and hearts composed and stern,
To live, as erst your daily life in Heaven:
By me shall vengeance on the murderer Lok,
The Foe, the Accuser, whom, though Gods, we hate,
Be strictly cared for, in the appointed day.
Meanwhile tomorrow, when the morning dawns,
Bring wood to the sea-shore, to Balder's ship,
And on the deck build high a funeral pile,
And on the top lay Balder's corpse, and put
Fire to the wood, and send him out to sea
To burn; for that is what the dead desire."
  So having spoken, the King of Gods arose
And mounted his horse Sleipner, whom he rode,
And from the hall of Heaven he rode away
To Lidskialf, and sate upon his throne,
The Mount, from whence his eye surveys the world.

SHAKESPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Human Life.

What mortal, when he saw,
Life's voyage done, his heavenly Friend,
Could ever yet dare tell him fearlessly:
"I have kept uninfringed my nature's law;
The inly-written chart thou gavest me,
To guide me, I have steer'd by to the end?"

Ah! let us make no claim
On life's incognizable sea,
To too exact a steering of our way;
Let us not fret and fear to miss our aim,
If some fair coast have lured us to make stay,
Or some friend hail'd us to keep company.

Ay! we would each fain drive
At random, and not steer by rule.
Weakness! and worse, weakness bestow'd in vain
Winds from our side the unsuiting consort rive,
We rush by coasts where we had lief remain;
Man cannot, though he would, live chance's fool.

No! as the foaming swath
Of torn-up water, on the main,

Falls heavily away with long-drawn roar
On either side the black deep-furrow'd path
Cut by an onward-labouring vessel's prore,
And never touches the ship-side again;

Even so we leave behind,
As, charter'd by some unknown Powers,
We stem across the sea of life by night,
The joys which were not for our use design'd;—
The friends to whom we had no natural right,
The homes that were not destined to be ours.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, story-writer, essayist and poet, was born in Edinburg in 1850 and died in the Samoan Islands in 1894. From babyhood he was delicate in health, having a tendency to throat and lung affections. Unfortunately these ailments were not understood at that time and for years the boy was kept shut up in houses, as far from fresh air as it was possible to enclose him. For the nurse, who was tireless in caring for her frail charge, Stevenson always had deepest affection. To her his Child's Garden of Verse was dedicated, for he said she was the only one he knew who would appreciate it. They together in his childhood had enjoyed many of the experiences to which he therein gave verbal expression.

Stevenson's father's family had produced celebrated engineers and it was his wish that his only son should follow the same profession. However, he found it impossible to become interested in lighthouses—the particular branch of engineering in which his relatives had won distinction. Reluctantly his father consented to let him follow his natural bent. Stevenson had one desire: to be able to write well. By dint of perseverance and repeated attempts, he finally gained a masterly command of language. During his mature years he was often conceded to be the greatest word artist in the world.

The later years of his life were spent in a vain search for health. By an out-of-door life he managed to prolong his career a few years. When he died he was living in southern islands, where climatic conditions seemed to be particularly favorable.

In spite of this long struggle for existence there is nothing morbid in the writings of this gifted man. Quite the reverse. As he inherited from his mother this frail constitution, he likewise inherited from her a sunny disposition which refused to look upon the dark side. He found joy everywhere and loved the healthy, wholesome things of life. His best known writings are: Travels with a Donkey, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Treasure Island, Merry Men, and a Child's Garden of Verse.

His sustained courage, resignation to the inevitable fate of

an early death and his habitual cheerfulness are best shown by the lines he himself wrote:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die
  And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
  And the hunter home from the hill.'"

A Night Among the Pines.

From Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozere. An ill-marked stony drove road guided me forward; and I met nearly half a dozen bullock-carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower . . . nor nymph, nor faunus, haunted." The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade: there was no outlook, except north-eastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed *Modestine,* the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead, monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps a-field. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her

rest, she turns and smiles and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and the houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in this arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastile of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stockstill. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see *Modestine* walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we

call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasserades and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not more often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had discovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists; at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And even while I was exulting in my solitude, I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his performance; but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities; some of them sang; one, I remember, played

loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

When I awoke again (Sunday, 29th September), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glowworm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for *Modestine,* filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked around me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and it set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in someone's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

"Virginibus Puerisque."

Hope, they say, deserts us at no period of our existence. From first to last, and in the face of smarting disillusions, we continue to expect good fortune, better health and better conduct; and that so confidently that we judge it needless to deserve them. I think it improbable that I shall ever write like Shakespeare, conduct an army like Hannibal, or distinguish myself like Marcus Aurelius in the paths of virtue; and yet I have my by-days, hope prompting, when I am very ready to believe that I shall combine all these various excellences in my own person, and go marching down to posterity with divine honours. There is nothing so monstrous but we can believe it of ourselves. About ourselves, about our aspirations and delinquencies, we have dwelt by choice in a delicious vagueness from our boyhood up. No one will have forgotten Tom Sawyer's aspiration, "Ah, if he could only die *temporarily!*" Or, perhaps, better still, the inward resolution of the two pirates, that "so long as they remained in that business, their piracies should not again be sullied with the crime of stealing." Here again we recognize the thoughts of our boyhood; and our boyhood ceased—well, when?—not, I think, at twenty; nor perhaps altogether at twenty-five; nor yet at thirty; and possibly, to be quite frank, we are still in the thick of that arcadian period.

. . The unfading boyishness of hope and its vigorous irrationality are nowhere better displayed than in the questions of conduct. There is a character in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, one *Mr. Linger-after-Lust,* with whom, I fancy, we are all on speaking terms; one famous among the famous for ingenuity of hope up to and beyond the moment of defeat; one who, after eighty years of contrary experience, will believe it possible to continue in the business of piracy and yet avoid the guilt of theft. Every sin is our last; every first of January a remarkable turning point in our career. Any overt act, above all, is felt to be alchemic in its power to change. A drunkard takes the pledge; it will be strange if that does not help him. For how many years did Mr. Pepys continue to make and break his little vows? And yet I have not heard that he was discouraged in the end. By such steps we think to fix a momentary resolution; as a timid fellow hies him to the dentist's while the tooth is stinging.

But, alas, by planting a stake at the top of flood, you can neither prevent nor delay the inevitable ebb. There is no hocus-pocus in morality; and even the "sanctimonious ceremony" of marriage leaves the man unchanged. This is a hard saying, and has an air of paradox. For there is something in marriage so natural and inviting, that the step has an air of great simplicity and ease; it offers to bury forever many aching preoccupations. It is to afford us unfailing and familiar company through life; it opens up a smiling prospect of the blest and passive kind of love, rather than the blessing and active; it is approached not only through the delights of courtship, but by a public performance and repeated signatures. A man naturally thinks it will go hard with him if he cannot be good and fortunate and happy within such august circumvallations.

. . . And goodness in marriage is a more intricate problem than a mere single virtue; for in marriage there are two ideals to be realised. A girl, it is true, has always lived in a glass house among reproving relatives, whose word was law; she has been bred up to sacrifice her judgments and take the key submissively from dear papa; and it is wonderful how swiftly she can change her tune into the husband's. But in

the case of a bachelor who has enjoyed some measure both of privacy and freedom, his moral judgments have been passed in some accordance with his nature. His sins were always sins in his own sight; he could then only sin when he did some act against his clear conviction; the light that he walked by was obscure, but it was single. Now, when two people of any grit and spirit put their fortunes into one, there succeeds to this comparative certainty a huge welter of competing jurisdictions. It no longer matters so much how life appears to one; one must consult another; one, who may be strong, must not offend the other, who is weak. . . .

And yet, when all has been said, the man who should hold back from marriage is in the same case with him who runs away from battle. To avoid an occasion for our virtues is a worse degree of failure than to push forward pluckily and make a fall. It is lawful to pray God that we be not led into temptation; but not lawful to skulk from those that come to us. The noblest passage in one of the noblest books of this century, is where the old pope glories in the trial, nay, in the partial fall and but imperfect triumph, of the younger hero.[1] Without some such manly note, it were perhaps better to have no conscience at all. But there is a vast difference between teaching flight, and showing points of peril that a man may march the more warily. And the true conclusion of this paper is to turn our back on apprehensions, and embrace that shining and courageous virtue, Faith. Hope is the boy, a blind, headlong, pleasant fellow, good to chase swallows with the salt; Faith is the grave, experienced, yet smiling man. Hope lives on ignorance; open-eyed Faith is built upon a knowledge of our life, of the tyranny of circumstance and the frailty of human resolution. Hope looks for unqualified success; but Faith counts certainly on failure, and takes honourable defeat to be a form of victory. Hope is a kind old pagan; but Faith grew up in Christian days, and early learnt humility. In the one temper, a man is indignant that he cannot spring up in a clap to heights of elegance and virtue; in the other, out of a sense of his infirmities, he is filled with confidence because a year has come and gone, and he has still preserved some rags

[1] Browning's *The Ring and the Book.*

of honour. In the first, he expects an angel for a wife; in the last, he knows that she is like himself—erring, thoughtless, and untrue; but like himself, also filled with a struggling radiancy of better things, and adorned with ineffective qualities. You may safely go to school with hope; but ere you marry, should have learned the mingled lesson of the world; that dolls are stuffed with sawdust, and yet are excellent playthings; that hope and love address themselves to a perfection never realised, and yet, firmly held, become the salt and staff of life; that you yourself are compacted of infirmities, perfect, you might say, in imperfection, and yet you have a something in you lovable and worth preserving; and that, while the mass of mankind lies under this scurvy condemnation, you will scarce find one but, by some generous reading, will become to you a lesson, a model, and a noble spouse through life. So thinking, you will constantly support your own unworthiness, and easily forgive the failings of your friend. Nay, you will be wisely glad that you retain the sense of blemishes; for the faults of married people continually spur up each of them, hour by hour, to do better and to meet and love upon a higher ground. And ever, between the failures, there will come glimpses of kind virtues to encourage and console.

Our Lady of the Snows.

Out of the sun, out of the blast,
Out of the world, alone I passed
Across the moor and through the wood
To where the monastery stood.
There neither lute nor breathing fife,
Nor rumour of the world of life,
Nor confidences low and dear,
Shall strike the meditative ear.
Aloof, unhelpful, and unkind,
The prisoners of the iron mind,
Where nothing speaks except the bell
The unfraternal brothers dwell.
Poor passionate men, still clothed afresh
With agonising folds of flesh;

Whom the clear eyes solicit still
To some bold output of the will,
While fairy Fancy far before
And musing Memory—Hold-the-door,
Now to heroic death invite
And now uncertain fresh delight:
O, little boots it thus to dwell
On the remote unneighboured hill!

O to be up and doing, O
Unfearing and unshamed to go
In all the uproar and the press
About my human business!
My undissuaded heart I hear
Whisper courage in my ear.
With voiceless calls, the ancient earth
Summons me to a daily birth.
Thou, O my love, ye, O my friends—
The gist of life, the end of ends—
To laugh, to love, to live, to die,
Ye call me by the ear and eye!

Forth from the casemate, on the plain,
Where honour has the world to gain,
Pour forth and bravely do your part,
O knights of the unshielded heart!
Forth and forever forward!—out
From prudent turret and redoubt,
And in the mellay charge amain,
To fall but yet to rise again!
Captive? ah, still, to honour bright,
A captive soldier of the right!
Or free and fighting, good with ill?
Unconquering but unconquered still!

And ye, O brethren, what if God,
When from Heaven's top He spies abroad,
And sees on this tormented stage
The noble war of mankind rage:

What if his vivifying eye,
O monks, should pass your corner by?

For still the Lord is Lord of might;
In deeds, in deeds, he takes delight;
The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
The field, the founded city, marks;
He marks the smiler of the streets,
The singer upon garden seats;
He sees the climber in the rocks;
To him the shepherd folds his flocks.
For those he loves that underprop
With daily virtues Heaven's top,
And bear the falling sky with ease,
Unfrowning caryatides.
Those he approves that ply the trade,
That rock the cradle, that wed the maid,
That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
Sow gladness on the peopled lands,
And still with laughter, song and shout,
Spin the great wheel of earth about.

But ye?—O ye who linger still
Here in your fortress on the hill,
With placid face, with tranquil breath,
The unsought volunteers of death,
Our cheerful General on high
With careless looks may pass you by.

JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, lecturer, essayist, and distinguished art critic, was born in London in 1819, dying the last year in the past century. His father was fond of books, and ample means enabled him to give his son excellent opportunity to cultivate a literary taste manifest from childhood. For years Ruskin spent his summers driving with his parents through England and Scotland, thus cultivating his powers of observance of all natural scenery and beauty. This training developed his love of nature, so evident in his writings. In later years when engaged in critical study of artists and paintings his criterion of judgment was the fidelity each showed in imitating and copying natural objects. One of his favorite sayings was: "Whenever people don't look at nature, they always think they can improve her."

Ruskin was graduated from Oxford and then traveled extensively in France, Switzerland and Italy. The master paintings of Italy held his attention and he gained much by studying them. At this time Turner's unusual paintings were being assailed and in defense of them Ruskin began his "Modern Painters." This work has been declared far greater than the paintings he therein championed.

In 1851 the so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement began, Ruskin taking a deep interest in it—as did also Morris, Rossetti, Swinburne and Burne-Jones. Briefly stated, this was a movement tending to the revival of peculiarities characteristic of early Christian and mediaeval art. Symbolism, so typical of the catacomb paintings; devotion to detail, so true of early Italian painting, these were now revived with other features distinctive of pre-Raphael art. The general public was perplexed and baffled by the result. For any understanding of Burne-Jones' and Rossetti's paintings, some knowledge of the teachings of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is necessary.

Ruskin's interest in social conditions almost outweighed his absorption in art during his later life. He was filled with dismay as he became better acquainted with the ugliness and barren lot of the laboring people, to whom existence soon re-

duced itself to mechanical drudgery. He realized that present-day ideals are mistaken and that they must radically change before the great body of laboring people can come into their own rightful inheritances. Occupied with prolific writing, a lecturer at Oxford, nevertheless he gave bounteously of his time and vitality in lecturing before working men.

Among his principal works are: Modern Painters, Seven Lamps of Architecture, Stones of Venice, Queen of the Air, Sesame and Lilies and Mornings in Florence.

Many today read Ruskin for his excellent art criticism. This does not mean that in all particulars his ideas have been accepted. On the contrary, in his later life Ruskin himself modified some of his earlier views. Such will always be the case; standards are ever changing and the mind sweeps on, never at rest while life and clear vision remain. Others today read Ruskin because they are lovers of nature and few others have been able to bring mountains before a reader with such ever-varying aspects; few others have so vividly pictured clouds and skies for the ones who learn of them in books rather than glorious panoramas of living light. Most perhaps read Ruskin for his incomparable use of language. He possessed sufficient poetical genius to transmit to his prose a certain lyrical quality. With a mastery of English rarely equalled, his sentences flow on with the musical rhythm of a silvery stream.

Of Queens' Gardens.

It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The question specially proposed to you in the first, namely, How and What to Read, rose out of a deeper one, which it was my endeavor to yourselves, namely, *Why* to Read. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided

and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly;* conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous. Spectral, that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the "Likeness of a kingly crown have on;" or else tyrannous —that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and eternal kind, crowned or not: the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word "State;" we have got into a loose way of saying it. It means literally the standing and the stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word "statute"—"the immovable thing." A king's majesty or "state," then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both—without tremor, without quiver of balance; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter or overthrow.

Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me further, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect and virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man; as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave.

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigor and honor, and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help; to appeal to them, when our knowledge and power of thought failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point; let us hear the testimony they have left respecting

what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakespeare. Note broadly at the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice around him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Caesar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities; Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; The Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in "King Lear," is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless in purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, all are faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe secondly.

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman; and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale; nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error: "Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool do with so good a wife?"

In "Romeo and Juliet," the wise and entirely brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In "Winter's Tale," and in "Cymbeline," the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In "Measure for Measure," the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamantine purity of a woman. In "Coriolanus," the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer at last granted, saves him—not, indeed from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child? Of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth? Of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify even when they cannot save.

. . . . . .

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of

the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other, and is completed by the other; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is Praise; she enters into no conquest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial; to him, therefore, the failure, the offense, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfills the praise of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always around her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

This, then, I believe to be—will you not admit it to be—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that to fulfill this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side; wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—"La donna è mobile," not "Qual piùm' al vento;" no, nor yet "Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made;" but variable as the *light,* manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power, of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of an education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this is a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty, the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far; only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that

poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which bring you to the source, and describe to you in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

" 'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle and restrain.

" 'The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

" 'And *vital feelings of delight*
Shall rear her form to stately height,—
Her virgin bosom swell.
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live,
Here in this happy dell.' "

"*Vital* feelings of delight," observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to the very life.

. . . . . .

Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at de-

cision how novel-reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for what is *out* of them, but for what is *in* them. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way; turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot, for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze, but you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does; she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus does, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always

> "Her household motions light and free
> And steps of virgin liberty."

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in the field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you do; and the good ones, too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought were good.

"Sesame and Lilies."

THE MOUNTAIN GLORY.

I have dwelt, in the foregoing chapter, on the sadness of the hills with the greater insistence that I feared my own excessive love for them might lead me into too favorable interpretation of their influences over the human heart; or, at least, that the reader might accuse me of fond prejudice, in the con-

clusions to which, finally, I desire to lead him concerning them. For, to myself, mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers, and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting on the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland, or Lincolnshire, or Central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison, and I cannot long endure it. But the slightest rise and fall in the road—a mossy bank at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow, overhanging it—a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge—above all, a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one got the other side of the trees, will instantly give me intense delight, because the shadow, or the hope, of the hills is in them.

And, thus, although there are few districts of Northern Europe, however apparently dull or tame, in which I cannot find pleasure, through the whole of Northern France (except Champagne), dull as it seems to most travelers, is to me a perpetual Paradise. . . There is not a wave of the Seine but is associated in my mind with the first rise of the sandstones and forest pines of Fontainebleau; and with the hope of the Alps, as one leaves Paris with the horses' heads to the southwest, the morning sun, flashing on the bright waves of Charenton.

If there be *no* hope or association of this kind, and if I cannot deceive myself into fancying that perhaps at the next rise of the road there may be seen the film of a blue hill in the gleam of sky at the horizon, the landscape, however beautiful, produces in me a kind of sickness and pain; and the whole view from Richmond Hill or Windsor Terrace—nay, the gardens of Alcinous, with their perpetual summer—or of the Hesperides (if they were flat, and not close to Atlas), golden apples and all—I would give away in an instant, for one mossy granite stone a foot broad, and two leaves of lady-fern.

I know that this is in great part idiosyncrasy; and that I must not trust to my own feelings, in this respect, as representative of the modern landscape instinct; yet I know it is not idiosyncrasy, in so far as there may be proved to be indeed an increase of the absolute beauty of all scenery in exact proportion to its mountainous character, providing that character be *healthily* mountainous. I do not mean to take the Col de Bon Homme as representative of hills, any more than I would take Romney Marsh as representative of plains; but putting Leicestershire or Staffordshire fairly beside Westmoreland, and Lombardy or Champagne fairly beside the Pays de Vaud or the Canton Berne, I find the increase in the calculable sum of elements of beauty to be steadily in proportion to the increase of mountainous character; and that the best image which the world can give of Paradise is in the slope of the meadows, orchards, and corn-fields on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above; this excellence not being in any wise a matter referable to feeling, or individual preferences, but demonstrable by calm enumeration of the number of lovely colors on the rocks, the varied grouping of the trees, and quantity of noble incidents in stream, crag, or cloud, presented to the eye at any given moment.

For consider, first, the difference produced in the whole tone of landscape color by the introductions of purple, violet, and deep ultramarine blue, which we owe to mountains. In an ordinary lowland landscape we have the blue of the sky; the green of grass, which I will suppose (and this is an unnecessary concession to the lowlands) entirely fresh and bright; the green of trees; and certain elements of purple, far more rich and beautiful than we generally should think, in their bark and shadows (bare hedges and thickets, or tops of trees, in subdued afternoon sunshine, are nearly perfect purple, and of an exquisite tone), as well as in ploughed fields, and dark ground in general. But among mountains, in *addition* to all this, large unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances; and even near, by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests, blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness; these azures and purples passing into rose-color of otherwise wholly unattainable deli-

cacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being at the same time purer and deeper than in the plains. Nay, in some sense, a person who has never seen the rose-color of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what *tenderness* in color means at all; *bright* tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill-purples he cannot conceive.

Together with this great source of pre-eminence in *mass* of color, we have to estimate the influence of the finished inlaying and enamel-work of the color-jewellery on every stone; and that of the continual variety in species of flower; most of the mountain flowers being, besides, lovelier than the lowland ones. The wood hyacinth and wild rose are, indeed, the only *supreme* flowers that the lowlands can generally show; and the wild rose is also a mountaineer, and more fragrant in the hills, while the wood hyacinth, or grape hyacinth, at its best cannot match even the dark bell-gentian, leaving the light-blue star-gentian in its uncontested queenliness, and the Alpine rose and Highland heather wholly without similitude. The violet, lily of the valley, crocus, and wood anemone are, I suppose, claimable partly by the plains as well as the hills; but the large orange lily and narcissus I have never seen but on hill pastures, and the exquisite oxalis is pre-eminently a mountaineer.

To this supremacy in mosses and flowers we have next to add an inestimable gain in the continual presence and power of water. Neither in its clearness, its color, its fantasy of motion, its calmness of space, depth, and reflection, or its wrath, can water be conceived by a lowlander, out of sight of sea. A sea wave is far grander than any torrent—but of the sea and its influences we are not now speaking; and the sea itself, though it *can* be clear, is never calm, among our shores, in the sense that a mountain lake can be calm. The sea seems only to pause; the mountain lake to sleep, and to dream. Out of sight of the ocean, a lowlander cannot be considered ever to have seen water at all. The mantling of the pools in the rock shadows, with the golden flakes of light sinking down through them like falling leaves, the ringing of the thin currents among the shallows, the flash and the cloud of the cascade, the earth-

quake and foam-fire of the cataract, the long lines of alternate mirror and mist that lull the imagery of the hills reversed in the blue of morning—all these things belong to those hills as their undivided inheritance.

To this supremacy in wave and stream is joined a no less manifest pre-eminence in the character of trees. It is possible among plains, in the species of trees which properly belong to them, the poplars of Amiens, for instance, to obtain a serene simplicity of grace, which, as I said, is a better help to the study of gracefulness, as such, than any of the wilder groupings of the hills; so also, there are certain conditions of symmetrical luxuriance developed in the park and avenue, rarely rivalled in their way among mountains; and yet the mountain superiority in foliage is, on the whole, nearly as complete as it is in water; for exactly as there are some expressions in the broad reaches of a navigable lowland river, such as the Loire or Thames, not, in their way, to be matched in the rock rivers, and yet for all that a lowlander cannot be said to have truly seen the element of water at all; so even in his richest parks and avenues he cannot be said to have truly seen trees. For the resources of trees are not developed until they have difficulty to contend with; neither their tenderness of brotherly love and harmony, till they are forced to choose their ways of various life where there is contracted room for them, talking to each other with their restrained branches. The various action of trees rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls, gathering into companies at rest among the fragrant fields, gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges—nothing of this can be conceived among the unvexed and unvaried felicities of the lowland forest; while to all these direct sources of greater beauty are added, first the power of redundance—the mere quantity of foliage visible in the folds and on the promontories of a single Alp being greater than that of an entire lowland landscape (unless a view from some cathedral tower); and to this charm of re-

dundance, that of clearer visibility—tree after tree being constantly shown in successive height, one behind another, instead of the mere tops and flanks of masses, as in the plains; and the forms of multitudes of them continually defined against the clear sky, near and above, or against white clouds entangled among their branches, instead of being confused in dimness of distance.

JEAN INGELOW.

JEAN INGELOW was born in 1820 and died in 1897. Her first poems were published in 1850 and the collection best known in 1875.

Possessing greater poetic genius than Felicia Hemans or Letitia Landon, she holds a place prominent in the little circle of English women who wrote poetry in the nineteenth century. As a novelist she was less successful. Directness and simplicity of style characterize her work. Within a rather limited scope her pictures are vivid and reveal a true observance of nature. A certain graceful fancy pervades her poems.

In America Jean Ingelow has been greatly appreciated and a large number of copies of her poems have been in demand.

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
  You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
  Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
  Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
  That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
  I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
  I am seven times one today.

Seven Times Two.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
  How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
  Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling
  No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
  The fortunes of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
  While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
  All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
  And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover;
  You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
  Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather;
  O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring could go faster,
  Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
  For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
  While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
  For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
  Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
  Such as I wish it to be.

Seven Times Three.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
  Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
  Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale, wait
    Till I listen and hear
    If a step draweth near,
    For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
  A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
  To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
    Let the star-clusters grow,
    Let the sweet waters flow,
    And cross quickly to me.

"You night moths that hover where honey brims over
  From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
  To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
    Ah, my sailor, make haste,
    For the time runs to waste,
    And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee tonight."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover.
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Then e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

Seven Times Four.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall;
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoobuds slender and small:
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's lassies,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain:
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house be but narrow"—
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing in measure,
God that is over us all!

WISHING.

When I reflect how little I have done,
  And add to that how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won
  Of joy, or good, how little known, or been;
I long for other life more full, more keen,
  And yearn to change with such as well have run—
Yet reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice would dare to change with none—
No, not to feel, as Blondel when his lay
  Pierced the strong tower, and Richard answered it—
No, not to do, as Eustace on the day
  He left fair Calais to her weeping fit—
No, not to be,—Columbus, waked from sleep
When his new world rose from the charmed deep.

CHARLES READE.

Charles Reade (1814-1884) was born in Oxfordshire, and was graduated at the University of Oxford. Although trained for the practice of law he soon turned to letters. In 1850 his story, *Peg Woffington,* appeared and he was recognized as a novelist of promise. Like Dickens, Reade often wrote to correct abuses—the prison system, mismanagement of hospitals and the tyranny of trades unions. *Put Yourself in His Place* is one of his forceful protests against the unwarranted lengths to which the trades unions went during a certain period of English industrial development.

Containing many dramatic situations, Reade's stories were to be seen upon the stage frequently a few years ago.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

In the old oak-dining room, where the above colloquy took place, hung a series of family portraits. One was of a lovely girl with oval face, olive complexion, and large, dark, tender eyes; and this was the gem of the whole collection; but it conferred little pleasure on the spectator, owing to a trivial circumstance—it was turned with its face to the wall; and all that met the inquiring eye was an inscription on the canvas, not intended to be laudatory.

This beauty, with her back to creation, was Edith Raby, Guy's sister.

During their father's lifetime she was petted and allowed her own way. Hillsborough, odious to her brother, was, naturally, very attractive to her, and she often rode into the town to shop and chat with her friends, and often stayed a day or two in it, especially with a Mrs. Manton, wife of a wealthy manufacturer.

Guy merely sneered at her, her friends, and her tastes, till he suddenly discovered that she had formed an attachment to one of the obnoxious class, Mr. James Little, a great contract builder. He was too shocked at first to vent his anger. He turned pale, and could hardly speak; and the poor girl's bosom began to quake.

But Guy's opposition went no farther than cold aversion

to the intimacy—until his father died. Then, though but a year older than Edith, he assumed authority, and, as head of the house, forbade the connection. At the same time he told her he should not object, under the circumstances, to her marrying Dr. Amboyne, a rising physician, and a man of good family, who loved her sincerely, and had shown his love plainly before ever Mr. Little was heard of.

Edith tried to soften her brother; but he was resolute, and said Raby Hall should never be an appendage to a workshop. Sooner than that, he would settle it on his cousin Richard, a gentleman he abhorred, and never called, either to his face, or behind his back, by any other name than "Dissolute Dick."

Then Edith became very unhappy, and temporized more or less, till her lover, who had shown considerable forbearance, lost patience at last, and said she must either have no spirit, or no true affection for him.

Then came a month or two of misery, the tender, clinging nature of the girl being averse to detach itself from either of these two persons. She loved them both with an affection she could have easily reconciled, if they would only have allowed her.

And it all ended according to nature. She came of age, plucked up a spirit, and married Mr. James Little.

Her brother declined to be present at the wedding; but as soon as she returned from her tour, and settled in Hillsborough, he sent his groom with a cold, civil note, reminding her that their father had settled nineteen hundred pounds on her, for her separate use, with remainder to her children, if any; that he and Mr. Graham were the trustees of this small fund; that they had invested it, according to the provisions of the settlement, in a first mortgage on land; and informing her that half a year's interest at four and a half per cent was due, which was his duty to pay into her own hand and no other person's; she would therefore oblige him by receiving the enclosed check, and signing the enclosed receipt.

The receipt came back signed, and with it a few gentle lines, "hoping that in time he would forgive her, and bestow on her what she needed and valued more than money: her own brother's, her only brother's affection."

On receiving this his eyes were suddenly moist, and he actually groaned. "A lady every inch!" he said; "yet she has gone and married a bricklayer."

Well, blood is thicker than water, and in a few years they were pretty good friends again, though they saw but little of one another, meeting only in Hillsborough, which Guy hated, and never drove into now without what he called his antidotes; a Bible and a bottle of lavender-water. It was his humor to read the one, and sprinkle the other, as soon as every he got within the circle of the smoky trades.

When Edith's little boy was nine years old, and much admired for his quickness and love of learning, and of making walking-stick heads and ladies' work-boxes, Mr. Little's prosperity received a severe check, and through his own fault. He speculated largely in building villas, overdid the market, and got crippled. He had contracts uncompleted, and was liable to penalties; and at last saw himself the nominal possessor of a brick wilderness, but on the verge of ruin for want of cash.

He tried every other resource first; but at last he came to his wife, to borrow her nineteen hundred pounds. The security he offered was a mortgage on twelve carcasses, or houses the bare walls and roofs of which were built.

Mrs. Little at once went to Mr. Raby for her money.

Instead of lending the trust-money hastily, Raby submitted the proposal to his solicitor, and that gentleman soon discovered the vaunted security was a second mortgage, with interest overdue on the first; and so he told Guy, who then merely remarked, "I expected as much; when had a tradesman any sense of honor in money matters? This one would cheat his very wife and child."

He declined the proposal in two words, "Rotten security!"

Then Mr. Little found another security that looked very plausible, and primed his wife with arguments, and she implored Guy to call and talk it over with them both.

He came that very afternoon and brought his father's will.

Then Edith offered the security, and tried to convey to the trustee her full belief that it was undeniable.

Guy picked terrible holes in it, and read their father's will, confining the funds to consols, or a first mortgage on

land. "You take the money on these conditions; it is almost as improper of you to wish to evade them, as it would be of me to assist you. And then there is your child; I am bound in honor not to risk his little fortune. See, here's my signature to that."

"My child!" cried Edith. "When he comes of age, I'll go on my knees to him and say, 'My darling, I borrowed your money to save your father's credit.' And my darling will throw his arms round me, and forgive me."

"Simpleton!" said Guy. "And how about your daughters and their husbands? And their husbands' solicitors? Will they throw their arms round your neck, and break forth in twaddle? No! I have made inquiries. Your husband's affairs are desperate. I won't throw your money into his well; and you will both live to thank me for seeing clearer than you do, and saving this nineteen hundred pounds for you and yours."

James Little had writhed in his chair for some time; he now cried out wildly, "Edith, you shall demean yourself no more. He always hated me; and now let him have his will, and seal my dishonor and my ruin. Oblige me by leaving my house, Mr. Raby."

"Oh, no, James!" cried Edith, trembling, and shocked at this affront.

But Guy rose like a tower. "I've noticed this trait in all tradespeople," said he grimly. "They are obsequious to a gentleman so long as they hope to get the better of him; but the moment they find it impossible to overreach him, they insult him." And with this he stalked out of the house.

"Oh, my poor James, how could you?" said Edith.

"Forgive me," said he, quietly. "It is all over. That was our last chance."

Guy Raby walked down the street, stung to the quick. He went straight to his solicitor and arranged to borrow nineteen hundred pounds on his own property. "For," said he, "I'll show them both how a little snob can understand a gentleman. I won't tamper with her son's money, but I'll give her my own to throw in his well. Confound him! Why did she ever marry him?"

When the business was virtually settled, he came back to the house in great haste.

Meantime Mr. James Little went up to his dressing-room, as usual, to dress for dinner; but he remained so long that, at last, Mrs. Little sent her maid to tell him dinner was ready.

The girl had hardly reached the top of the stairs, when she gave a terrible scream that rang through the whole house.

Mrs. Little rushed up-stairs, and found her clinging to the banisters, and pointing at the floor, with eyes protruding and full of horror. Her candlestick had fallen from her benumbed hand; but the hall-lamp revealed what her finger was quivering and pointing at: a dark fluid trickling slowly out into the lobby from beneath the bedroom-door.

It was blood.

The room was burst into, and the wretched tottering wife, hanging upon her sobbing servants, found her lover, her husband, her child's father, lying on the floor, dead by his own hand; stone dead. A terrible sight for strangers to see; but for her, what words can even shadow the horror of it!

I drop the veil on her wild bursts of agony, and piteous appeals to him who could not hear her cries.

The gaping wound that let out that precious life, her eye never ceased to see it, nor her own heart to bleed with it, while she lived.

She was gently dragged away, and supported down to another room. Dr. Amboyne came and did what he could for her; and that was—nothing.

At this time she seemed stupefied. But, when Guy came beaming into the room to tell her he had got her the money, a terrible scene occurred. The bereaved wife uttered a miserable scream at sight of him, and swooned away directly.

The maids gathered around her, laid her down, and cut her stays, and told Guy the terrible tidings, in broken whispers, over her insensible body.

He rose to his feet horrified. He began to gasp and sob. And he yearned to say something to comfort her. At that moment his house, his heart, and all he had, were hers.

But as soon as she came to herself, and caught sight of him, she screamed out, "Oh, the sight of him! the sight of him!" and swooned away again.

Then the women pushed him out of the room, and he went away with uneven steps, and sick at heart.

He shut himself up in Raby Hall, and felt very sad and remorseful. He directed his solicitor to render Mrs. Little every assistance, and supply her funds. But these good offices were respectfully declined by Mr. Joseph Little, the brother of the deceased, who had come from Birmingham to conduct the funeral and settle other matters.

Mr. Joseph Little was known to be a small master-cutler, who had risen from a workman, and even now put blades and handles together with his own hands, at odd times, though he had long since ceased to grind or forge.

Mr. Raby drew in haughtily at this interference.

It soon transpired that Mr. James Little had died hopelessly insolvent, and the nineteen hundred pounds would really have been engulfed.

Raby waited for this fact to sink into his sister's mind, and then one day nature tugged so at his heart strings that he dashed off a warm letter, beginning, "My poor Edith, let bygones be bygones," and inviting her and her boy to live with him at Raby Hall.

The heart-broken widow sent back a reply, in a handwriting scarcely recognizable as hers. Instead of her usual precise and delicate hand, the letters were large, tremulous, and straggling, and the lines slanted downwards.

Write to me, speak to me, no more. For pity's sake let me forget there is a man in the world who is my brother and his murderer. EDITH.

Guy opened this letter with a hopeful face, and turned pale as ashes at the contents.

But his conscience was clear and his spirit high. "Unjust idiot!" he muttered, and locked her letter up in his desk.

Next morning he received a letter from Joseph Little, in a clear, stiff, perpendicular writing:

SIR—I find my sister-in-law wrote you, yesterday, a harsh letter, which I do not approve; and have told her as much. Deceased's affairs were irretrievable, and I blame no other man for his rash act, which may God forgive! As to your kind and

generous invitation, it deserves her gratitude; but Mrs. Little and myself have mingled our tears together over my poor brother's grave, and now we do not care to part. Before your esteemed favor came to hand, it had been settled she should leave this sad neighborhood and keep my house at Birmingham, where she will meet with due respect. I am only a small tradesman; but I can pay my debts, and keep the pot boiling. Will teach the boy some good trade, and make him a useful member of society, if I am spared.

I am, sir, yours respectfully.

JOSEPH LITTLE.

SIR—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, your respectable letter.

As all direct communication between Mrs. James Little and myself is at an end, oblige me with your address in Birmingham, that I may remit to you, half-yearly, as her agent, the small sum that has escaped bricks and mortar.

When her son comes of age, she will probably forgive me for declining to defraud him of his patrimony.

But it will be too late; for I shall never forgive her, alive or dead. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GUY RABY.

When he had posted this letter he turned Edith's picture to the wall, and wrote on the canvas:

"GONE INTO TRADE."

He sent for his attorney, made a new will, and bequeathed his land, houses, goods and chattels to Dissolute Dick and his heirs forever.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

William Ernest Henley (1849-1903), poet and critic, was born in Gloucester, England. In 1877 he became the editor of a London magazine; in 1882 he associated himself with the *New Review.* Besides various volumes of verses he wrote several plays. All his life an invalid, he pursued a literary career under conditions that would have been impossible for one of less dogged perseverance and intellectual force. His poem beginning: *A late lark twitters from the quiet sky,* was written upon the death of his sister. The one concluding with the stanza following is perhaps best known:

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
  I am the captain of my soul.

I.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished, and the long day done,
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

II.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

III.

Crosses and troubles a-many have proved me,
One or two women (God bless them!) have loved me.
I have worked and dreamed, and I've talked at will;
Of art and drink I have had my fill.
I've comforted here and I've succored there.
I've faced my foes, and I've backed my friends;
I've blundered, and sometimes made amends.
I have prayed for light, and I've known despair.

Now I look before, as I look behind,
Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,
With a grateful heart and a constant mind,
For the end I know is the best of all.

IV.

The wind on the wold,
With sea-scents and sea-dreams attended,
Is wine!
The air is gold
In elixir—it takes so the splendid
Sunshine!

O, the larks in the blue!
How the song of them glitters, and glances,
And gleams!
The old music sounds new—
And it's O, the wild Spring, and its chances
And dreams!

There's a lift in the blood—
O, this gracious, and thirsting, and aching
Unrest!
All life's at the bud,
And my heart, full of April, is breaking
My breast.

V.

Friends . . . old friends . . .
One sees how it ends:
A woman looks
Or a man tells lies,
And the pleasant brooks
And the quiet skies
Ruined with brawling
And caterwauling,
Enchant no more
As they did before.
And so it ends with friends.

Friends . . . old friends . . .
And what if it ends?
Shall we dare to shirk
  What we live to learn?
It has done its work,
  It has served its turn;
And, forgive and forget
Or hanker and fret,
We can be no more
As we were before.
When it ends, it ends
With friends.

Friends . . . old friends . . .
So it breaks, so it ends.
There let it rest!
  It has fought and won,
And is still the best
  That either has done.
Each as he stands
The work of its hands,
Which shall be no more
As he was before.
What is it ends
With friends?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Richard le Gallienne, poet, critic, writer of essays and novels, was born in Liverpool, January 30, 1866. His father was a busy man of affairs and his son was given an education calculated to fit him for a commercial life. Upon the death of his father in 1887, Richard le Gallienne abandoned the career upon which he had entered, giving himself up to literary pursuits. While he has written some poems he is probably best known by his novel, The Quest of the Golden Girl. Like many another man possessed of an artistic temperament, le Gallienne has cultivated certain personal eccentricities which have by no means affected his wide popularity. His style is light and superficial, but he has the gift of clothing his fancies in beautiful language. It is conceded by his severest critics that he never attempts themes beyond his reach and that, in spite of the urging and coercing of others, he has remained constant to his original light vein.

THE BLUE JAR.

Recently I was invited to hear music in the house of a rich man. It was a great house and gorgeous, and yet not without a certain taste in its furnishings and its decoration, a taste uncharacteristic, uncommitting, and indeed representative, somewhat incongruously, of the various tastes of the many poor artists who had built and beautified it, rather than of any vivifying taste in the one rich man who occasionally occupied it.

"How beautiful we artists make the world—for others!" I sighed, as my soul went out to the enslaved architects and painters and artificers, famous, unknown, or infamous, who had breathed their fatal passion for beauty into this rich man's marbles, woven it into his tapestries, dyed with their hearts' blood his colored glass, given their dreams into his bondage, and put their very souls beneath his feet. Sad artists, who in every corner of this house had worked with tears!

And here were the Musicians! Music too was a slave in this house. The bondsmen came with their long hair and white faces, carrying their captive instruments in their hands, the deep-lunged violoncello that breaks the heart, and the little

violin that brings the tears. And with them too they carried in little cages of manuscript the singing souls of the great composers of old time, whom tonight they would re-embody —they would open the dark manuscripts and the souls would fly forth among the strings—re-embody—that Beethoven might once more utter his soul's agony, and the rich man's evening pass pleasantly by.

There were many women seated in the hall, some beautiful; they wore many garments of great costliness, some beautiful; and upon their necks and in their hair glittered many jewels, some beautiful. But I noted that the fairest jewels were upon the necks least fair—yet maybe kindly so, for thus were they not upon the necks that most needed them?

"Yes," but in that fantastic mood which music induces, I pursued the question a step further: "Have the beautiful stones themselves no feelings, no preferences? How can those diamonds glitter so in that terrible old lady's hair? And are those pearls really happy round yon yellow neck? They used to live once, rocking and shimmering, deep down in a wonderful ocean. * * *"

And as I mused, methought the pearls answered:

"We pearls are never happy," they said, "but there is a neck seated next to you where indeed it would be a joy to live; * * *" and a great tear stole down from the necklet and fell into the lap of its mistress, who caught it and remarked to her neighbor that one of her pearls had been trying to escape.

There seems to me a certain indecency, even immorality, in performing great music to so trivial and commonplace a company of men and women as that among which I was seated. It is, of course, but a part of the general profanation of the holy arts by the vulgar, a profanation, however, in which perhaps music suffers most, from the intense intimacy of its noblest and most attractive inspirations. Architecture for the most part shields itself by building ugly buildings for most possible purposes, but even when it builds beautifully for base uses, it is not, after all, a sensitive personal art, and though the soul of the architect passing by and beholding the money changers in his beautiful halls cannot but suffer, the marble is not so acutely himself as the notes of a requiem or

the words of a lyric are the very flesh of the composer or the poet. The painter too may hide his soul away behind some impersonal subject, or in some corner of a picture where few eyes are likely to seek it. The poet escapes through the sheer indifference of the vulgar. Great poetry is of no use to amuse a crowd, nor will it soothe the savage breast of the diner, as he sits ruddy at evening, with napkin hanging from his neck and his champagne laughing at his side. Poetry has to be read to be understood—music needs only to be played.

But music, like Latin or Greek, has an aural decorative quality, a patter-surface of amusing sound, accidental to its serious messages of joy or sorrow. It is autobiography suitable for framing—it is a tragic utterance of the human soul which you may use as you use tortoise-shell, without a thought of the tortoise. Music is a beautiful woman singing in an unknown tongue—some few love what she sings, but most see only one more woman to desire.

It has been suggested that the favorite music of the gods is the picturesque murmur of human agony, as, deprived by distance of intelligible and responsible meaning, it mounts on high, just as the desperate buzzings of imprisoned and bewildered insects, actually full of pain, strike rich chords of frenzy and humorous rage to the ear of man. Play us the "Crucifixion!" "Eloi Eloi, lama sabacthani"—what exquisite anguish is there! And it is in some such mood of purely æsthetic detachment that we listen to the music of the great German and Italian masters. The swan is dying, in great agony of spirit—but alas! for our pity, it is dying so beautifully! It is singing so wonderful a song!

"Adelaida! Adelaida!" cries Beethoven, and his heart breaks in the cry—ah! but the cry is so beautiful! Go on breaking forever, great heart of music, so that sometimes after dinner we may hear again that beautiful cry!

"Adelaida!"

I had not noticed that among musicians had been brought in a wonderful woman, very tall and lovely, and regally simple. It was she who was singing. She was like a Greek temple to look upon, faultlessly built of white marble; or like some moonlit tower of Italy which sways like a lily from afar. There was in that great hall one other thing as beautiful as

she—a little vase of unfathomable blue, with smooth simple sides, which at the same moment I caught sight of, cloistered and calm in a niche high above us: simple in shape as a maid, simple in color as a violet, and all mysterious as a star.

At last the evening had succeeded. Down upon our troubled sea of incongruities, upon mediocrity absurdly arrayed as magnificence, upon pretentious plainness foolish with gems, down upon the idle chatter and cheat of it all shone the steady unflinching blue of that little blue jar. Here at last was something sufficient, complete, elemental, eternal. I know nothing of pottery, and I knew as little of the history of my jar as of the beautiful Greek Temple who was singing. It was but two curves, like the neck and breast of a girl, enclosing a whole heaven of blue. But it was perfect, perfect with the simplicity of eternal things. It was complete in perfection as a great line of poetry, as the flight of a bird, as the curve of a falling wave. It was all.

From that night I remember no woman's face, no splendid lady, no single particular of all that lavish magnificence.

I remember only that little blue jar.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

ALFRED AUSTIN was born in 1835, at Headingley. In 1857 he was admitted to the bar and practiced law for four years. Upon the death of his father he gave up his profession and turned to journalism and literary work. He has written many poems and some novels. In 1896 he was appointed by Queen Victoria to succeed Lord Tennyson as poet laureate.

IN THE FORUM.

The last warm gleams of sunset fade
  From cypress spire and stone-pine dome,
And, in the twilight's deepening shade,
  Lingering, I scan the wrecks of Rome.

Hushed the Madonna's evening bell;
  The steers lie loosed from wain and plough;
The vagrant monk is in his cell,
  The meek nun-novice cloistered now.

Pedant's presumptuous voice no more
  Vexes the spot where Cæsar trod,
And o'er the pavement's soundless floor
  Come banished priest and exiled God.

The lank-ribbed she-wolf, crouched among
  The regal hill-side's tangled scrubs,
With doting gaze and fondling tongue,
  Suckles the vestal's twin-born cubs.

Yet once again Evander leads
  Æneas to his wattled home,
And, throned on Tiber's fresh-cut reeds,
  Talks of burnt Troy and rising Rome.

From out the tawny dusk one hears
  The half-feigned scream of Sabine maids,
The rush to arms, then swift the tears
  That separate the clashing blades.

The lictors with their fasces throng
  To quell the common's rising roar,
As Tullia's chariot flames along,
  Splashed with her murdered father's gore.

Her tresses free from band or comb,
  Love-dimpled Venus, lithe and tall,
And fresh as Fiumicino's foam,
  Mounts her pentelic pedestal.

With languid lids and lips apart,
  And curving limbs like wave half-furled,
Unarmed she dominates the heart,
  And without sceptre sways the world.

Nerved by her smile, avenging Mars
  Stalks through the Forum's fallen fanes,
Or, changed of mien and healed of scars,
  Threads sylvan slopes and vineyard plains.

With waves of song from wakening lyre
  Apollo routs the wavering night,
While, parsley-crowned, the white-robed choir
  Wind chanting on the sacred height,

Where Jove, with thunder garlands wreathed,
  And crisp locks frayed like fretted foam,
Sits with his lightnings half unsheathed,
  And frowns against the foes of Rome.

You cannot kill the gods. They still
  Reclaim the thrones where once they reigned,
Rehaunt the grove, remount the rill,
  And renovate their rites profaned.

Diana's hounds still lead the chase,
  Still Neptune's trident crests the sea,
And still man's spirit soars through space
  On feathered heels of Mercury.

No flood can quench the vestal's fire;
  The flamen's robes are still as white
As ere the Salii's armored choir
  Were drowned by droning anchorite.

The saint may seize the siren's seat,
  The shaveling frown where frisked the Faun;
Ne'er will, though all beside should fleet,
  The Olympian Presence be withdrawn.

Here, even in the noontide glare,
  The gods, recumbent, take their ease;
Go look, and you will find them there,
  Slumbering behind some fallen frieze.

But most, when sunset glow hath paled,
  And come, as now, the twilight hour,
In vesper vagueness dimly veiled
  I feel their presence and their power.

What though their temples strew the ground,
  And to the ruin owls repair,
Their home, their haunt, is all around;
  They drive the cloud, they ride the air.

And, when the planets wend their way
  Along the never-aging skies,
"Revere the gods," I hear them say;
  "The gods are old, the gods are wise."

Build as man may, Time gnaws and peers
  Through marble fissures, granite rents;
On it Imagination rears
  Imperishable monuments.

Let Gaul and Goth pollute the shrine,
  Level the altar, fire the fane:
There is no razing the divine;
  The gods return, the gods remain.

FLORENCE.

1861-1899.

City acclaimed from far-off days,
  Fair and baptized in field of flowers,
Once more I scan, with eager gaze,
  Your soaring domes, your storied towers.

Nigh on eight lustres now have flown
  Since first with trembling heart I came,
And, girdled by your mountain zone,
  Found you yet fairer than your fame.

. . . . . .

You seemed to fling your gates ajar,
  And gently lead me by the hand,
Saying, "Behold! henceforth you are
  No stranger in this Tuscan land."

And though no love my love can wean
  From Albion's crags and cradling sea,
You, Florence, since that hour, have been
  More than a foster-nurse to me.

And seems that welcome half profaned,
  If, in your lap lain oft and long,
I cherish to have something drained
  Of Dante's soul and Petrarch's song?

So now from soft Sicilian shore,
  And Tiber's sterner tide, I bring
My autumn sheaves, to share once more
  The rapture of your rainbow spring.

I, lingering in your palaced town,
  A sudden, 'neath some beetling pile,
Catch sight of Dante's awful frown
  Or Vinci's enigmatic smile;

Then, following olden footsteps, stroll
  To where, from May-day's mocking pyre,
Savonarola's tortured soul
  Went up to Heaven in tongues of fire;

Or Buonarroti's godlike hand
  Made marble block from Massa's steep
Dawn into day at his command,
  Or plunged it into night and sleep.

. . . . . .

O'er wall and trellis, trailed and wound,
  Hang roses blushing, roses pale;
And, hark! what was that silvery sound?
  The first note of the nightingale.

Curtained, I close my lids and dream
  Of Beauty seen not but surmised,
And, lulled by scent and song, I seem
  Immortally imparadised.

When from the deep, sweet swoon I wake
  And gaze past slopes of grape and grain,
Where Arno, like some lonely lake,
  Silvers the far-off seaward plain.

I see celestial sunset fires
  That lift us from this earthly leaven,
And darkly silent cypress spires,
  Pointing the way from hill to heaven.

Then something more than mortal steals
  Over the wavering twilight air,
And, messenger of nightfall, peals
  From each crowned peak a call to prayer.

And now the last meek prayer is said,
  And, in the hallowed hush, there is
Only a starry dome o'erhead,
  Propped by columnar cypresses.

SONNET.

Could I but leave men wiser by my song,
And somewhat happier in their little day,
Wean them from things that lure but to betray,
Make the harsh gentle and the feeble strong,
Shunning the paths where pride and folly throng,
Then would I carol all the livelong day,
And, as the golden sunset waned to gray,
With vesper voice my twilight hour prolong,
But now they hear me heedlessly, or pass,
With hurrying steps, to pomp's ambitious strife,
But with chagrin and disappointment rife,
And shadows fleeting as one's breath on glass,
Still with foiled feet and baffled hopes, alas!
Lost in the long, vain labyrinth of life.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

William Morris (1834-1896) was born in Walthamston, England. He was educated at Oxford and later studied art and architecture. In 1863 he started the manufacturing of artistic house decorations. He lectured and wrote on art and the application of it for practical uses. Impressed with the barren lot of the average laborer, Morris made a study of labor and its attendant evils and in time became a socialist. He felt that before it would be possible for the working man to come into his own, the organization of society must change. On this account he lectured more upon socialistic matters than upon art in his later life. In his *Hopes and Fears for Art, The Decorative Arts,* etc., he tried to interest people generally in making their homes more attractive.

William Morris is remembered as the first designer of the Morris chair, making the first one of the type himself. It is hardly necessary to say that there has been a sad degeneracy in Morris chairs, so that many today only slightly resemble the ones made in William Morris' factory.

The Beauty of Life.

I have spoken of the popular arts, but they might all be summed up in that one word Architecture; they are all parts of that great whole, and the art of house-building begins it all: if we did not know how to dye or to weave; if we had neither gold, nor silver, nor silk; and no pigments to paint with, but half-a-dozen ochres and umbers, we might yet frame a worthy art that would lead to everything, if we had but timber, stone, and lime, and a few cutting tools to make these common things not only shelter us from wind and weather, but also express the thoughts and aspirations that stir in us.

Architecture would lead us to all the arts, as it did with earlier men: but if we despise it and take no note of how we are housed, the other arts will have a hard time of it, indeed.

Now I do not think the greatest of optimists would deny that, taking us one and all, we are at present housed in a perfectly shameful way, and since the greatest part of us have to live in houses already built for us, it must be admitted that it is rather hard to know what to do, beyond waiting till they tumble about our ears.

Only we must not lay the fault upon the builders, as some people seem inclined to do: they are our very humble servants, and will build what we ask for; remember, that rich men are not obliged to live in ugly houses, and yet you see they do; which the builders may be well excused for taking as a sign of what is wanted.

Well, the point is we must do what we can, and make people understand what we want them to do for us, by letting them see what we do for ourselves.

Hitherto, judging us by the standard, the builders may well say, that we want the pretence of a thing rather than the thing itself; that we want a show of petty luxury if we are unrich, a show of insulting stupidity if we are rich: and they are quite clear that as a rule we want to get something that shall look as if it cost twice as much as it really did.

You cannot have Architecture on those terms: simplicity and solidity are the very first requisites of it: just think if it is not so: How we please ourselves with an old building by thinking of all the generations of men that have passed through it! Do we not remember how it has received their joy and borne their sorrow, and not even their folly has left sourness upon it? It still looks as kind to us as it did to them. And the converse of this we ought to feel when we look at a newly-built house if it were as it should be: we should feel a pleasure in thinking how he who had built it had left a piece of his soul behind him to greet the new-comers one after another long and long after he was gone:—but what sentiment can an ordinary modern house move in us, or what thought—save a hope that we may speedily forget its base ugliness?

But if you ask me how we are to pay for this solidity and extra expense, that seems to me a reasonable question; for you must dismiss at once as a delusion the hope that has sometimes been cherished, that you can have a building which is a work of art, and is therefore above all things properly built, at the same price as a building which only pretends to be this: never forget when people talk about cheap art in general, by the way, that all art costs time, trouble, and thought, and that money is only a counter to represent these things.

However, I must try to answer the question I have supposed put, how are we to pay for decent houses?

It seems to me that by a great piece of good luck the way to pay for them, is by doing that which alone can produce popular art among us: living a simple life, I mean. Once more I say that the greatest foe to art is luxury, art cannot live in its atmosphere.

When you hear of the luxuries of the ancients, you must remember that they were not like our luxuries, they were rather indulgence in pieces of extravagant folly than what we today call luxury; which perhaps you would rather call comfort: well, I accept the word, and say that a Greek or Roman of the luxurious time would stare astonished could he be brought back again, and shown the comforts of a well-to-do middle-class house.

But some, I know, think that the attainment of these very comforts is what makes the difference between civilization and uncivilization, that they are the essence of civilization. Is it so, indeed? Farewell my hope then!—I had thought that civilization meant the attainment of peace and order and freedom, of good-will between man and man, of the love of truth, and the hatred of injustice, and by consequence the attainment of the good life which these things breed, a life free from craven fear, but full of incident: that was what I thought it meant, not more stuffed chairs and more cushions, and more carpets and gas, and more dainty meat and drink—and therewithal more and sharper differences between class and class.

If that may be what it is, I for my part wish I were well out of it, and living in a tent in the Persian desert, or a turf hut on the Iceland hillside. But whatever it may be, and I think my view is the true view, I tell you that art abhors that side of civilization, she cannot breathe in the houses that lie under its stuffy slavery.

Believe me if we want art to begin at home, as it must, we must clear out houses of troublesome superfluities that are for ever in our way: conventional comforts that are no real comforts, and do but make work for servants and doctors: if you want a golden rule that will fit everybody, this is it:

"Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful."

And if we apply that rule strictly, we shall in the first place show the builders and such-like servants of the public what we really want, we shall create a demand for real art, as the phrase goes; and in the second place, we shall surely have more money to pay for decent houses.

Perhaps it will not try your patience too much if I lay before you my idea of the fittings necessary to the sitting-room of a healthy person: a room, I mean, which he would not have to cook in much, or sleep in generally, or in which he would not have to do any very litter-making manual work.

First a book-case with a great many books in it: next a table that will keep steady when you write or work at it: then several chairs that you can move, and a bench that you can sit or lie upon: next a cupboard with drawers: next, unless either the book-case or the cupboard be very beautiful with painting or carving, you will want pictures or engravings, such as you can afford, only not stopgaps, but real works of art, on the wall; or else the wall itself must be ornamented with some beautiful and restful pattern: we shall also want a vase or two to put flowers in, which latter you must have sometimes, especially if you live in a town. Then there will be the fire-place of course, which in our climate is bound to be the chief object in the room.

That is all we shall want, especially if the floor be good; if it be not, as, by the way, in a modern house it is pretty certain not to be, I admit that a small carpet which can be bundled out of the room in two minutes will be useful, and we must also take care that it is beautiful, or it will annoy us terribly.

Now, unless we are musical and need a piano (in which case, as far as beauty is concerned, we are in a bad way), that is quite all we want: and we can add very little to these necessaries without troubling ourselves, and hindering our work, our thought, and our rest.

If these things were done at the least cost for which they could be done well and solidly, they ought not to cost much; and they are so few, that those that could afford to have them at all, could afford to spend some trouble to get them fitting and beautiful: and all those who care about art ought to take great trouble to do so, and to take care that there be no sham art amongst them, nothing that it has degraded a man to make or sell. And I feel sure, that if all who care about art were to take this pains, it would make a great impression upon the public.

This simplicity you may make as costly as you please or can, on the other hand: you may hang your walls with tapestry instead of whitewash or paper; or you may cover them with mosaic, or have them frescoed by a great painter; all this is not luxury, if it be done for beauty's sake, and not for show: it does not break our golden rule: *Have nothing in your house which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful.*

All art starts from this simplicity; and the higher the art rises, the greater the simplicity. I have been speaking of the fittings of a dwelling-house; a place in which we eat and drink, and pass familiar hours; but when you come to places which people want to make specially beautiful because of the solemnity or dignity of their uses, they will be simpler still, and have little in them save the bare walls made as beautiful

as may be. St. Mark's at Venice has very little furniture in it, much less than most Roman Catholic churches: its lovely and stately mother, St. Sophia of Constantinople, had still less, even when it was a Christian church: but we need not go either to Venice or Stamboul to take note of that: go into one of our own mighty Gothic naves (do you remember the first time you did so?) and note how the huge free space satisfies and elevates you, even now when window and wall are stripped of ornament: then think of the meaning of simplicity, and absence of encumbering gew-gaws.

Now, after all, for us who are learning art, it is not far to seek what is the surest way to further it: that which most breeds art is art; every piece of work that we do which is well done is so much help to the cause; every piece of pretence and half-heartedness is so much hurt to it; most of you who take to the practice of art can find out in no very long time whether you have any gifts for it or not: if you have not, throw the thing up, or you will have a wretched time of it yourselves, and will be damaging the cause by laborious pretence: but if you have gifts of any kind you are happy indeed beyond most men; for your pleasure is always with you, nor can you be intemperate in the enjoyment of it, and as you use it, it does not lessen, but grows: if you are by chance weary of it at night, you get up in the morning eager for it: or perhaps in the morning it seems folly to you for a while, yet presently, when your hand has been moving a little in its wonted way, fresh hope has sprung up beneath it and you are happy again. While others are getting through the day like plants thrust into the earth, which cannot turn this way or that but as the wind blows them, you know what you want, and your will is on the alert to find it, and you, whatever happens, whether it be joy or grief, are at least alive.

Now, when I spoke to you last year, after I had sat down I was half afraid that I had on some points said too much, that I had spoken too bitterly in my eagerness; that a rash word might have discouraged some of you: I was very far

from meaning that: what I wanted to do, what I want to do to-night is to put definitely before you a cause for which to strive.

That cause is the Democracy of Art, the ennobling of pleasure in the place of fear and pain, as the forces which daily and common work which will one day put hope and move men to labour and keep the world going.

If I have enlisted any one in that cause, rash as my words may have been, they have done more good than harm; nor do I believe that any words of mine can discourage any who have joined that cause or are ready to do so: their way is too clear before them for that, and every one of us can help the cause, whether he be great or little.

I know indeed that men, wearied by the pettiness of the details of the strife, their patience tried by hope deferred, will at whiles, excusably enough, turn back in their hearts to other days, when, if the issues were not clearer, the means of trying them were simpler; when so stirring were the times one might even have atoned for many a blunder and backsliding by visibly dying for the cause: to have breasted the Spanish pikes at Leyden, to have drawn sword with Oliver; that may well seem to us at times amidst the tangles of to-day a happy fate: for a man to be able to say, I have lived like a fool, but now I will cast away fooling for an hour, and die like a man—there is something in that certainly: and yet 'tis clear that few men can be so lucky as to die for a cause, without having first of all lived for it. And as this is the most that can be asked from the greatest man that follows a cause, so it is the least that can be taken from the smallest.

So to us who have a Cause at heart, our highest ambition and our simplest duty are one and the same thing: for the most part we shall be too busy doing the work that lies ready to our hands, to let impatience for visibly great progress vex us much; but surely since we are servants of a Cause, hope must be ever with us, and sometimes perhaps it will so quicken our vision that it will out-run the slow lapse of time, and show us the victorious days when millions of those who now sit in

darkness will be enlightened by an *Art made by the people and for the people, a joy to the maker and the user.*

A Tale of the Wolfings.

Now it was three days after this that the women were gathering to the Women's-Chamber of the Roof of the Wolfings a little before the afternoon changes into evening. The hearts of most were somewhat heavy, for the doubt wherewith they had watched the departure of the fighting-men still hung about them; nor had they any tidings from the host (nor was it like that they should have). And as they were somewhat down-hearted, so it seemed by the aspect of all things that afternoon. It was not yet the evening, as is aforesaid, but the day was worn and worsened, and all things looked weary. The sky was a little clouded, but not much; yet was it murky down in the south-east, and there was a threat of a storm in it, and in the air close round each man's head, and in the very waving of the leafy boughs. There was by this time little doing in the field and fold (for the kine were milked), and the women were coming up from the acres and the meadow and over the open ground anigh the Roof; there was the grass worn and dusty, and the women that trod it, their feet were tanned and worn, and dusty also! skin-dry and weary they looked, with the sweat dried upon them,—their girt-up gowns grey and lightless, their half-unbound hair blowing about them in the dry wind, which had in it no morning freshness, and no evening coolness.

It was a time when toil was well-nigh done, but had left its aching behind it; a time for folk to sleep and forget for a little while, till the low sun should make it evening, and make all things fair with his level rays; no time for anxious thoughts concerning deeds doing, wherein the anxious ones could do nought to help. Yet such thoughts those stay-at-homes needs must have in the hour of their toil scarce over, their rest and mirth not begun.

Slowly one by one the women went in by the Women's

door, and the Hall-Sun sat on a stone hard by, and watched them as they passed, and she looked keenly at all persons and all things. She had been working in the acres, and her hand was yet on the hoe she had been using, and but for her face her body was as one resting, her dark hair loose and floating, the flowers that had wreathed it, now faded, lying strewn upon the grass before her, her feet bare for coolness' sake, her left hand lying loose and open upon her knee.

Yet though her body otherwise looked thus listless, in her face was no listlessness, nor rest; her eyes were alert and clear, shining like two stars in the heavens of dawntide; her lips were set close, her brow knit, as of one striving to shape thoughts hard to understand into words that all might understand.

So she sat noting all things, as woman by woman went past her into the hall, till at last she slowly rose to her feet; for there came two young women leading between them that same old carline with whom she had talked on the Hill-of-Speech. She looked on the carline steadfastly, but gave no token of knowing her; but the ancient woman spoke when she came near to the Hall-Sun, and old as her semblance was, yet did her speech sound sweet to the Hall-Sun, and indeed to all those that heard it; and she said:

"May we be here tonight, O Hall-Sun, thou lovely Seeress of the mighty Wolfings? may a wandering woman sit amongst you and eat the meat of the Wolfings?"

Then spake the Hall-Sun in a sweet measured voice: "Surely, mother; all men who bring peace with them are welcome guests to the Wolfings; nor will any ask thy errand, but we will let thy tidings flow from thee as thou wilt. This is the custom of the kindred, and no word of mine own; I speak to thee because thou hast spoken to me, but I have no authority here, being myself but an alien. Albeit I serve the House of the Wolfings, and I love it as the hound loveth his master who feedeth him, and his master's children who play with him. Enter, mother, and be glad of heart, and put away care from thee."

Then the old woman drew nigher to her and sat down in the dust at her feet, for she was now sitting down again, and took her hand and kissed it and fondled it, and seemed loth to leave handling the beauty of the Hall-Sun; but she looked kindly on the carline, and smiled on her, and leaned down to her, and kissed her mouth, and said:

"Damsels, take care of this poor woman, and make her good cheer; for she is wise of wit, and a friend of the Wolfings; and I have seen her before, and spoken with her; and she loveth us. But as for me I must needs be alone in the meads for awhile; and it may be that when I come to you again, I shall have a word to tell you."

Now indeed it was in a manner true that the Hall-Sun had no authority in the Wolfing House; yet she was so well beloved for her wisdom and beauty and her sweet speech that all hastened to do her will in small matters and in great; and now as they looked at her after the old woman had caressed her, it seemed to them that her fairness grew under their eyes, and that they had never seen her so fair; and the sight of her seemed so good to them that the outworn day and its weariness changed to them, and it grew as pleasant as the first hours of the sunlight, when men arise happy from their rest, and look on the day that lieth hopeful before them with all its deeds to be.

So they grew merry, and they led the carline into the Hall with them, and set her down in the Women's-Chamber, and washed her feet, and gave her meat and drink, and bade her rest and think of nothing troublous, and in all wise made her good cheer; and she was merry with them, and praised their fairness and their deftness, and asked them many questions about their weaving and spinning and carding (howbeit the looms were idle then as it was midsummer, and the men gone to the war). And this they deemed strange, as it seemed to them all women should know of such things; but they thought it was a token that she came from far away.

But afterwards she sat among them, and told them pleasant tales of past times and far countries, and was blithe to them

and they to her; and the time wore on toward nightfall in the Women's-Chamber.

—From *A Tale of the House of the Wolfings.*

Whiles in the early winter eve
We pass amid the gathering night
Some homestead that we had to leave
Years past; and see its candles bright
Shine in the room beside the door
Where we were merry years agone,
But now must never enter more,
As still the dark road drives us on.
E'en so the world of men may turn
At even of some hurried day
And see the ancient glimmer burn
Across the waste that hath no way;
Then with that faint light in its eyes
A while I bid it linger near
And nurse in wavering memories
The bitter-sweet of days that were.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

ONE of the youngest, and the most powerful of contemporary poets and prose writers, was born in 1865 in India of English parents, and educated partly there and partly in England, though he is not a graduate of any university. Bombay was the city of his birth; his father, John Lockwood Kipling, was principal of the School of Industrial Art at Lahore. After some years of schooling in Devonshire, Rudyard, in 1880, returned to India, and worked as sub-editor of a newspaper in Lahore. Here he learned the art of writing the terse and telling prose which enables him at once to plunge into the heart of his subject, and to keep there throughout. His experience in this respect resembles that of Bret Harte, and the results are also similar; though Kipling is inevitably original —a strong and new force in literature. The subjects he treats are of his own discovering; and his insight into human nature is both broad and deep; he is earnest, straightforward and massive: there is in all he does a rank, masculine flavor, sometimes amounting to brutality, but often admitting the finest and tenderest touches. Nothing seems too high or too low for him to possess a sympathetic comprehension of it; he enters imaginatively even into wild animals in the jungle, and presents us with what we feel are true pictures of their thoughts and instincts. His power of observation is as rapid as that of Dickens, and never betrays him into the exaggerations and caricature of the latter; his style and manner were from the first singularly mature; and the facility with which he familiarizes himself with the nature and details of new subjects is a constant source of surprise to his readers. He passed through America in 1889, writing descriptive letters as he went; and these contain more accurate observation and just comment than any cognate articles that have been published. His novel, "Captains Courageous," deals with the life and character of the New England cod-fishermen, and shows a remarkable command of their character and speech, as well as of the industry in which they are engaged. He seems no less at home with all forms of dialect, English and American, and with the brogue of Irishmen and the broken English of Ger-

mans and Frenchmen; and he represents these in his own way, from the testimony of his own senses. But signal though are these external and obvious merits, they are the least of Kipling's gifts as a writer. He goes to the centre of things; he knows what to say and what to leave unsaid; he always controls his theme; his imagination generates forms which have the hues and substance of truth; his motives are vital and suggestive. In spite of the strength of his effects, he always gives the impression of keeping in reserve more than he has displayed; he never disappoints expectation, but often surpasses it; and nowhere in his work are to be found traces of carelessness or ignorance. His poems are quite as original and powerful as his prose. Such ballads as "Danny Deever," such lyrics as "The Recessional," are surpassed, if at all, only by the best products of the great masters of English song.

Kipling is better known as a writer of short tales than as a novelist; the former have hitherto been the more successful. It is too soon yet to determine whether he is capable of producing a long novel commensurate with his reputation in other directions. His books of Indian tales contain many masterpieces; the series of "Soldiers Three" has already entered into the language. The "Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" and "The Taking of Lungtukpen" are as good as any of these; but it is impossible to select any as definitely the best. In spite of his frankness, there is a great deal of reticence in Kipling; we feel that what he withholds is, if possible, more significant than what he imparts; but the forbearing to impart it enhances the artistic effect of what is given. From the promise of what he has accomplished, there is almost nothing which we would not be justified in anticipating from him. Kipling married an American girl, and for a time had a home in New England; but he is of a restless humor, and the world is his dwelling-place.

TODS' AMENDMENT.

Now Tods' Mamma was a singularly charming woman, and every one in Simla knew Tods. Most men had saved him from death on occasions. He was beyond his *ayah's* control altogether, and periled his life daily to find out what

would happen if you pulled a Mountain Battery mule's tail. He was an utterly fearless young Pagan, about six years old, and the only baby who ever broke the holy calm of the Supreme Legislative Council.

It happened this way: Tods' pet kid got loose, and fled up the hill, off the Boileaugunge Road, Tods after it, until it burst into the Viceregal Lodge lawn, then attached to "Peterhoff." The Council were sitting at the time, and the windows were open because it was warm. The Red Lancer in the porch told Tods to go away; but Tods knew the Red Lancer and most of the Members of Council personally. Moreover, he had firm hold of the kid's collar, and was being dragged all across the flower-beds. "Give my *salaam* to the long Councillor *Sahib,* and ask him to help me take *Moti* back!" gasped Tods. The Council heard the noise through the open windows, and, after an interval, was seen the shocking spectacle of a Legal Member and a Lieutenant-Governor helping, under the direct patronage of a Commander-in-Chief and a Viceroy, one small and very dirty boy in a sailor's suit and a tangle of brown hair, to coerce a lively and rebellious kid. They headed it off down the path to the Mall, and Tods went home in triumph and told his Mamma that *all* the Councilor *Sahibs* had been helping him to catch *Moti.* Whereat his Mamma smacked Tods for interfering with the administration of the Empire; but Tods met the Legal Member the next day, and told him in confidence that if the Legal Member ever wanted to catch a goat, he, Tods, would give him all the help in his power. "Thank you, Tods," said the Legal Member.

Tods was the idol of some eighty *jhampanis,* and half as many *saises.* He saluted them all as "O Brother." It never entered his head that any living being could disobey his orders; and he was the buffer between the servants and his Mamma's wrath. The working of that household turned on Tods, who was adored by everyone from the *dhoby* to the dog-boy. Even Futteh Khan, the villainous loafer *khit* from Mussoorie, shirked risking Tods' displeasure for fear his co-mates should look down on him.

So Tods had honor in the land from Boileaugunge to Chota Simla, and ruled justly according to his lights. Of

course, he spoke Urdu, but he had also mastered many queer side-speeches, like the *chotee bolee* of the women, and held grave converse with shopkeepers and Hill-coolies alike. He was precocious for his age, and his mixing with natives had taught him some of the more bitter truths of life; the meanness and the sordidness of it. He used, over his bread and milk, to deliver solemn and serious aphorisms, translated from the vernacular into the English, that made his Mamma jump and vow that Tods *must* go Home next hot weather.

Just when Tods was in the bloom of his power, the Supreme Legislature were hacking out a Bill for the Sub-Montane Tracts, a revision of the then Act, smaller than the Punjab Land Bill but affecting a few hundred thousand people none the less. The Legal Member had built and bolstered, and embroidered, and amended that Bill, till it looked beautiful on paper. Then the Council began to settle what they called the "minor details." As if any Englishman legislating for natives knows enough to know which are the minor and which are the major points, from the native point of view, of any measure! That Bill was triumph of "safeguarding the interests of the tenant." One clause provided that land should not be leased on longer terms than five years at a stretch; because, if the landlord had a tenant bound down for, say, twenty years, he would squeeze the very life out of him. The notion was to keep up a stream of independent cultivators in the Sub-Montane Tracts; and ethnologically and politically the notion was correct. The only drawback was that it was altogether wrong. A native's life in India implies the life of his son. Wherefore, you cannot legislate for one generation at a time. You must consider the next from the native point of view. Curiously enough, the native now and then, and in Northern India more particularly, hates being over-protected against himself. There was a Naga village once, where they lived on dead *and* buried mules. . . . But that is another story. For many reasons, to be explained later, the people concerned objected to the Bill. The Native Member in Council knew as much about Punjabis as he knew about Charing Cross. He had said in Calcutta "the Bill was entirely in accord with the desires of that large and important class, the cultivators," and

so on, and so on. The Legal Member's knowledge of natives was limited to English-speaking Dubaris, and his own red *chaprassis,* the Sub-Montane Tracts, concerned no one in particular, the Deputy Commissioners were a good deal too driven to make representations, and the measure was one which dealt with small land owners only. Nevertheless, the Legal Member prayed that it might be correct, for he was a nervously conscientious man. He did not know that no man can tell what natives think unless he mixes with them with the varnish off. And not always then. But he did the best he knew. And the measure came up to the Supreme Council for the final touches, while Tods patrolled the Burra Simla Bazar in his morning rides, and played with the monkey belonging to Ditta Mull, the *bunnia,* and listened, as a child listens, to all the stray talk about this new freak of the *Lord Sahib's.*

One day there was a dinner-party, at the house of Tods' Mamma, and the Legal Member came. Tods was in bed, but he kept awake till he heard the bursts of laughter from the men over the coffee. Then he paddled out in his little red flannel dressing-gown and his night-suit and took refuge by the side of his father, knowing that he would not be sent back. "See the miseries of having a family!" said Tods' father, giving Tods three prunes, some water in a glass that had been used for claret, and telling him to sit still. Tods sucked the prunes slowly, knowing that he would have to go when they were finished, and sipped the pink water like a man of the world, as he listened to the conversation. Presently, the Legal Member, talking "shop" to the Head of a Department, mentioned his Bill by its full name—"The Sub-Montane Tracts *Ryotwary* Revised Enactment." Tods caught the one native word and lifting up his small voice said:

"Oh, I know *all* about that! Has it been *murramutted* yet, Councilor *Sahib?*"

"How much?" said the Legal Member.

"*Murramutted*—mended. Put *theek,* you know,—made nice to please Ditta Mull!"

The Legal Member left his place and moved up next to Tods.

"What do you know about *ryotwari,* little man?" he said.

"I'm not a little man, I'm Tods, and I know all about it. Ditta Mull, and Choga Lall, and Amir Nath, and—oh, *lakhs* of my friends tell me about it in the bazars when I talk to them."

"Oh, they do—do they? What do they say, Tods?"

Tods tucked his feet under his red flannel dressing-gown and said: "I must *fink* in English."

He spent a minute putting his ideas in order, and began very slowly, translating in his mind from the vernacular to English, as many Anglo-Indian children do. You must remember that the Legal Member helped him on by questions when he halted, for Tods was not equal to the sustained flight of oratory that follows:

"Ditta Mull says, 'This thing is the talk of a child, and was made up by fools.' But *I* don't think you are a fool, Councilor *Sahib,*" said Tods hastily. "You caught my goat. This is what Ditta Mull says, 'I am not a fool, and why should the Sirkar say I am a child? I can see if the land is good and if the landlord is good. If I am a fool, the sin is upon my own head. For five years I take my ground for which I have saved money, and a wife I take too, and a little son is born.' Ditta has one daughter now, but he *says* he will have a son soon. And he says, 'At the end of five years, by this new *bundobust,* I must go. If I do not go, I must get fresh seals and *takkus* stamps on the papers, perhaps in the middle of the harvest, and to go to the law-courts is wisdom, but to go twice is *Jehannum.*' That is *quite* true," explains Tods, gravely. "All my friends say so. And Ditta Mull says, 'Always fresh *takkus* and paying money to *vakils* and *chaprassis* and law-courts every five years, or else the landlord makes me go. Why do I want to go? If I am a fool and do not know, after forty years, good land when I see it, let me die! But if this new *bundobust* says for *fifteen* years, that is good and wise. My little son is a man, and I am burned, and he takes the ground, or another ground, paying only once for the *takkus*-stamps on the papers, and his little son is born, and at the end of fifteen years is a man too. But what profit is there in five years and fresh papers? Nothing but *dikh,* trouble, *dikh.* We are not young men who take these lands, but old ones—not farmers, but

tradespeople with a little money—and for fifteen years we shall have peace. Nor are we children that the Sirkar should treat us so.' "

Here Tods stopped short, for the whole table were listening. The Legal Member said to Tods, "Is that all?"

"All I can remember," said Tods. "But you should see Ditta Bull's big monkey. It's just like a Councilor *Sahib.*"

"Tods! Go to bed," said his father.

Tods gathered up his dressing-gown tail and departed.

The Legal Member brought his hand down on the table with a crash. "By Jove!" said the Legal Member, "I believe the boy is right. The short tenure *is* the weak point."

He left early, thinking over what Tods had said. Now, it was obviously impossible for the Legal Member to play with a bunnia's monkey, by way of getting understanding; but he did better. He made inquiries, always bearing in mind the fact that the real native—not the hybrid, University-trained mule—is as timid as a colt, and, little by little, he coaxed some of the men whom the measure concerned most intimately to give in their views, which squared very closely with Tods' evidence.

So the Bill was amended in that clause; and the Legal Member was filled with an uneasy suspicion that Native Members represent very little except the Orders they wear on their bosoms. But he put the thought from him as illiberal. He was a most liberal man.

After a time, the news got spread through the bazars that Tods had got the Bill recast in the tenure-clause, and if Tods' Mamma had not interfered, Tods would have made himself sick on the baskets of fruit and pistachio nuts and Cubuli grapes and almonds that crowded the veranda. Till he went home, Tods ranked some few degrees before the Viceroy in popular estimation. But for the little life of him Tods could not understand why.

In the Legal Member's private paper-box still lies the rough draft of the Sub-Montane Tracts *Ryotwary* Revised Enactment; and, opposite the twenty-second clause, and signed by the Legal Member, are the words, "*Tods' Amendment.*"

MANDALAY.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to
Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from
Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' her name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's
Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er
where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay.

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd get 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kullalo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin my cheek
We uster watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf
afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay.

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the tenyear sodger tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."
No! you won't 'eed nothing else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple bells!
On the road to Mandalay.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin' stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot *do* they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
On the road to Mandalay.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

L'Envoi.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted
and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has
died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie us down for an
aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden
chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's
hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and
Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall
blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for
fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate
star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They
Are!

RÉSUMÉ OF FRENCH HISTORY

CHAPTER I.

THE conquest of Gaul by the Romans began in 121 B. C. Besides modern France, Gaul included what is now Switzerland, Alsace, and Belgium. In other words, it included the territory enclosed by the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean. During the centuries that Roman armies occupied this region and while the inhabiting tribes paid tribute to Rome, those living in the southern part, visited most frequently by traders, became Romanized to some extent while the northern tribes, more remote from immediate influences, remained less affected by Latin civilization.

When Roman armies were recalled to defend Italy and particularly when the defeat of Roman soldiers by the Teutons set in motion Germanic nations, Gaul was invaded by Visigoths, Burgundians, and Franks. In 481 A. D. Clovis was acknowledged chieftain of the Salian Franks. During his leadership he succeeded in overcoming the Visigoths and placing the Burgundians under tribute. Henceforward the Franks were the most powerful nation in the West. Certain parts of later France were not won at this time, however. Brittany was left undisturbed and Aquitaine for centuries remained independent.

Unlike many of the Teutons, the Franks did not destroy the civilization they found already existing. On the contrary there are towns in France today that were founded while Rome

was supreme. The language of the country was not crushed out but survived in a modified form. By adopting the Christian religion, Clovis won the loyalty of earlier Roman subjects to a far greater extent than was usual among conquering Germans.

The Merovingian line of kings ruled for a considerable period. Gradually weakening, they were in time set aside by the Mayors of the Palace, and the Carolingian dynasty followed. By accepting the Christian faith Clovis had won the support of the Papacy, which served his successors in good stead on many occasions.

When the Pope needed assistance against the Lombards, he called upon the king of the Franks; when Pippin wished to win popular sentiment in his favor and have the sanction of the Church for setting aside the weak Merovingian king and taking the crown of the Frankish nation he appealed to the Pope, who returned the desired reply: That he who in fact performed the duties of king should in justice bear the title. Thus during the early history of the Papacy, the Popes and Frankish kings and later, the emperors, extended mutual aid. Only when the Popes began to put forward claims to supremacy over emperors was there conflict between them.

Under Charlemagne the kingdom of the Franks merged into a new empire. This fell apart immediately upon the death of the great king, and after the civil war the whole territory was divided among Charlemagne's three sons by the Treaty of Verdun in 843 A. D.

From the Verdun treaty until the election of Hugh Capet as king of France the condition of the country was deplorable. The land was held in large feudal estates by lords who desired merely to increase each his own power. Indeed, when elected king, Hugh Capet found himself but "first among peers," differing from his vassals only in possessing a kingly title. Fortunately, for more than three hundred years each ruler of the Capetian line was able to leave his crown to a son, thus allowing no occasion for dispute to arise regarding succession. This circumstance did much to strengthen the power of the monarch. Gradually, too, by one means and another, the ruling house managed to gain possession of more territory.

Four events, transpiring under the Capetian kings, aided greatly in consolidating the country: the acquisition of French territory hitherto held in vassalage by English kings; the Crusades; the destruction of the Templars; the winning of the Third Estate to the support of the king rather than the nobles.

It will be remembered that William the Conqueror, who won the battle of Hastings and appropriated the English crown, was already Duke of Normandy. He continued to hold this dukedom as vassal of the French king. When Henry II. became England's ruler, he was possessed of large French holdings, Anjou important among them. By his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine he joined this valuable territory to his own. Naturally the French kings did not look complacently upon the accumulation of so much French territory in the hands of English sovereigns and watched for the first opportunity to lay claim to it. An excellent chance presented itself in the reign of King John, who refused to obey the summons of the king of France to appear before his French peers and answer certain charges against him—one being the murder of his nephew, Arthur. Realizing that popular feeling was against John, at once the French king seized the greater portion of these holdings. By this increase in territory the French ruler's power was considerably augmented and he thus acquired decided advantage over his vassal lords.

As was true of all western European countries, France gained much through contact with the East during the period of the Crusades; in a greater degree than elsewhere popular sympathy was enlisted in the cause of the Christian against the Turk. So far as the expansion of royal power was concerned, most significant was the loss of many feudal lords with the consequent reversion of their estates to the monarch. Of those who set out for the Holy Land, comparatively few returned, and those who lived to come back frequently found themselves ruined. At a time when the growth of royal prestige counted for much, the destruction of a large number of feudal lords proved important.

Philip the Fair brought the Third Estate into prominence to aid him in his struggle against the Papacy. The situation was that Boniface VIII. occupied the Papal chair and laid

urgent claims to the supremacy of the Pope. He even went so far as to forbid ecclesiastical persons from paying taxes levied by lay rulers. Philip summoned the States-General to support him in his position that the king of France was answerable to God alone and that the Pope had no control over temporal matters within his realm. The nobles comprised the First Estate; the clergy, the Second; without the Third Estate—the tradesmen and citizens—the orders would be equally divided. Thus for the first time the Third Estate was given representation.

The suppression of the Order of Knights Templar was also the work of Philip IV. He coveted the vast wealth which this order of knighthood had acquired; upon charges largely false the condemnation of the Pope was secured and upon a certain day Templars were seized everywhere, many of them being put to death. Their property was confiscated and the greater portion of it found its way into royal coffers.

By various means then, some fair, some foul, the Capetian kings exalted the position of the king of France from one differing slightly from that of the feudal lords, to one of security and prestige.

In 1328 the house of Capet was succeeded by the house of Valois. The period of the Mediaeval Valois—to 1498—was occupied for the most part by the Hundred Years' War. The immediate cause of this long drawn out struggle was the invasion of France by Edward III. in support of his claim to the French crown. The actual causes were industrial rivalry and resentment of French assistance rendered Scotland in her war with England. In the development of the French monarchy, the important result of this war was the destruction of French knights on the battle fields of Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt. The king's power increased in proportion as the feudal lords disappeared. To be sure, short-sighted kings created a new nobility which compromised the authority of later rulers; nevertheless the old feudal aristocracy was well nigh exhausted by the English wars. Moreover, danger engendered by a foreign enemy tended to weld the nation together in spite of striking examples of treasonable conduct on the part of certain factions. This new-born feeling

of nationality, fostered still more by the later rivalry with Charles V., marks the beginning of the modern state of France.

During the reign of Louis XI., Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, attempted to make his dukedom independent. Nevertheless, upon his sudden death in battle, the French king, without right or justice, seized a large part of his dominion. Thus again was the state increased in resources and extent. During the same reign the boundary was extended to the Pyrenees.

Danger from England being at an end, for the first time in many years the king of France was free to turn to other concerns. As soon as internal affairs were somewhat adjusted, Charles VIII. set out upon the first of several wars waged by France in Italy for the purpose of extending power and territory. With a wild dream of making France, rather than Germany, the head of the empire and then, intending to gain distinction by undertaking a new crusade into Asia, Charles marched into Italy and in Naples had himself crowned King of Naples, Sicily and Jerusalem. Hostile forces allied against him were soon in pursuit and he could only retreat to France as quickly as possible—his ambitious plan frustrated.

The first half of the sixteenth century was filled with wars made for the sole purpose of crippling the Emperor Charles V. This rivalry with the powerful king of Spain and Austria brought little gain to France, although it unquestionably prevented the emperor from achieving all his ambitions and thus helped to preserve the balance of power—from this time forward a vital interest among European nations. By preserving the balance of power is meant the preventing of any nation acquiring so much territory that the safety of other nations may be endangered. For example, the balance of power was entirely destroyed by the Napoleonic wars, these being waged for the purpose of uniting all Europe into a great empire. By the treaty of 1815 the balance of power was again restored. For years, in recent times, Turkey has been kept alive for the sole object of preventing certain nations from seizing all or part of it; for were this done the balance of power might be destroyed or, at least, threatened.

When attention reverted from foreign to domestic affairs, the Reformation movement, started in Germany and permeat-

ing all Europe, was making itself felt in France. Here as elsewhere an attempt to root it out led to civil wars. The French kings followed a vacillating policy, sometimes persecuting the Huguenots, sometimes granting them temporary protection. They occasionally stooped to base deceptions, most notably the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when a secret uprising of the Catholics, incited by Catherine de Medici, led to the merciless butchery of more than twenty thousand Protestants throughout the realm.

To understand the age of the Reformation in any country, one must take into consideration the attitude of the rulers, who were seldom pious men and rarely struggled to perpetuate doctrines they held sacred. Rather they were actuated by fears for the maintenance of their realms. Nations were young and both rulers and subjects had only begun to realize their possibilities. For centuries there had been one universal Church. Almost as soon as the Reformation movement was started, disunion among the Reformers manifested itself, the hostilities between different sects being quite as intense as between Catholics and Protestants. If people were to split into factions in this way, kings could not see how political unity was to be preserved. They felt that the future welfare of nations hinged upon the crushing out of all new and independent creeds. Long and bloody wars were undertaken for the accomplishment of this purpose; dissenters from the Catholic faith in France were put to death and cruelly persecuted. Large numbers of Huguenots escaped into England, Holland and the colonies, thus depriving the country of skilled workmen whose secrets became the property of their newly adopted lands. Civil wars are always the most bitter. "Face to face with the religious question, men forgot their own nationality, they lost all sense of the real meaning of their actions, they endangered the independence and very existence of France by their mutual antagonisms."

It was finally plain that rulers were battling against irresistable forces. Mind could no longer be held in bondage and freedom of worship became the right of the humblest. The struggle ended in France, as in Germany and England, in liberty to all in the matter of religion.

The period of rivalry in colonization and trade next oc-

cupied the attention and energies of statesmen. In India the fall of a great Mongol empire gave opportunity for outside countries to establish trading posts and gain territory. In America several European countries were making settlements and putting forth claims to wide possessions. For some reason the French failed to hold their own with the English in the matter of colonial expansion. There was always a sentiment against the planting of colonies, many holding that in this way the mother country was weakened. More important was the fact that the government at home was not established upon a solid financial basis and when periods of stress arrived, when quick action and a decisive policy might have turned disaster into victory, conditions at home prevented further outlays, statesmen being absorbed in vital problems, upon the solution of which hung the very existence of the nation.

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

In 1589 the Valois kings were followed by the House of Bourbon. This dynasty was destined to become deeply involved with the fortunes of modern European states. Henry of Navarre, or Henry IV., was first of the line. Being leader of the Protestant faction, his accession to the throne was watched with eagerness by the Huguenot party, with consternation by the Catholics who had always been in great majority in France. Opposition was so great to the succession of a Protestant prince that Henry IV. finally conceived it to be his duty to become a Catholic, rather than throw his country once more into civil war. His first act upon being crowned, however, was to issue the Edict of Nantes, whereby the Protestants were given almost the same privileges as the Catholics. This was the first formal recognition of religious toleration in Europe.

Henry IV. was succeeded by his son, Louis XIII. The famous Richelieu ruled as prime minister during his minority. His two objects—to make the king absolute in France and to make Franch supreme in Europe, were later adopted by Louis XIV. By systematic endeavor he deprived the Huguenots of all political power. In foreign affairs he worked to curtail the power of the Austrian House of Hapsburg and to give France leadership in place of Austria.

Grandest of the Bourbons was Louis XIV. He brought into prominence the theory of divine right of kings—promulgated in England by the Stuarts. Indeed no English monarch ever set forth the absolutism of kings and the abject obedience of subjects so forcefully as did Louis XIV.

"Kings are absolute lords; to them belongs naturally the full and free disposal of all the property of their subjects, whether they be churchmen or laymen. . . . For subjects to rise against their prince, however wicked and oppressive he may be, is always infinitely criminal. God, who has given kings to men, has willed that they should be revered as his

lieutenants, and has reserved to Himself alone the right to review their conduct. His will is that he who is born a subject should obey without question."

Louis XIV. was but five years old when his father died and to Mazarin was entrusted the management of affairs until his death. He carried out the policy of Richelieu and gave the House of Bourbon power abroad. When Louis was twenty-three years of age Mazarin died, whereupon the king announced to his counsellors that henceforth he should act as his own prime minister. Seldom has a sovereign given such constant attention to details of government as did Louis XIV. With tireless energy he controlled even minute matters which rulers almost invariably entrust to others. To make himself absolute and to make France powerful among the nations were his aims and in both he was successful—at how great a cost it was left for future years to understand.

For several years he adhered to Colbert's peace policy but this at length was abandoned for one of conquest. Four wars were waged for the purpose of extending French borders. The first was made against the Spanish Netherlands, Louis invading this country to substantiate a claim he had made in the name of his wife to territories in it. A Triple Alliance forced him to relinquish this territory, at the same time allowing him to retain a few towns on the border of France which he had seized at the outbreak of hostilities. The second war was made against the Protestant Netherlands, to retaliate for assistance rendered against France in the earlier war, but more particularly because Louis hated everything in connection with Holland—a country that possessed free thought and free government, both abhorred by him. Half of Europe was involved before this war ended. Franche-Comte was ceded to France by the peace treaty.

Before entering upon further plans for conquest, Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes, thereby causing approximately 300,000 Huguenots to escape to other lands. The industrial loss of this emigration told heavily upon the country.

Desiring to precipitate matters so that he might cripple the League of Augsburg—a league brought into being to restrain the ambitious French monarch—Louis laid claim to lands in the Palatinate in behalf of his sister-in-law. Many cities were

laid waste with wanton destruction—Heidelberg and Spires among them. For nearly ten years Europe became a battle ground. The Grand Alliance gradually checked the high-handed policy of Louis; yet, while the close of the war saw nearly all conquered territory returned, he retained several important places, Strassburg among them.

Three years later the Spanish king, Charles II. died, leaving his crown to Louis XIV.'s grandson, Philip. Louis' exclamation: "The Pyrenees no longer exist!" filled Europe with alarm. Spain at this time held extensive colonial possessions, and it was feared that, through Spain, France might build up a strong colonial empire. A new Alliance sprang into being, championing the cause of Charles of Austria for Spanish king. For thirteen years the war of Spanish Succession tore Europe into factions. Marlborough and Prince Eugene won splendid victories for the allies. Finally Charles of Austria was elected emperor, whereupon, by surrendering his claims to the French crown, Philip V. was acknowledged king of Spain.

No other French monarch ever put forth bolder efforts in the cause of colonization than Louis XIV. It was during his reign that French explorers brought the whole Mississippi valley under the domination of France. Unfortunately the same tyranny was exercised over the colonists as over subjects at home and conditions in the New World were little understood by the king.

For years the expenses of war had told sadly upon the nation. For mere personal jealousies, countries had been plunged into long periods of strife. "War had become the pastime of gentlemen." When every energy was being put forth in foreign battle fields, little thought could be expended upon the development of national resources. The people were grievously taxed to defray expenses of wars in which they took no interest—save in the glory of French arms. The court was hopelessly extravagant and the wanton waste of triflers reduced the common people and the peasantry to sore straits. Men of genius were given patronage by the king, and literature of all kinds flourished. Upon the death of the "Great Monarch" his great-grandson was crowned as Louis XV., then a mere child. When he became old enough to reign in his own right Louis was under the influence of Madame de Pom-

padour, whose caprices controlled for many years the destinies of the country and the fate of statesmen. All that had been won by Louis XV.'s illustrious, though selfish, predecessor was soon lost until abroad the name of France shrunk to small importance.

FRANKISH FOOT SOLDIER.

CHAPTER III.

Causes Leading to the French Revolution.

From early times there had been glaring defects in the organization of the French State. To be sure, the monarch had gathered into his own control the various administrative departments and was no longer hampered by a nobility that could dispute his authority; but from the start the financial system had not been on a stable basis. Although the nobility had ceased to be a political factor they still retained their privileges. One of these was exemption in the main from taxation. So while at least one-fifth of the land of France was owned by the noblesse, they bore little or no part in supporting the government. The clergy likewise were possessed of wide territories—one-third of all France, which was also free from taxation. This threw the burden of public expense upon the common people—the tradespeople, artisans, and peasantry. Nor was this the worst. The taille, a land tax, and the tithe, a church tax, had been inadequate to meet the needs, and duties had been levied upon commodities. Particularly hated was the gabelle, or tax on salt; this was not imposed equally but each province had its own regulation for the gabelle. In one province the duty on salt would amount to little; in a neighboring province, much. Moreover one was obliged to buy his salt in his own province even though it could be bought for much less in the adjoining one. Every householder was required to buy so many pounds annually for each member of his family. Yet this could be used for cooking only and he who would salt his fish or meat for winter use must needs purchase other salt sold for that purpose alone.

To add to the general misery, taxes were farmed out in France. That means that certain individuals would guarantee the government a given amount as the sum total of the yearly tax and proceed to collect as much as possible in addition to that amount—the difference being their gain. Needless to say, these tax gatherers were cruel in their extortions. Yet

this was only a portion of the story, being but the exactions made by the State. The feudal dues were yet to be met.

In England only the eldest son was noble; in France all children of the noblesse were themselves noble. While the protection once provided the peasant by his lord was no longer given, the feudal dues and services were still required. The peasant was still obliged to work so many days each year for his lord as tenure for his holdings; he was still obliged to labor upon the highways so many days as a duty to the State. He must press his grapes in the lord's wine-press and bake his bread in the lord's bake oven, paying toll for each service. Tolls were demanded of him on roads and bridges; he could not even put his produce on the market until his lord's share had been disposed of. The peasant could not kill the rabbits and deer that destroyed his crops nor had he redress when a party of gay nobles came tearing across his fields in pursuit of game, even though the labor of a year might thus be wiped out. The noblesse even went so far as to farm out the administration of justice. In the courts the peasants obtained no justice and it is small wonder that they grew to hate the nobility, who thus lived upon the fruits of their toil, with deep hatred.

Severe drains upon the treasury and consequently upon the people, had reduced the country so that many of the lesser nobles lived in actual poverty; as many as could afford to do so moved to Paris and enjoyed the gay life of the capital, while upon their neglected estates the peasants toiled to supply their luxuries. Among the Churchmen the case was the same; the work was done by the poor curés, while the upper clergy passed profligate lives.

Trade within the State was seriously hampered by internal duties. Custom houses were stationed on the borders of each province and several months were frequently consumed in getting a consignment of goods across France. Industry suffered on this account and many districts fell into decay.

The social conditions gave rise to a class of revolutionary writers, Voltaire first among them. His particular attack was made upon the Church, the abuses of which were flagrant. Rousseau wrote instead on the organization of society and

the rights of man. Such writings set men to agitating the abuses of the times before a revolution was dreamed of.

When Louis XVI. came to the throne in 1774 France was practically bankrupt. There was no money to pay the interest on the national debt and the treasury was empty. The wars of Louis XIV. and the riotous living of Louis XV. had drained the country to the utmost. Louis XVI. called Turgot to his aid. Turgot was a statesman and the reforms he quickly put into operation would ultimately have relieved the situation considerably. He removed restrictions on internal trade and abolished the forced labor upon the highways, paying for this and levying a new land tax on all classes alike to make up for the deficiency. He planned to abolish the gabelle and apportion a new taille which should fall on nobility and clergy as well as common people, but before he had accomplished much the clergy and noblesse and various classes of tax collectors raised such a storm that the king felt obliged to dismiss this able minister. With the dismissal of Turgot the possibility of quiet reorganization of the government with necessary reforms was removed.

In 1776 Necker, an efficient banker, was called to take the place of Turgot. He made loans to relieve the immediate situation. Many of the nobles and particularly the queen disliked Necker and in 1781 he resigned, while Calonne was called to assume control of the finances. His theory was to spend money freely and so establish a reputation for plenty which would strengthen the credit abroad. The king and queen each bought estates they did not care for in accordance with the theory and money was squandered freely. In 1788 Necker was recalled, but in spite of frequent changes of ministers, the resources of the government remained the same.

There was a general feeling that the States-General should be summoned. This representative body of the three orders had not met since early in the seventeenth century. Several generations having elapsed since the last convening of the body, no one knew just how members had been chosen or what formalities preceded their convocation. Towns were asked to search their archives for data concerning the past meetings of the States-General. Heretofore the three orders had deliberated and voted separately. This allowed the privileged orders

to carry their measures against the Third Estate. Now there was much agitation upon the justice of votes being cast by head instead of by order.

The court expected the States-General to levy new taxes to make up the great deficit, and since the people were already taxed to the utmost, this would be so unpopular a measure that all preferred a representative assembly to institute it. It is needless to say that had the king and his advisers been able to see how powerful this body was to become it would not have been convened.

The king, with characteristic indifference, decided that the States-General should meet at Versailles rather than Paris because it would be more convenient for him in view of a hunting party he had planned. On the fifth of May, 1789, representatives of nobility, clergy, and the people assembled, and Louis XVI. and his ministers and attendants, with much pomp, appeared before the delegates. There were three hundred nobles, three hundred clergymen and six hundred representatives of the Third Estate.

The Third Estate had expected that some form of constitutional government would be proposed, that reforms needed throughout the country would be considered and that the old abuses would be corrected. When Necker made an address occupying a couple of hours and yet mentioned none of these issues, the commoners were filled with amazement. At the close of the meeting the king asked the orders to confer separately, then left the hall, followed by the nobles and clergy. Mirabeau, destined to wield great influence among the people, made a rousing appeal to the Third Estate in a pamphlet circulated the following day. The Third Estate refused to begin deliberations until they should be joined by the privileged orders. These continued to meet alone, and for several weeks nothing was accomplished. At length on June 17 the Third Estate declared itself the National Assembly and sent word to the other orders that unless they joined them at once the National Assembly would proceed to business. On June 20, convening as usual for debate, the Third Estate found the hall closed to them, it being stated that preparations were in progress for the king's royal sitting to be held on June 23. Expecting that they would be dissolved, the Third Estate adjourned

to a neighboring tennis court and took the famous Tennis Court Oath: not to disband until they had given France a constitution.

Louis XVI. might even at this time have won the common people to his support but he was lacking in the ability to see a crisis and to act promptly. He appeared before the three orders on June 23, and one of his ministers announced that it was the king's will that the three bodies should meet separately. After Louis XVI had left the hall the Third Estate remained and when an officer asked them to leave one replied that they would do so only at the point of the bayonet. Shortly after the king quietly asked the nobles and clergy to meet with the Third Estate. This was their first great victory—it was not destined to be the last.

Meanwhile the whole country had followed with intense interest the attitude taken by the people's delegates. Their firm stand was applauded everywhere, although the privileged orders condemned it and the court was filled with indignation at the audacity of the people. A spirit of unrest swept over the lower classes, this being by no means quieted when it was known that the king was beginning to collect troops.

On July 11 Louis XVI. dismissed Necker. This minister was very popular for it was believed that he favored reforms favorable to the people. In Paris meetings were held and incendiary speeches made the next day, which happened to be Sunday. With a daring born of the hour the mobs rifled some gun shops and pillaged several baker shops. Realizing that the tradespeople must suffer if this spirit of lawlessness once got started, private citizens immediately armed themselves and patrolled the streets. The next day the National Guard was organized—composed of militiamen from the various districts of Paris in the first instance.

All day July 13 preparations were going on prior to some movement—none knew what. Some said that the crowds were going to Versailles to demand the restoration of Necker to office. Others credited still wilder rumours. On the following day, July 14, the mobs being refused arms at the Bastile, an old prison where a garrison was stationed, they stormed the fortress and took it.

The Bastile had been built as a fortress. In recent times it had been used as a prison, particularly a prison for political offenders. By a system of secret letters, anyone who was deemed unsafe could be imprisoned upon no stipulated charge. Men sometimes spent the greater portion of their lives in confinement without knowing for what they were detained. It was said that the king supplied favorites with these letters signed by himself, so that they might use them against personal enemies. On this account the Bastile was regarded as a menace to liberty, and this association with it doubtless moved the mob on a moment's impulse to make that the object of their pent-up animosity.

When the matter was reported to the king he is said to have exclaimed: "Why, this is a revolt!" "No, sire," his messenger replied, "it is a revolution."

A FRENCH NOBLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

After the fall of the Bastile on the 14th of July, 1789, uprisings occurred in various parts of the country. Castles were burned, tax collectors were killed and violence manifested itself in a variety of forms.

On the night of August the fourth occurred the so-called Abolition of Privileges, when nobles and clergy vied with each other in the National Assembly in renouncing those rights and privileges which had largely brought about the serious situation. Feudal dues and obligations, fees and tithes were cast aside in a frenzy of excitement. This done, for days the assembly concerned itself in framing a declaration of the Rights of Man. In vain did certain clear-headed individuals entreat the representatives to get speedily about the re-organization of government, and if they must declaim about man's rights, do it at the close, rather than the beginning, of their deliberations, but such wholesome suggestions were lost amid the clamor for equality and liberty. Finally the famous declaration was finished; it set forth that all men were born equal in rights, that they possessed the right of resisting tyranny, that the press should be free and freedom of worship should prevail. Much more was declared, to be sure, but these were the vital rights proclaimed. This done, the work of making a constitution for the country was begun.

The idle of Paris continued to increase in numbers. As always happens during periods of unrest, large numbers congregated in the great centers; bread was scarce and work was not available, all operations having ceased until peace and order should be firmly established. The masses were densely ignorant and those who addressed them, while frequently better informed, were quite willing to excite them to any action, however misdirected. As the hunger grew it was said that if the royal family would but come into Paris from Versailles circumstances would change and food be forthcoming. This

was nonsense, of course. Economic conditions were governing the food supply but it was not to be expected that the thousands of Paris' poor that thronged the streets would divine the true cause of their misery.

On October fifth, thousands of hungry people, many of them coarse, crude fishwomen, set out upon a tramp to Versailles to bring the king to the capital. Heavy rain fell all day and when the long march was made the women were tired, excited by hunger and even more wretched than before. They burst into the hall where the Assembly was in session with the cry: "Bread, bread and less talk!" At midnight Lafayette and his soldiers, 20,000 strong, reached the palace but at daybreak a company of rioters broke into the queen's bed-chamber and riddled the bed with spears. The queen had escaped none too soon. That day the carriage bearing the king, queen and the royal children was escorted to Paris by the mob, crying: "We are bringing the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's boy to Paris." They were taken to the Tuileries and in a few days the Assembly followed, finding quarters in a nearby building that had been used as a royal riding school.

For an understanding of the progress of events during these years one must follow closely the action of the representative body. Indications were given in the Assembly of developments later brought to pass. The composition of the National Assembly was from the first significant. It fell into four general divisions: *the reactionary right,* made up of the mass of nobles and upper clergy; this division had opposed at the start the idea of meeting as one body, and had only tolerated the course of events and waited for the first chance to restore the land to former conditions. *The right center,* not a numerous division but containing men from the three orders, wished to have wealth as the basis of political rights; they desired above all to maintain order and to set aside only the idle noblesse and clergy. The largest division by far was *the left center,* containing the majority of the Third Estate, the lower clergy and some nobles. These men wished for a constitutional government with the king at the head, while power, as in England, was to be centered in the middle class. Finally, *the extreme left* was composed of a few extremists

who believed in a republican form of government, although they did not hope to institute one at this time. In order to secure better organization these men met regularly in an old building belonging to some friars, who were known as the Jacobins because they had been connected with the Church of St. Jacques. This was the beginning of the Jacobin movement. In a comparatively short time Jacobin clubs sprang up in every town of any size and these branch clubs maintained a close communication with the one in Paris. Here questions which had been debated at the Assembly were again debated and, held down by no restraint, the most radical sentiments were freely expressed. There can be no doubt but that the extreme measures of the revolution were mainly due to the influence of these hot-beds of socialism. Liberty of the press allowed journalists to circulate the most revolutionary ideas of these rabid members.

On the 14th of July, 1790, the king and the people assembled on the site of the old Bastile to take an oath to support the new form of government. The people were friendly to the king but their distrust of the queen they never took pains to conceal. For years France had followed a policy of hostility to Austria. For various reasons this relation was changed to one of alliance about 1756 and in 1770 Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa, was married to the Dauphin of France, later Louis XVI., to make the alliance stronger. She had never carried the goodwill of the people. for, generally speaking, the new treaty was not popular. Then, too, the young princess who grew up at the frivolous court of France did not win popular approval by any discretion in the matter of conduct. She was beautiful and attractive and interested in her own diversions and pleasures, which dominated her after becoming queen.

To have expected that this young woman, removed from her mother's supervision when a mere girl, could realize the true situation in France and act accordingly was absurd. There is little doubt but that she was more sinned against than sinning, but suffice it to note that she continued to make the breach wider between herself and the people. They believed that her influence dominated the king and led him to act against his

better judgment—which was perfectly true. They believed that she hated with all her being every tendency toward popular government, and that was true also. Her attitude in this was not unusual; all strong monarchs had for ages opposed any assertion on the part of the people. The difference was that Marie Antoinette failed to realize the changes that were taking place right in her midst, failed to see that the attitude of the nation was not a mere outbreak which would eventually be put down and the old regime restored, failed to appreciate that she and her royal husband were letting golden opportunities slip by to win the masses to themselves.

At length the Constitution was completed. France was divided into eighty-three departments or provinces and each was to be governed by an elective administrative body. Each department contained a given number of communes, to be governed similarly. The courts were entirely reorganized and many details had been worked out in theory for the administration of the country. To defray the urgent expenses the property of the clergy had been confiscated. This brought great wealth into the treasury.

From the standpoint of the king and queen, affairs were taking a hopeless form. Soon the new legislative assembly, elected in accordance with the newly adopted constitution, would convene. Desiring to regain their lost power, they could only look forward to aid from outside. Many nobles had already fled from France and Marie Antoinette believed that if once the king could securely establish himself, they would flock back to his standards. She also looked to Austria for help. Finding their position intolerable, a flight was planned. Had it not been so clumsily carried out it might have succeeded. As it was, the king felt himself beyond danger too soon and was recognized as he leaned out of the carriage. Instantly the country was alarmed, particularly as a statement was found at the palace explaining his flight by setting forth that the constitution was unsatisfactory in many particulars and indicating that he never had seriously intended to carry out its provisions. The royal family were brought back as prisoners to the Tuileries five days after their departure, their fate being practically sealed. Never again was the king trusted by any considerable part of the people.

The only legislature convened in accordance with the new constitution met the first day of October, 1791. It consisted of 740 representatives, the majority in favor of the revolutionary measures. The Girondists now came into view, the name of the department in which Bordeaux was located —Gironde—being given them because three of the great democratic orators came from this department. One of the first matters demanding attention was war, imminent since the Allies led by Austria were making preparations to invade France. Liberty was so new in France and so dear to the hearts of men that they had little or no tolerance for anything that might in the end deprive them of that liberty. Some felt that the welfare of the country depended upon the provisions of the constitution being carried out in every particular; to this end they wished the king to remain at the head of the government. Others believed that peace and order would never come to France so long as the king lived. For this reason they tried in every way to discredit him. There was no question but that the king and queen awaited anxiously the approach of a foreign army, and that alone was thought by many to be sufficient proof of their treason. The leader of this distrustful faction was Robespierre. The Girondists supported the constitutional government with the king at the head. While a war of words waged between the Girondists and Robespierre, backed by the Jacobins, the Assembly was obliged to make provision for the raising of an army to meet the army of the Allies, already on the march. So slack was the control of government in Paris that on the twentieth of June the mob broke into the Tuileries and for three hours marched through the palace, bullying and insulting the king and more particularly the queen, neither of whom was harmed.

In September, 1792, began the reign of terror in Paris—indeed in all France. Hired assassins were allowed to make the rounds of the prisons, butchering all the inmates. Shortly after the king was declared a traitor and publicly beheaded. For months no one trusted his neighbor and such massacres took place as might have been witnessed in Rome during the civil wars. No one was safe. If by a word or look one

were thought to disapprove of even the most extreme acts he might be summoned before a tribunal of the people where injustice rather than justice was administered. A man's fate was determined before he was heard. The *"law of suspects"* made many liable. Any one who was of noble birth or had held any office before the year 1789, or had any connection of blood or service to an émigré, any one who could not show immediately that he had done something to further the cause of the revolution, any one who was dissatisfied with the course affairs had taken—all these were liable to arrest at any moment.

In recent works bearing upon this period of French history it has been repeatedly pointed out that the earlier habit of viewing the revolution as one great era of bloodshed and slaughter was erroneous. That terrible crimes were committed in the name of liberty, as Madame Roland exclaimed, is indisputable; that mob rule prevailed at certain times with all its attendant slaughter is true. But that was not the *revolution;* the revolution was the complete political change that was brought about in France so effectually that no subsequent reaction was able to reinstate the old régime. This was a tremendous social convulsion and, while marred by much unnecessary crime, should not be identified with the crime itself. With the fall of the king the Girondists soon lost their power, for they had failed to supply an efficient government. Their leaders were summarily dispatched, while the way was left open for Robespierre and his compeers. The guillotine worked busily day and night, till even contemporary journalism grew weary of the bloody scenes and printed a cartoon of Robespierre guillotining the last man.

During this period of confusion the queen was beheaded. Her fate had been evident from the first, for many who loved their country felt bitter toward one who was willing to see it invaded by a foreign army. Each time new proscriptions were begun in Paris they spread into the provinces as well, and terror reigned everywhere. Finally, the Convention outlawed Robespierre and his followers and the reign of terror came to an end.

After a year's trial the constitution of 1791 had been found lacking and now a convention was summoned to frame a

new one. In 1795 its preparation was completed. When once again the mobs began to form for the purpose of gaining the upper hand, the Convention ordered young Napoleon Bonaparte to preserve peace. A volley of shots poured in the midst of the insurgents quelled the uprising, and the first period of the French Revolution was ended.

COSTUME OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

CHAPTER V.

GOVERNMENT OF THE DIRECTORY—OCTOBER, 1795-NOVEMBER, 1799.

The new constitution ready for trial in 1795 vested the executive power in a Directory—a board of five men. The legislative power was given to the Council of Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients. The Directory inaugurated an aggressive foreign policy for the purpose of spreading abroad those principles already established at home: liberty and equality for men. Monarchies were to be overthrown; monarchs, whether limited or absolute, to be set aside. Republics, providing for government by the people, were to be set up after the example of the French republic.

Everywhere men were full of enthusiasm for the new doctrines, promulgated so successfully by the French at home, and those held down by firm rule felt that the time of deliverance was at hand. Already they had been won to the *ideas* of the revolution, and as Hugo wrote: "An invasion of armies can be resisted; an invasion of ideas cannot be resisted." Because the countries of Europe were ready for it, this revolution spread rapidly. The French armies were hailed as deliverers from oppression.

England and Austria had been the two strong nations to refuse to recognize the new republic; consequently the first efforts were directed against them. Napoleon took part of the army and marched into Italy to strike a blow to Austria. His address to his soldiers before the passage of the Alps is well known. In it he dwelt less upon the grandeur of ideas for which France was fighting than upon the opportunity open for plunder. This was one of the first indications of that Napoleonic spirit which was to transform a noble undertaking, made in behalf of humanity, into something sordid and intensely selfish.

The Austrians suffered repeated defeats and were driven out of Northern Italy, which was organized as the Cisalpine Republic. As Napoleon marched toward Vienna the Em-

peror of Austria sued for peace and the treaty of Campo Formio was negotiated, October, 1797. By this treaty Austria acknowledged the loss of Northern Italy, recognized the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France and ceded the Belgium provinces to the French Republic.

Upon this signal victory Napoleon hastened home, where he was welcomed by such an ovation as recalled the triumph of a Roman general. Nevertheless, members of the Directory could not get the young conqueror out of France too quickly, and proposed that he should now strike a blow at England, suggesting an invasion of the island. Napoleon saw at once what should be done and rapidly indicated a campaign in Egypt, for the purpose of acquiring this territory from the English and interfering with the eastern trade. England would be seriously crippled should she be cut off from the trade of the orient.

In a remarkably short time Napoleon had plunged into Egypt and won the battle of the Pyramids, after which Lower Egypt fell into his control and the trade with the East was effectively controlled. Yet even at the time of triumph, news came that Nelson had won the naval battle of the Nile and had destroyed the French fleet.

In the spring of 1799 the Turks sent an army to re-take Egypt. Thereupon Napoleon took his army into Western Asia and seized Gaza and Jaffa. Acre held out against him. Turning back, in Egypt he again won a great victory.

Meanwhile his generals had been accomplishing considerable in Europe. A republic had been set up at Rome, known as the Tiberine Republic; Switzerland had been converted into the Helvetian Republic; Naples, into the Parthenopean Republic.

Early in 1799 the powers of Europe formed a coalition against France. Italy was quickly recovered. These defeats brought the Directory into disfavor. It was said that Napoleon had been sent away against his judgment; unrest began to manifest itself and the royalists began to talk of a recovered kingdom. Napoleon suddenly appeared in Paris; the Directors accused him of intending to overthrow the government. He, now master of France, drove them from the council chamber, and thus ended the second period of the revolution.

THE CONSULATE—1799-1804.

A fourth constitution was now drawn up, this time vesting the executive power in three consuls, elected for ten years. One was to possess supreme power; the other two were to confer with him. It is needless to say that Napoleon was to be First Consul. France was in name still a republic; in fact it was the kind of republic Rome had been under Augustus Cæsar. Local self-government was abolished and all was made to depend upon the Consul.

Napoleon now wanted peace, but both England and Austria refused to consider it. England was dominated by intense jealousy of the trade thrown in favor of France by the ceding of Austria's Belgian provinces by the treaty of Campo Formio. Having no choice, Napoleon made forced marches to Italy and immediately won back the north, which was again organized as the Cisalpine Republic. On the same day the French army in Egypt surrendered to the English.

By the battle of Marengo, Napoleon's army opened the way to Vienna and the Austrian Emperor was forced to sign the Peace of Lunéville, February, 1801. England shortly made the Peace of Amiens, colonial possessions being the point at issue.

Napoleon then turned his attention to home affairs and brought about many reforms for which he is now remembered. He made overtures to the royalists and 40,000 royal families returned to France. By the Concordat he reconciled the clergy and won the support of the devout Catholic element. Roads were repaired, public buildings erected. Education was carefully supervised and, probably most important of all, the Napoleonic Code was compiled. This was such a systematic arrangement and classification of the laws of the land as had been undertaken long before by Justinian.

In 1802 Napoleon was made Consul for life—that he might the better carry out his policy of reform. Directly after, he created the Legion of Honor, an order brought into being to replace in a way the old feudal aristocracy. Membership therein was based upon distinction won in service, either military or civil. There were many who murmured at the rise of social distinctions, swept away by the revolution.

In 1804 it was discovered that a plot had been formed to assassinate the Consul. With small investigation the Duke of Enghien was seized, it being assumed that the plot was to set him upon the French throne, and after a mock trial he was shot. Public opinion throughout the world was aghast at this outrage and probably nothing Napoleon ever caused to be done brought upon him greater censure.

On May 18, 1804, the Senate decreed that the title of Emperor of the French should be bestowed upon Napoleon, and on December the second he was coronated in Notre Dame. The Pope himself poured the holy oil upon the head of the young ruler, but when he offered to place the crown upon his head, Napoleon took it from him and crowned himself. Much was made of the "revival of the Empire of Charlemagne." The Emperor Napoleon moved into the Tuileries and created a court about him in imitation of true royalty. Within three years, the republics recently created followed the example of France and reverted to monarchies.

From 1804 to 1815 all Europe was engaged in a constant struggle with the "usurping" emperor. In 1803 occurred an event of far greater moment than was then apparent: the sale of Louisiana to the United States for $15,000,000. It was plain that France could not protect it and money was constantly needed.

Now the invasion of England was threatened, but hearing that the combined armies of Austria and Russia were on the march, Napoleon marched directly through Vienna and won the battle of Austerlitz over them both. Successful on land, the French were never able to effect much on the seas, and in 1806 Nelson won his splendid victory at Trafalgar, though it cost his life. This settled any possible invasion of England.

Napoleon had practically stripped Prussia, and Germany lay at his feet. Berlin was entered in triumph. Art treasures were purloined for the French museums, as those in Italy had been before. Russia was so crippled that in 1807 she was obliged to make peace, and by the Treaty of Tilsit became an ally of Napoleon's. Together the Emperor of France and the Czar of Russia met on a raft and discussed a partition of Europe—nay, more, part of Asia as well. Two empires were to be established, as had once been true before.

Napoleon was to be at the head of the Latin Empire—Alexander of the Greek. Prior to this accomplishment, Russia was to win Finland and the Danube territory, which task she forthwith set about.

England was left for Napoleon to subdue and he struck at her commerce. He forbade European countries—now at his mercy—from trading with her. She replied to the Continental Blockade by declaring French vessels or any trading with France prizes of war. Portugal was invaded and Napoleon's brother placed on the Spanish throne. Surely this little man from Corsica was making history during these years.

A dramatic meeting took place between Alexander and Napoleon before he entered upon his Spanish war. It occurred at Erfurt. Very splendid was this occasion when several vassal kings, together with lesser dignitaries and men of genius, did homage to him.[1]

About this time, anxious for an heir to fix the succession, Napoleon divorced Josephine and married Marie Louise of Austria. His hopes were fulfilled when a son was born to him, he being at once given the title: King of Rome.

France, the Netherlands, Austria, Russia, Italy, Germany, Spain and Portugal were now in Napoleon's power. England he never was able to conquer. Yet his tremendous undertakings were becoming a serious drain upon the country. He had raised army after army until only youths remained. The men were almost gone. The "Grand Army," comprising his picked men, were his strength, while new recruits constantly filled up the ranks. Again, Napoleon offended many factions which worked against him. With high-handed action he took the Pope prisoner and held him for three years.

The latter portion of Napoleon's control was filled with wars against states where patriotism was kindled to drive out the foreigner. Very important was the effect upon disunited Germany of a concerted stand to free the land from oppression. It gave rise to the modern German nation.

Finding the trade regulations intolerable, Russia joined the coalition against France. At once Napoleon set out to force this country, as he had already forced others, to his will.

[1] See poem "Napoleon at Gotha", by Bayard Taylor.

The Russians had learned how to fight this general who never lost a battle. After hazarding one engagement, the army began a retreat, laying waste the territory as they went. Napoleon's army found it difficult to obtain supplies. When they reached Moscow in triumph they found the city deserted, and a day or two later it suddenly began to burn, the flames spreading beyond control for several days. Napoleon lingered until fall in this desolate country and then began to retreat, but his delay had been fatal. Two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers lost their lives in the vicissitudes of a Russian winter.

Now the sixth coalition was formed against France. In spite of his terriffic losses, a new army of 300,000 was soon ready. So many different armies fought against Napoleon at the battle of Leipzig that it was called the Battle of the Nations. After three days' fighting, during which both sides lost heavily, the French were defeated. The allies now offered to make peace on the conditions that the natural boundaries of France should be her limits: the Rhine, Alps, Pyrenees. Unfortunately for himself, Napoleon refused the offer. Immediately the armies of the allies moved toward France and soon Paris surrendered to them. Upon the flight of the Emperor, the brother of Louis XVI was invited to the throne as Louis XVIII. He gave certain indications that he intended to largely ignore the fruits of the revolution and the people grew uneasy. Meanwhile Napoleon had been exiled to Elba, an island in the Mediterranean, but suddenly he appeared in France, having eluded his guards. His army went over to him and one by one his generals flocked to his standard. The new king fled and for 100 days Napoleon controlled as before. He offered peace, but no one believed that peace could long exist with him on the throne, therefore the powers made the seventh coalition against him. The defeat of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, settled the matter for all time. The English exiled Napoleon to St. Helena and guarded him during the six years that he lived. These were years of restless planning for the general; he went over his career many times and realized just where he had made fatal moves. To the end, this feature of the case alone appealed to him, and the utter uselessness of years of fighting never seemingly impressed him at all.

The career of Napoleon offers many problems to the stu-

dent. Granted the utter selfishness of his undertakings, there is a fascination surrounding his personality that all feel. When one considers from what he started, how he attained his first strength, against what tremendous obstacles he worked, how many nations contended against him, there is not in all history such a spectacle, and the towering audacity of the man who made and unmade kingdoms, terrorized kings, molded men to his inflexible will and bound his soldiers to himself, startles and amazes us today as we read the story.

A FRENCH DANDY OF 1791.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANCE SINCE THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON.

The crowned heads of Europe called a Congress to meet at Vienna in 1815 and readjust the map of Europe. The rights of the people were wholly lost from sight. The one question of importance to the representatives of royalty was how to manipulate matters in a way satisfactory to the princes. To illustrate the total disregard for races and inherent prejudices of the people, Belgium and Holland were thrown together and given to a prince of the House of Orange. The Belgians and Hollanders differed in race, religion and occupations; they had no sympathy with one another. Yet this was not for a moment considered. As nearly as possible, boundaries were set back as they had been before the Napoleonic wars. So far as possible all fruits of the revolution which had started in France and swept over Europe were passed over; rulers would have preferred to have reinstalled the same absolutism that had prevailed before 1795, but they did not wish to precipitate war, and in many cases made a pretense of granting constitutions. In spite of this effort to restore the power of the kings and eliminate the results of the recent struggle, the fact remained, as Lavisse said, that: "The French armies had trampled under foot much rank vegetation, which has never risen again." Equality, popular sovereignty, nationality; these were the three principles which the French revolution had taught the world.

It was at this time, when the desire to wipe out all thought of liberty on the part of subjects absorbed rulers, that the Austrian statesman Metternich came into prominence. "Let nothing be changed," was his watchword. No Stuart or Bourbon could have conceived a more complete expression of their theories than he invariably promulgated. He held that it was presumptuous in the people to attempt any part in the government and insisted that confusion alone could result from such a condition. Metternich belonged to the past; he represented the old order of things and failed to see that they could

never be permanently revived. His personal strength and force, however, enabled monarchs to reinstate their control for a time. Russia and Spain still maintain the well-nigh absolute rule re-established in 1815. Save in the countries ruled by Turkey, it has elsewhere been shaken off.

Louis XVIII returned to Paris after the exile of Napoleon. He granted the people a constitution and endeavored to rule reasonably and well. He succeeded in the main during the early part of his administration, but as he grew older he grew more arbitrary. In 1824 he was succeeded by Charles X, who had learned nothing whatever by the history of the past century. He ignored the social upheaval of recent times and disregarded the constitution. He made new laws, changed others and carried affairs with a high hand. His censorship of the press was too much for the free thought of Paris. The people revolted and the king took passage for England. No attempt was made on this occasion to abolish the monarchy and institute a republic. Instead, Louis Philippe, a member of the Bourbon family, yet one possessed of democratic tendencies, was offered the crown. A new constitution was prepared. Whereas Louis XVIII had styled himself "King of France by the grace of God," the new constitution read "King of France by the grace of God and by the will of the nation."

Thus the "Revolution of 1830" was accomplished with little bloodshed. It reminded men of the English revolution of 1688, when James II had been quietly replaced by William and Mary. Like the revolution of 1789, it spread over Europe and gave crowned heads intense anxiety. In the Netherlands it accomplished the disunion of Holland and Belgium, which have since continued along separate paths.

While the reign of Louis Philippe was by no means peaceful, still it was not marked by important happenings. The personality of the man was not such as would command the admiration of the people generally. Whether powerful or not, a king should at least be kingly, which Louis Philippe was incapable of being under most favorable circumstances. The growing element which demanded a free government made him the butt of many crude jests. Thiers said: "The king reigns but does not govern." Suffrage was limited by prop-

erty qualification and each year the petition was made for a wider extension of the rights of citizenship. In 1848 these culminated in an uprising of the people. Louis Philippe fled to England and the people made a bonfire of the throne. A second republic was established immediately, with Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Napoleon, elected as president. By a *coup d'etat* in 1852 he made himself emperor, taking the title Napoleon III. The French people were strongly attached to him, and foreign powers tolerated this bold stroke of statecraft because they feared to stir up Europe to what might easily become a menacing condition.

Napoleon III launched upon a series of foreign wars, the Crimean and the Austro-Sardinian among them.

In 1870 the growing strength of Germany caused jealousy on the part of France; on slight pretext hostilities began between the two countries, the Germans glad of a chance to redeem their humiliating defeats encountered with Napoleon. While Emperor Napoleon did not desire to fight, the popular cry of his people compelled it and the French plunged in, firmly expecting victory everywhere. To their consternation, the Fatherland poured its soldiers forth in immense armies. Half a million Germans invaded the land, and French troops were forced to surrender. On they marched to Paris, which underwent a siege for three months and then was obliged to capitulate. The terms Germany imposed were very heavy: Alsace and half of Lorraine surrendered and approximately $1,000,000,000 indemnity, portions of French territory to be occupied until the indemnity was paid. No nation ever worked more earnestly than did France to discharge this hated war fine. Thus ended the Franco-Prussian war.

Since 1870 France has maintained a republican form of government. Thiers was chosen first president, seven having succeeded him. Because intrigues were frequent the government exiled all Bourbons and Bonapartes who could in any way lay claim to the throne. This was done in 1886.

The explanation of the costly military preparation that has been supported in France, Germany and certain other European countries in recent years is to be found in the fact that the French have never been reconciled to the loss of

Alsace and Lorraine and have not concealed their intention of one day winning back these fair provinces.

Having lost permanently her earlier colonial possessions in America and India, in recent years the venturesome spirit of Frenchmen has found an outlet in northern Africa where a sort of New France is being built up. More recently still the resources of Indo-China have appealed to them and they are now in a fair way to gain control of the south China trade. Unfortunately for the future outlook in foreign possessions, the population of France does not increase rapidly and, moreover, there is a love for home among the French which prevents extensive emigration.

NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF FRENCH ART.

During the early centuries of the Christian era, art was not unknown in France. Tapestries of various kinds, mural decorations and panels were made and illuminations giving evidence of considerable skill were executed. The mosaic work, so popular in Italy, found its way westward for church decoration. Later, Byzantine types appeared in French paintings. A law was made during the reign of Charlemagne requiring the churches to be adorned by sacred pictures and when the Gothic style of architecture superseded the Norman —thus breaking the expanse of wall—glass windows were painted, as well as such portions of the walls as seemed advantageous to the artist. Two art centers early grew up in France: Tours, which lay open to Italian influences; and Paris, in close touch with Flanders and the principles of Flemish painting. For a considerable time, the native art of France was modified by these two foreign influences.

The Italian wars, prosecuted by Charles VIII and Louis XII in the latter part of the fifteenth century, brought a still closer social contact between France and Italy. This was maintained and intensified by Francis I after the establishment of his court at Fontainebleau, in the neighborhood of Paris. A keen rivalry with the Emperor, Charles V, caused Francis to offer patronage to scholars and men of genius, especially to artists. He gathered a whole colony of Italian painters around him. Leonardo da Vinci was induced to spend the last three years of his life at the court of the French king; Andrea del Sarto began commissions which his faithless wife, upon his return home, induced him to basely abandon. Many lesser artists migrated thence and the Italian school in France was quite distinct from the French school, and much more important. The new palace erected by Francis I gave opportunity for the originality of artists to display itself, and the king gave commissions not alone to the recognized painters among the Italians but to the less known painters of France.

Of the French school of this period the Clouet family and Jean Cousin deserve special mention. Jean Clouet came to Paris from Brussels, bringing with him the secret of mixing oils which had recently been discovered by the Van Eyck brothers. His son, Jean Clouet, became first *painter to the king*. Two other members of this family won distinction by their brushes. Attention to detail, simplicity, truthful imitation of nature and fine finish, all characteristics of Flemish painting of the age, were distinctive of their style. Jean Cousin was the last great painter of glass. There are still preserved in the Louvre several windows painted by him for the Chateau d'Anet. The boldness of his conceptions gained for him the name "the Michael Angelo of France."

Civil struggles that waged for many years between Catholic and Protestant put an end to the brilliancy of this first great epoch of French art. In 1648 the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture was founded and in 1667 the first exhibition of paintings was held.

During the first half of the seventeenth century Flemish predominance was given to painting in France, the particular circumstance being that Marie de Medici, wife of Henry IV and queen of France, commissioned Rubens to paint twenty-four scenes from her life for her Luxembourg palace, and these were eagerly studied by native artists. On the whole this influence at this particular period was very wholesome. In the second half of the century the spirit of Louis XIV dominated art as it dominated all phases of life and expression. The art of this age is generally known as the "art of Louis XIV." Unfortunately the excessive vanity of the king required constant and unstinted praise and his influence in painting led to an abandonment of truth, simplicity and sincerity for the superficial, elaborate and insincere.

The classical landscape was given prominence by Poussin and Claude Lorrain who attained renown during the earlier years of the seventeenth century. Nicholas Poussin—1593-1665—was born in Normandy but the greater portion of his life was spent in Italy. Indeed, his son is classified with Italian artists. He loved the classical and frequently created a landscape merely as a setting for his mythological figures.

He was skillful in his use of color, which was often rather strong but not unpleasing; his drawing was excellent.

The classical school of art was firmly established during this century; for this reason the following criticism by Hazlitt has particular interest, setting forth as it does certain characteristics which distinguished it throughout: "The Poussinesque landscape is characterized by something of the pedantry, the same stiffness, the same elevation, the same grandeur, the same mixture of art and nature, as Milton's poetry. In it Poussin, too, turned backward, away from the richness of coloring, the charming effects of light and air, the characteristics of vegetation as given in the contemporaneous Flemish school, notably by Rubens, to 'heroic' landscape or classical scenes fit for the abode of a race of heroes. The primitive methods of pasturing sheep form the chief traces of nature. There are no fields; the houses are of the simplest form, as those of pastoral life, or he gives a classical pile in the centre of his composition. The figures are those of fable or history, but always producing an effect of tranquil repose."

Claude Lorrain—1600-1682—belonged to the same age. He, too, loved classical stories. He created ideal gardens with artistic nooks, temples with Greek columns, and in these charming spots he placed beings of an earlier world—all in a holiday happiness and contentment. Sometimes the scene was so refined and finished as to bear but little resemblance to the natural. The term "idealized landscapes" applies admirably to many of his pictures. By clever use of soft vapors Claude produced the impression of *distance* with plenty of space and paths that lead far beyond the opening of the scene. The outlines of objects were softened by atmospheric effects; splendid results were attained by brilliant light over portions of the scene. Turner, who was jealous of any artist, living or dead, whom he thought to in any way rival himself, was keenly jealous of Claude's popularity years after the French artists's work was ended. Like Turner he was never successful in delineating figures, saying that he charged merely for the landscape and threw in the people.

The art of Louis XIV was in a great measure the creation of Charles Lebrun, 1619-1690. He flattered the great monarch by representing him as a Caesar or an Alexander and

won his life-long favor. For fourteen years he labored at the new palace of Versailles, making up in quantity what was lacking in quality. His chief merit lay in his originality of composition. All honors were heaped upon him and when in the latter years of the king's life he built another palace of Marly, Lebrun not only planned its interior decorations but designed the tapestries, furniture, mosaics, jewelry and bronzes as well. His capacity for work was wellnigh limitless during these years, and for various purposes many of his designs have been popular ever since.

When Louis XV succeeded Louis XIV a firm control gave way to revelry. His reign was at court a prolonged holiday. The king himself was not unconscious of the storm slowly gathering in France, for his expression "After me the deluge" proved to be literally true. Art reflected the life of the people.

The great exponent of the frivolous court life was Jean Antoine Watteau—1684-1721. He has been called the first genuine French artist who ever painted French scenes as seen by a Frenchman. Confining himself to portraying a condition of life that was unstable and transitory, his pictures appealed only to the nobility. The courtiers who toyed with life, who affected a studied simplicity and talked of Arcadian ways, found his productions altogether satisfying.

While the trifling love-making of the court was being set forth in all its airy lightness by Watteau, Jean Baptiste Chardin—1699-1779—was studying another condition of society which he later painted with earnest fidelity. Domestic scenes from the middle class attracted him and without imagination, but with painstaking detail, he painted the tradesman with his family gathered around the evening board; the children at their play; the mother about her daily cares. Possessing the rare art of enhancing humble things, clumsy furniture, heavy dishes, pots and kettles and common vegetables were painted in a charming light that made them at once attractive to the beholder. Daily labor was ennobled; humble homes glorified. Less gifted painters copied his scenes and to possess them was the pride of the citizen.

As a consequence of a growing feeling for art on the part of the common people, in 1765 Jean Jacques Bachelier estab-

lished a public school wherein drawing was taught to classes of working boys without cost. When the experiment had proved successful the king endowed it as the Royal Free School of Drawing. It is maintained to-day, affording opportunity to those who otherwise would be unable to profit by such instruction.

Elizabeth Vigée-Lebrun should be mentioned in connection with eighteenth century art. As a child she evinced a remarkable gift for drawing and when fifteen years of age her portraits attracted orders from the royal family. An unfortunate marriage clouded her life but she was a great favorite among the brilliant coterie of geniuses who gathered for friendly interchange of ideas. A prolific portrait painter, Madame Lebrun made several paintings of Marie Antoinette, and probably painted more pictures of royalty than any other European artist.

New impulses manifested themselves in the French art of the nineteenth century. The period of the Revolution had wrought changes in some particulars. For a time the art treasures were threatened when the mobs hesitated whether it would not be best to eliminate all traces of royalty. Fortunately the great mass of paintings were spared, but several hundred are known to have perished. During the Napoleonic wars many works of art were plundered from other lands. Napoleon on one occasion reminded his soldiers that they had caused three hundred works of art to find their way to France. In 1805 operations were begun to make the Louvre a national museum. Here were accumulated rare and often priceless possessions, soon exhibited to the public two days each week. Napoleon called into being a "personal" art which pictured his military campaigns, his public deeds and his family.

Jean Louis David—1748-1825—belongs to this period, since his greatest work was done in the later years of his life. Setting aside the superficial art of the past century, he revived the classical influences. Several years he spent in Italy and returned to find France in the turmoil of the Revolution. He sympathized with the new order of things and became a great friend of Napoleon. One of his greatest paintings was his "Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine."

David believed absolutely in the abiding greatness of classical art. He was blind to the faults of the ancients and infatuated with the power of line and form. If only the outlines were correct, he repeatedly told his students, the rest mattered but little. For almost a quarter of a century his conception of art's fitting expression held the country fettered, yet far-reaching tendencies were silently operating to break the bonds of classicism.

LOUIS XIV.

CHAPTER VIII.

Recent French Artists: The Barbizon School.

The new life with its manifold problems which the French people, suddenly set free from despotic rulers, found engulfing them, demanded new methods of expression, whether the medium were art or literature. Action, feeling, and emotion were required to represent even a small portion of this life on canvas. The founder of the romantic school was Delacroix. The term "romantic" came originally from the Romance language, set over against the Latin. In other words, the classical school had its beginnings in a revival of Greek forms passed down through the medium of the Latin language. This new movement originated not in the Latin but in the Romance countries, and hence was called the *romantic* movement. The romantic school gave no thought to producing beautiful effects but to portraying action and feeling. It is said that Delacroix restored feeling to the human face. A struggle ensued between the two schools and finally there came forth the third, the so-called Eclectic school, which borrowed the best qualities from both. Delaroche originated this school, and, while it was quite lacking in originality, the paintings produced by its adherents have much to commend them.

The latter portion of the nineteenth century witnessed the progress of the Individualistic School of art, called so for lack of a more characteristic name. The art evolved by the individualistic painters was in many instances a natural outgrowth of earlier schools, but, although aided by the experiences of the past, the later artists developed an individuality denied early classical painters.

Several landscape artists came to prominence, called sometimes the Barbizon school from the fact that they settled for the most part in the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, near a village called Barbizon. Among them were Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, Diaz, and Millet.

"They gave supremacy to the sky and its influence, and record the delicate changes of the atmosphere until modern

landscape becomes 'more a painting of air than of earth.' Though all were rebels against a system and were working with similar aims, their work is remarkably individual. Supplying to the French nation expression for poetic feeling, they are truly the French poets of rustic nature, irresistibly attracted to her, though many of them and of their numerous, though less conspicuous, allies were city-bred. But each has his special department of rustic nature. Corot and Jules Dupré are the poets of nature's power to reflect the sentiments of men; Rousseau, the poet of forest scenery; Daubigny, of atmospheric effects—in which, however, all add a strophe of more or less power, and Corot no doubt outsings them all; Diaz of hue and color, while Millet, in the later development of this influence, landscape and figures, is the profound and pathetic poet of lowly labor. Sympathy with rusticity, too, associates Jules Breton with the same movement. It was, no doubt, through the keen feeling for the humble life depicted in their landscape-genre, and of which out-door life and human toil, as the sowing and reaping, the stone picking and weeding, were so essential a part, that human sympathy was so deeply enlisted in landscape. Thus, it is partially a result, or growth, of the democratic attainment of the age which gives the sense of individual worth, making the humble peasant 'the man for a' that,' and, while it is not a painting lesson learned from the Dutch, it has its source in the same underlying feeling of the importance of humble things to which the Dutch, as a result of their struggles for a government 'by the people, for the people,' attained two centuries earlier."[1]

Corot.

Jean Baptiste-Camille Corot (1796-1875) was by natural temperament and circumstances the happiest, most content of the "1830" school. His father intended him to follow a mercantile life and was disappointed when nothing could allure his son into paths of worldly gain. When it was plain that his heart was forever with the natural world and the representation of it, he granted Camille a modest allowance with permission to follow his true bent. Never after was there

[1] Stranahan, Hist. of French Painting, 231.

any worriment or dissatisfaction—no longing for means which finally were his by inheritance. Corot was content to study landscapes in varying lights and shadows and to set up his easel wherever he caught an inspiration. Trees were his delight and no other ever painted them so wonderfully. While he never lived in Barbizon he was a friend of the Barbizon painters, and his work belonged with theirs. Although popular opinion of the time favored landscapes without human figures, Corot's nymphs and wood-creatures were acknowledged as belonging to his pictures. We can get into the spirit which animated Corot best by reading his description of a morning's dawn which he once wrote to a friend.

"A landscape painter's day is delightful. He gets up early, at three in the morning, before sunrise. He goes and sits under a tree and watches and waits.

"There is not much to be seen at first.

"Nature is behind a white veil, on which some masses of form are vaguely indicated. Everything smells sweet. Everything trembles under the invigorating breezes of the dawn.

"*Bing!* The sun is becoming clear and begins to rend the veil of gauze behind which the meadow and the valley and the hills on the horizon hide. The vapors still hang like silver tufts on the cold green grass.

"*Bing! Bing!* The sun's first ray—another ray. The little flowers seem to be waking in a joyful mood and each one of them is drinking its drop of quivering dew. The leaves feel the cold and are moving to and fro in the morning air. Under the leaves the unseen birds are singing—*it sounds as if the flowers were singing their morning prayer.* Amoretti with butterfly wings are perching on the meadow, and set the tall grasses swaying.

"We can see *nothing*, but the landscape is *there,* all perfect, behind the translucent gauze of the mist which rises—rises—rises, inhaled by the sun, and, as it rises, discloses the river silver-scaled, the meads, the trees, the cottages, the vanishing distance. We can distinguish now all that we divined before. *Bam!* the sun is risen. *Bam!* a peasant crosses the field, and a cart and oxen. *Ding! Ding!* says the bell of the ram who leads the flock of sheep. *Bam!* All things break forth into glistening and glittering and shining in a full flood of light,

of pale, caressing light. . . . It is adorable! and I paint —and I paint. . . . *Boum! Boum!* The sun grows hot—the flowers droop—the birds are silent. Let us go home! We can see *too much* now. There is nothing in it.

"And home we go, and dine and sleep and dream; and I dream of the morning landscape. I dream my picture, and presently I will paint my dream."

ROUSSEAU.

Théodore Rousseau was another successful painter of trees. Born of the middle class in 1812, he early gave promise of much native ability. When eighteen he was already one of the acknowledged leaders of the romantic school. It was a sore cross to him that for years none of his pictures were accepted by the jury of the Salon, but then, neither were those of Delacroix or any of the new and so-called *revolutionary* artists. Among his friends his work was greatly appreciated. However, we must take into account the fact that most of these artists had no income and depended upon the sale of their canvases for their living. Pictures that were rejected by the jury of the Salon were seldom salable, and at times Rousseau was sadly reduced in circumstances.

When disappointed with the reception of his pictures, he would repair to the forest of Fontainebleau where he would wander for days at a time. He had an unusual affection for trees, finding them capable of expressing thoughts and ideas. He painted them with the spirit in which portrait painters paint men and women. Whatever the season he represents, whatever the other accessories of the picture, there is the same mysterious power in his trees, unlike those of other artists.

Public favor turned at last and a new understanding brought the messages of the romanticists home to the bitterest critic, but unfortunately the seal of merit was too long deferred in the case of Rousseau.

MILLET.

Unlike either of these two artists both in work and temperament was Jean-François Millet (1814-1875). He came of a long peasant ancestry, of men who were proud of their

ability to wrest their living from the soil, who owed no man anything and found a dignity in their daily toil. Millet's father was poor and, like his neighbors, had a large family to care for. He himself possessed a gift for music and was quick to discern his son's fondness for drawing. Not until he was twenty, however, was there opportunity for him to study with an artist.

Millet was fortunate in that his grandmother, a woman of native refinement and great piety, had charge of him through the days while the rest worked in the fields. "Waken, waken, my little François, the little birds have long been singing the glory of God," she would say each morning. Little François was fortunate also in having an uncle who was a curé and able to instruct him in Latin. He became well versed in Bible lore and in Virgil.

At last his father realized that, whatever the circumstances at home, his eldest son must have the chance to try his skill, and he was sent to Cherbourg to study. It so happened that his teacher was able to help him but little. This much he did, nevertheless; he persuaded the citizens of Cherbourg to subscribe money which enabled Millet to go to Paris. The income promised was not long forthcoming, but by means of it he was enabled to go to the great art center and become familiar with the work of the great painters. [illegible] youth presented a sorry figure in some of the st[illegible] day and felt sadly ill at ease. He was far better gr[illegible] in the classics than his companions, who found him only a butt for their jests, while their conversation was equally distasteful to him. Like most poor struggling artists, he shortly married and the situation became more urgent. Even at his low prices it was hard to sell his sketches, and occasionally his friends were obliged to come forward to prevent the family from starving. Finally Millet realized that his lot was with the peasants and he removed his family to Barbizon, after which the struggle for existence, while bitter, was never again quite so appalling.

The Sower was Millet's first great painting after his removal to Barbizon. It created much excitement. Some critics found something grand in the style of this utterly new picture; others worked into it some socialistic doctrine. They

held that the very attitude and bearing of the Sower indicated that he hated the rich. *Going to Work, The Grafter,* and *The Gleaners,* followed year after year. This last was a forceful painting. In accordance with an old custom, known in Old Testament times and observed still in some countries, the poor are allowed to follow the harvesters and gather up any heads of grain that have been passed by. This picture shows three of these poor women, gaunt and appealing in their deep poverty. Yet much more is shown. One feels the heat of the summer day, the breath of the harvest field where is being garnered the fruits of long labor. The color which gleams on the standing grain beyond is glorious. Again the critics saw in the three women, "savage beasts who threatened the social order." Meanwhile Millet continued to paint the people he knew and believed in—the peasants, ceaseless in their toil.

The Angelus was exhibited in 1859. "What do you think of it?" he asked a friend before the name had been affixed. "It is the Angelus," he cried. "You can hear the bells—I am content," was Millet's reply.

Millet felt that pictures should convey the sense of sound. "One ought to be able to make people hear the songs, the silences and murmurings of the air. They should feel the Infinite." In describing one of his sheep pictures some one has said: "One hears more than the bark of the dog; one hears the shouts of the shepherd; one hears the pattering footsteps of the sheep—the patter, patter, like the sound of heavy rain on a summer evening—and above all one feels the silence of the night."

While the Angelus did not at once find a purchaser, it was subsequently sold for fifty thousand francs, and then Millet realized that at last his messages were awakening response in those who recently had condemned them.

First Steps, The Shepherdess, the Goose Girl—these and several others of a long series from peasant life were completed, and at length Millet exhibited his *Man Leaning on a Hoe.* The final cry that a social revolution was here indirectly threatened was met by a reply from the artist himself. "Socialistic? . . . . Is it possible to admit that one may have some ideas in seeing a man gaining his bread by the

sweat of his brow? Some tell me that I deny the charms of the country. I find more than charm. I find infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers, of which Christ said: 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' I see the halo of the dandelions, and of the sun, also, which spreads out beyond the world its glory into the clouds. But I see, as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and in a rocky place a man exhausted, whose 'Haw! Haw!' has been heard since morning, and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. . . . I reject with my whole soul democracy as it is known at the clubs; I have never dreamed of being a pleader in any cause; I am a peasant, a peasant!"

No consideration of Millet, however brief, would be adequate unless it took into account his capacity for suffering. He realized that by suffering he was the better able to picture life. Many sorrows came to him; he was often unable to supply the necessities to his family, though their needs were the simplest. Lack of means prevented him from visiting his mother before she died, although she waited long to see him once again. His grandmother had exercised a profound influence over him, yet he had to know that she died wishing for him. Belated fortune caused many a grief, many a disappointment. Yet Millet himself said that he hoped he never would become stoical, since then he would cease to feel with his fellowmen. This serious side of life has been almost too constantly dwelt upon, while such pleasures as came to him are sometimes forgotten. His wife shared his vicissitudes without a murmur; his children were devoted to him; even had he been better possessed of means it is certain that he would not have wished to exchange his humble peasant life for a more conventional mode of living. He loved the woods, the fields; he loved the newly ploughed ground; he loved the awkward, stolid peasants, with their furrowed faces and bent backs; he even loved the labor which wore out their lives. As a poet sees beyond the sorrow and suffering the infinite harmony in the world, beauty everywhere if one's eyes are trained to see it, his ears in tune to hear it, so Millet recognized the peasant's lot as one aspect of the earthly portion. Of changes that might mitigate its misery he concerned himself not at all;

they belonged to the future. He saw the nobility of faithful service in the humble round of the peasant's duties and set it forth to be seen by those who had previously passed him by with indifference or scorn.

Contemporaneous Painters.

Jules Dupré and Narcisse Diaz both belong to the Barbizon school. Dupré was born in 1811; Diaz in 1810. Dupré was of mild temperament, retiring disposition and keenly susceptible to the moods of nature. He early went to work in his father's porcelain shop, learning certain secrets of his later work there. He gradually drifted into his true province—the portrayal of rustic life. His farms were always farms where people lived; his roads and highways were frequented by at best a passing farm-cart; his mills and meadows were ever shown in some relation to the ones who dwelt among them. He rarely pictured the country uninhabited, but rather as an abiding place for men.

Diaz was of Spanish birth. When a youth he lost a limb through the effects of a rattlesnake bite. This misfortune he in no way allowed to cloud his days. He had a fond love for rich colors and delighted in painting autumnal scenes with the glowing tints of the dying year. When he became possessed of fair means he sought out a home by the sea, finding even more solace in its moods than in his beloved Fontainebleau.

Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur (1828-1899) became one of the greatest animal painters of all time. Left to her own devices when a child, she made playmates of the neighborhood pets. Her love for animals led her into various eccentricities, and with her brothers she was left to roam about at will. Her father at length noted his daughter's drawings, and, being an artist of some ability, began to give her regular training. It was her delight to spend days together out wherever animals might be seen. Dressed in boy's attire, that she might not attract notice, she visited stockyards and slaughter houses in order that she might acquire an intimate knowledge of the creatures she wished to paint.

Her *Oxen Ploughing* brought her fame, and throughout a busy life her paintings were henceforth in constant demand.

Often alone, she tramped over the mountains to find the deer, and in Scotland sought unfrequented spots where wild animals might be taken unawares. Around her at home she collected quite a menagerie of pets that were devoted to their mistress. Her lions followed her like dogs and one of them died with his head on her arm.

Her *Horse Fair* is most famous. Rare genius was required to adequately portray this stupendous scene. It was sold for 300,000 francs and hangs today in the Metropolitan Museum.

Honors were heaped upon Rosa Bonheur and at last she was presented with the badge of the Legion of Honor, which had never before been bestowed upon a woman. This gifted, persevering woman never would be lionized. Her friends were always welcomed, but she seldom saw strangers. In her home at By, on the edge of the Fontainebleau forest, she spent the later years of her life.

Children as a rule are fond of animals, and in recent years Rosa Bonheur's pictures have been copied repeatedly and are well known by children in all lands. This adoration on the part of little people for one who so truthfully represented the creatures she dearly loved, is a testimonial of her great genius.

CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

FRENCH LITERATURE

FRENCH literature in the sixteenth century was greatly stimulated by the invention and progress of printing. Under the influence of the Humanists, classical learning was revived and classical rules and forms were adopted. The condition of the Church and the clergy led to several attempted reforms and Church abuses supplied a general subject for writers in France, as in England.

With the hope of reducing French poetry to classical rules, seven poets banded themselves together. Centuries before, seven poets of Alexandria had been known by the name of the *Pléiade,* from the constellation. This name was now applied to the seven French poets, among whom Ronsard and Du Bellay were leaders.

Du Bellay wrote many sonnets. These delighted Spenser, who translated sixty of them into English. Three of Du Bellay's poems are quoted here. *The Ruins of Rome* was a particular favorite with Spenser. Greater still was Ronsard, who was termed now the Pindar, now the Petrarch, of France. Even in recent years Andrew Lang has called him the *Prince of Poets,* and has found pleasure in rendering his poems into English verse.

The Ruins of Rome.

(By Joachim Du Bellay. Translated by Edmund Spenser.)

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding down
  From heaven's height into men's heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown
  The careful thoughts of mortal miseries;

Then did a ghost before mine eyes appear,
  On that great river's bank that runs by Rome;
Which, calling me by name, bade me to rear
  My looks to heaven, whence all good gifts do come.
And, crying loud, "Lo! now behold," quoth he,
  "What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity!"
  So I, that know this world's inconstancies,
Since only God surmounts all time's decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,
  An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundred pillars fronting fair the same,
  All wrought with diamond after Doric wise:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
  But shining crystal, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
  One hundred steps of Afric gold's enchase:
Gold was the *parget;* and the ceiling bright [*wall-covering*
  Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
The floor of jasp and emerald was dight.
  O world's vainness! While thus I did behold,
An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruin great.

Then did a sharp spire of diamond bright,
  Ten feet each way in square, appear to me,
Justly proportion'd up unto his height,
  So far as archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seem to bear,
  Made of the metal which we most do honor;
And in this golden vessel couchéd were
  The ashes of a mighty emperor:
Upon four corners of the base were *pight,* [*fixed*
  To bear the frame, four great lions of gold;
A worthy tomb for such a worthy wight.
  Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold!
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

I saw a wolf under a rocky cave
  Nursing two whelps; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,
  While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I saw her range abroad to seek her food,
  And, roaming through the field with greedy rage,
T' imbrue her teeth and claws with lukewarm blood
  Of the small herds, her thirst for to assuage:
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
  Down from the mountains bord'ring Lombardy,
That with an hundred spears her flank wide rended:
  I saw her on the plain outstretched lie,
  Throwing out a thousand throbs in her own soil;
Soon on a tree uphanged I saw her spoil.

The Winnowers' Hymn.

In this hymn by Du Bellay, the winds are invoked by the winnowers of the wheat.

To you, troop so fleet,
That with wingéd wandering feet,
  Through the wide world pass,
And with soft murmuring
Toss the green shades of spring
  In woods and grass,
Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
  Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud uncloses,
  Wind-flowers too.
Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath,
  Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
  In the sun's heat.

THE LOVERS' PRAYER TO VENUS.

(By Joachim Du Bellay.)

WE that with like hearts love, we lovers twain,
New wedded in the village by thy fane,
Lady of all chaste love, to thee it is
We bring these amaranths, these white lilies,
A sign and sacrifice; may Love, we pray,
Like amaranthine flowers, feel no decay;
Like these cool lilies, may our loves remain
Perfect and pure and know not any stain;
And be our hearts, from this thy holy hour,
Bound each to each, like flower to wedded flower.

THE WREATH OF ROSES.

THIS poem and the four following pieces are by Pierre Ronsard, and are, with one exception, translated by Andrew Lang.

I SEND you here a wreath of blossoms blown
  And woven flowers at sunset gathered,
  Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this, their sure example, be it known,
  That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
  Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
Flowerlike, and brief of days, as the flower sown.
Ah, time is flying, lady—time is flying;
  Nay, 'tis not time that flies, but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
  And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were;
Be therefore kind, my love, while thou art fair.

THE ROSE.

SEE, Mignonne, hath not the Rose,
That this morning did unclose
  Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
  Her color, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne, in how few hours,
The petals of her purple flowers
  All have faded, fallen, died;
Sat Nature, mother ruinous,
That seest thy fair child perish thus
  'Twixt matin song and eventide.

Hear me, my darling, speaking sooth,
Gather the fleet flower of your youth,
  Take your pleasure at the best;
Be merry ere your beauty flit,
For length of days will tarnish it,
  Like roses that were loveliest.

Of His Lady's Old Age.

When you are very old, and by the candle's flame,
  Sitting beside the fire, you talk and spin and sing
  My songs o' nights, then you will say, half wondering:
"Ronsard in bygone days hath sung my beauty's fame."

When those around thee hear this word, no serving dame
  Of thine, already at her task half slumbering,
  But at the echo of my name awakening,
With everlasting praise shall rise and bless thy name.

But I, a formless ghost within the earth full deep,
Beneath the myrtle shadows I shall lie asleep;
  While thou before the fire art crouching, old and gray,
Weeping for my lost love and for thy proud disdain.
Wait not the morrow, but live now, if thou wilt deign
  To hear me; pluck the roses of thy life to-day.

THE classical forms obtained in France until the early years of the nineteenth century, with many modifications. However, by the seventeenth century the critical spirit was already strongly felt. An influx of Italian and Spanish words rendered French writings even more artificial than it had already become, built up upon the forms of antiquity.

We may note the favor of pastoral romances. Rene Descartes, the celebrated philosopher, expressed his philosophical ideas in Latin but used his native tongue for critical discussions concerning the improvement of French prose.

The dramatists were the glory of their age, Corneille first among them. No summary of the century would be complete without reference to the fables of La Fontaine.

The great fabulist of France, the most famous of beast fabulists after Æsop, was Jean de La Fontaine. He was born in 1621. With Molière, Racine, and Boileau he enjoyed the happiness of a little select club, the memories of which he has immortalized in his romance, "Les Amours de Cupidon et de Psyché." In this tale Molière figures as Gélaste, Racine as Acante, Boileau as Ariste, and La Fontaine himself as Polyphile. Of these friends Molière, perhaps, apprized La Fontaine most at his true value, while La Fontaine would enthusiastically declare: "Molière, c'est mon homme" (Give me Molière every time). La Fontaine's own deepest ambition was to become a great playwright like his comrade Poquelin, and his first endeavor was a play, "The Eunuch," adapted from Terence. But, although he figured extensively in his own day as a dramatist, and even opera-librettist, it is unnec-

essary to record here that phase of his career. It may be noted, however, that one of his plays, "The Enchanted Cup," has been played within comparatively recent times at the Théatre Français. It was by his "Tales" and by his "Fables" that La Fontaine charmed his own generation, and it is as the fabulist alone that he still survives in the memory of this generation.

Throughout his long life La Fontaine was so childlike and personally irresponsible that he reminds one of Goldsmith, and the French writer deserves even more the sobriquet of "Inspired Idiot." However mythical many of the anecdotes of La Fontaine's absent-mindedness, improvidence, and naïveté may be, it is certain that he never fully realized his position as husband and father, his moral obligations even to his contemporaries, his responsibilities as author or man. Nevertheless he was a faithful friend, a tender-hearted, well-meaning fellow, and an outspoken poet according to his own moral lights. Born the son of a "ranger of streams and forests" of the duchy of Chateau Thierry in Champagne, La Fontaine might have been an independently comfortable, quietly domestic poet all his life. But he practically deserted wife and child, allowed his money matters to go to the dogs, lived in a curious mixture of libertinism and sobriety in Paris, and died at the age of seventy-four regretted rather than esteemed. He was lucky enough to have shelter throughout his unique career. Fouquet pensioned him, in return for the dedication of poems. The Duchess of Bouillon, Anne Mancini, youngest of Mazarin's nieces, became his protectress, and it was for her that he wrote (at the age of forty-three) his "Contes" so scandalously lascivious. While enjoying the delights of comradeship of the quartet of the Rue du Vieux Colombier, he was housed beneath the roof of the Duchess Dowager of Orleans at Luxembourg. On her death he was "adopted" by Madame de Sablière, who declared, on her retirement from the pleasures of society: "I have dismissed all my people, except my dog, my cat, and La Fontaine." She it was who secured the poet's election to the Academy, even over Boileau. On her death another of his old friends, Hewart, hastened to condole with the houseless bard. He found La Fontaine walking with a sorrowful mien along the street. "Come to my

home," he exclaimed with a generous outburst of sympathy. "I was just going there," was La Fontaine's unabashed answer. When he died he was probably laid to rest in the cemetery of Holy Innocents. The nurse at his deathbed exclaimed: "Dieu n'aura jamais le courage de le damner" (God will not have the heart to damn him).

La Fontaine awoke to literature only in his manhood. It was Malherbe who proved the happy inspiration, and his new disciple's first effusions were a lot of trivial ballades, epigrams, and rondeaux. At the age of thirty-three he imitated Terence. Champmeslé fathered his early plays. Ten years later appeared his first series of "Tales," and he was forty-seven years old when he gave to the world his original six "Fables." Madame Sévigné, who had, indeed, been able to stand the shock of the "Contes," pronounced these fables divine, and all Paris took up the echo. The "Tales," which had been drawn from the old fabliaux, the Italian novellieri, and even from the later romances of Antoine de la Salle and Beroalde de Verville, had exemplified La Fontaine's keen enjoyment of a good story and his vivid powers of narration. But these "contes pour rire" (tales for laughter) were to be eclipsed by his fables wherein he not only told his beast stories as well, but wherein he hit off almost the whole broad range of human nature in its animal counterparts. As M. Van Laun exclaims: "Does not La Fontaine describe his animals well and caustically? They are men and women disguised as animals, but still having the characteristics of both. The king lion, for example, is like another Louis XIV. . . . After the king come the courtiers, and the fox appears to be the most accomplished of all . . . never at a loss for an excuse, not for an expedient, proud with his superiors and cringing with his inferiors. Other noblemen appear: the heavy elephant, the rustic bear, the lordly and haughty dog who considers the collar round his neck as a 'trifle,' the long-legged, skinny and proud heron; and all these animals behave as insolently as the real noblemen of Louis XIV.'s court. We must also not forget the curé Jean Chouart, who goes 'gaily behind a body at a funeral,' and counts on the money which he shall receive for his prayers to buy a cask of the best wine; the hermit, a rat, who having taken refuge in a Dutch cheese, answers the

deputies of his nation who begged for some assistance because their capital, Ratapolis, was besieged: 'Affairs here below do not concern me any longer; in what can a poor recluse be of any assistance to you? What else can he do but pray Heaven that it may aid you in this?' . . . Now we arrive at the citizens, and La Fontaine, who seems like one of them when he jeers at the nobles, seems a noble when he makes fun of the citizens." La Fontaine is enough of a noble of King Louis XIV., indeed, to relate for distressed France of his day the fable of King Log and King Stork. He ridicules too the rising notion of equality. There is the shadow of La Rochefouçauld upon these satires. But beyond the human interest of his fables, La Fontaine charms by his verse. Not that he possesses the "fine frenzy" of the poet, but he managed to escape from "the Alexandrine prison"— as it has been styled —of the French verse of Malherbe and Boileau. La Fontaine deliberately aimed to be diverse in metre and rhymes, and the result is an imperishable freshness of style in delightful contrast to the arid verses of his formal contemporaries and predecessors. Even Molière's verse is not so enjoyable in itself as is that of Molière's "bonhomme."

LA FONTAINE.

The Wolf and the Dog.

A prowling wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
Had little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray;
A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray
No human mortal owns.
Sir Wolf, in famished plight,
Would fain have made a ration
Upon his fat relation;
But then he first must fight;
And well the dog seemed able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.
So then, in civil conversation,
The wolf expressed his admiration

Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
"Yourself, good Sir, may be as sightly:
Quit but the woods, advised by me;
For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want;
With such a pack, of course it follows
One fights for every bit he swallows.
Come, then, with me and share
On equal terms our princely fare."
"But what with you
Has one to do?"
Inquires the wolf. "Light work indeed,"
Replies the dog; "you only need
To bark a little, now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar-men,—
To fawn on friends that come or go forth,
Your master please and so forth;
For which you have to eat
All sorts of well-cooked meat,—
Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes,—
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."
The wolf, by force of appetite,
Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes.
But, faring on, he spies
A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.
"What's that?" he cries. "Oh, nothing but a speck."
"A speck?" "Ay, ay; 't is not enough to pain me,
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."
"Chain,—chain you? What! run you not, then,
Just where you please, and when?"
"Not always, Sir; but what of that?"
"Enough for me, to spoil your fat!
It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me I'll shun them while I've wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

The Cock and the Fox.

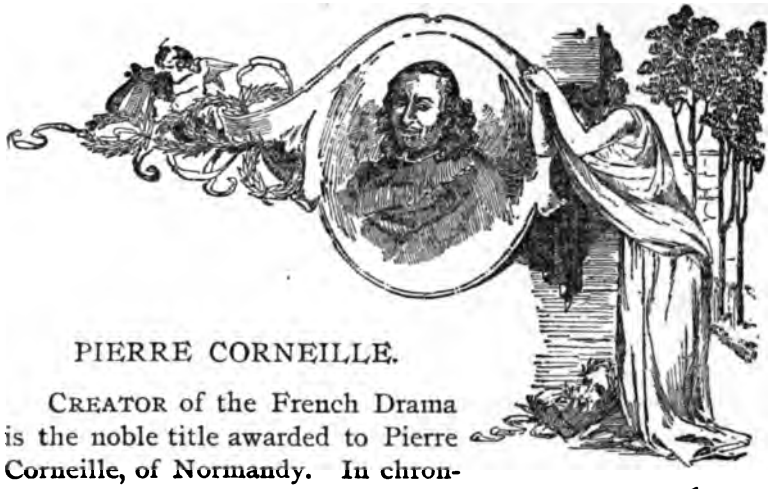
Upon a tree there mounted guard
A veteran cock, adroit and cunning;
When to the roots a fox uprunning
Spoke thus, in tones of kind regard:
"Our quarrel, brother, is at an end,
Henceforth I hope to live your friend;
For peace now reigns
Throughout the animal domains.
I bear the news. Come down, I pray,
And give me the embrace fraternal;
And please, my brother, don't delay,
So much the tidings do concern all,
That I must spread them far to-day.
Now you and yours can take your walks
Without a fear or thought of hawks;
And should you clash with them or others,
In us you'll find the best of brothers;
For which you may, this joyful night,
Your merry bonfires light.
But, first, let's seal the bliss
With one fraternal kiss."
"Good friend," the Cock replied, "upon my word,
A better thing I never heard;
And doubly I rejoice
To hear it from your voice:
And, really, there must be something in it,
For yonder come two greyhounds, which, I flatter
Myself, are couriers on this very matter;
They come so fast, they'll be here in a minute.
I'll down and all of us will seal the blessing
With general kissing and caressing."
"Adieu," said Fox, "my errand's pressing,
I'll hurry on my way,
And we'll rejoice some other day."
So off the fellow scampered quick and light,
To gain the fox-holes of a neighboring height,—
Less happy in his stratagem than flight.
The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve;
'Tis doubly sweet deceiver to deceive.

The House of Socrates.

A house was built by Socrates
That failed the public taste to please.
Some blamed the inside, some the out, and all
Agreed that the apartments were too small;
Such rooms for him, the greatest sage of Greece!
I ask, said he, no greater bliss
Than real friends to fill even this.
And reason good had Socrates
To think his house too large for these.
A crowd to be your friends will claim,
  Till some unhandsome test you bring.
There's nothing plentier than the name;
  There's nothing rarer than the thing.

The Crow and the Fox.

Master Crow, perched on a tree one day,
  Was holding in his beak a cheese;
Master Fox, by the odor drawn that way,
  Spake unto him in words like these:
    "Oh, good morning, my Lord Crow!
    How well you look! how handsome you do grow!
      'Pon my honor, if your note
      Bears a resemblance to your coat,
You are the phœnix of the dwellers in these woods."
  At these words does the Crow exceedingly rejoice;
  And, to display his beauteous voice,
He opens a wide beak, lets fall his stolen goods.
  The Fox seized on 't, and said "My good Monsieur,
  Learn that every flatterer
  Lives at the expense of him who hears him out.
  This lesson is well worth a cheese, no doubt."
The Crow, ashamed, and much in pain,
Swore, but a little late, they'd not catch him so again.



PIERRE CORNEILLE.

CREATOR of the French Drama is the noble title awarded to Pierre Corneille, of Normandy. In chronological justness, this title should be bestowed upon Étienne Jodelle (1532–1573), one of the famous Pléiade. Jodelle had imitated Seneca. Corneille's "Le Cid," which was to represent to Victor Hugo the extreme of classicism, did not seem truly classical enough to Corneille's own contemporaries. To them "Le Cid" was highly romantic in both theme and treatment. Jodelle's tragedies had better pleased the scholars who, in celebration of one of his dramas, had actually held an ancient fête champêtre and crowned a stag with ivy and flowers in honor of Thespis. But Jodelle's tragedy never flourished outside of college and court. It was Corneille who was to make, in spite of the censure of Cardinal Richelieu's new Academy, the supreme appeal to the people of Paris. It was not, however, until Corneille had written eight dramas of small value that he found his true province. Indeed, in one of his earliest tragedies, that of "Clitandre, or Innocence Delivered" (1632), Dorise, the heroine, had her "innocence delivered" by stabbing her would-be seducer with a hair-pin—after which followed, of course, the inevitable philosophic meditation.

But in 1636, when Corneille was thirty years old, he gave to the French stage its great masterpiece, "The Cid." The theme was romantic, instead of classic, being based on Spain's chivalric romances. The especial source of Corneille's drama was a work by Guillen de Castro on "The Youth of the Cid." In the drama of both writers the Cid is a gallant young Castilian hero of twenty, and the plot celebrates his

love-episode with Chimène. Tragic in its opening involvement, its happy outcome renders this love affair highly romantic. Its Spanish code of honor, its almost demigod type of chivalry, and its interminably pompous declamations alone make it seem classical, instead of romantic in spirit, to Victor Hugo and the passionate young bards of the opening nineteenth century.

The character of the Cid, Don Rodrigue (in Spanish, Roderigo), is almost legendary, and typifies, above even its historical aspects, the patriotism and heroism of embattled Spain against the Moors. The old folk-ballads recounted how the youthful Cid avenged an insult to his father, Don Diego, by the duel to death with Don Gomez, Count of Gormas, father of Chimène (Ximenez or Ximena). Corneille's play begins, after a revelation of the mutual love of Don Rodrigue and Chimène, with the fatal affront given by Chimène's sire to Don Diego. The lover, after a severe mental struggle between love and honor, avenges his father. Chimène then agonizes in a like struggle, at the end of which she hastens to the king to demand Rodrigue's blood in vengeance—vowing to herself to die as soon as this atonement is achieved. Meanwhile a raid of infidels has been repulsed, and the invading host crushed by Rodrigue at the head of the nobles. The king feels compelled to confer on him the title of Le Cid (in Arabic, el Seid, "the Lord"), which he has won for himself among the Saracens. Rodrigue's description of the combat is a splendid piece of Corneille's rhetoric. Chimène, deserted by the king, now accepts Don Sancho as a champion. But previously Chimène has swooned on a false report of the Cid's death, and when, as a subtle ruse, Rodrigue sends his sword by Don Sancho, as if conquered, Chimène pours out her love-wrath on the unlucky knight. The lovers are thus reunited, after all, in a manner which struck Corneille's classical critics as decidedly unheroic. Chapelain, encouraged by the jealous Richelieu, complained that the dramatist could not "please the learned;" Corneille was said to rank below Scudéry, and to have degraded tragedy to melodrama. But to the Parisian public all such classical fastidiousness was caviare: to the

people Chimène was more lovely because of her very humanity, her feminine inconsistency, and yet faithfulness to the great passion of love. As Boileau declared,

> In vain 'gainst the Cid a minister makes league;
> All Paris for Chimène has the eyes of Rodrigue.

And throughout France it became a proverb, "Cela est beau comme le Cid" (beautiful as "The Cid").

Corneille himself realized, in the condemnation of his master work by the Academy, that he had broken the Aristotelian unities and laws of the classical drama. In his three essays on the dramatic art—"On the Utility of Dramatic Poetry," "On Tragedy," and "On the Three Unities"—he shows that he did not himself perceive the vital essence of his own reform. In "Horatius," dedicated with a dry satire to his arch-enemy, Richelieu, and in "Cinna," which he wrote as an answer to his critics to show his power to invent an original drama, he returned more to the classic model. And he took pride, in fact, that "as the verses of 'Horatius' are more appropriate and less strained for the expression of thought than those of the 'Cid,' so those of 'Cinna' are more finished than the verses of 'Horatius.'" After two defeats, he was finally crowned an Immortal in the boastful Academy. In "Horatius," Corneille contrasts the characters of Sabine and Camille, and paints an old-time Roman in old Horatius. In "Cinna," he depicts a fruitless conspiracy against the forgiving Cæsar Augustus. In "Polyeucte" he composed "a Christian tragedy," as he himself styled it. His other dramas call for no mention here, save that it may be remarked that he wrote a comedy-ballet, Psyche, in conjunction with Molière, and a comedy, "Le Menteur" (The Liar), which has caused him to be styled the Father of French Comedy.

Pierre Corneille was born at Rouen in 1606, the son of a king's advocate at the court of Normandy. He was educated by the Jesuits and was destined for the bar. Strange to say, it was an impediment of speech that rescued him for the stage. Before his death (in 1684) he had been surpassed by Racine and beheld with sadness his own decline. Corneille, once the pride of Paris, died neglected and almost forgotten.

Don Diego and His Son, the Cid.

Don Diego, formerly a valiant warrior of Castile, but now infirm through age, was appointed by King Ferdinand tutor of his son. Count de Gormas is jealous of this mark of favor, and meeting Don Diego quarrels with him and strikes him on the cheek with his glove. This insult is worse than death to the aged warrior, who appeals to his assailant to slay him, but the Count derides him. Diego's rage and shame find vent in the following outburst:

O rage, despair! O age, thou traitor-foe!
Have I not lived too long to bear a blow?
To see, grown grey in martial toils and fame,
So many laurels fade in one day's shame?
My arm, so long by Spain in honor held—
My arm, that hath so oft the realm upheld,
So oft the king upon his throne sustained,
Now to betray my quarrel, leave me stained!
O cruel memory of my glories gone,
So many days thus one by one undone!
New dignity by which my peace is ta'en,
Precipice whence my honor fallen is slain,
Must my foe triumph in your light, while I
Disgraced must live, or unavenged must die?
Count, take my office: near my prince must be
In this high rank no man disgraced like me.
Thy jealous rage by such affront hast brought
To me unfitness, the king's choice to nought.
And thou, the instrument of glorious deeds,
Thou sword which icy age no longer needs,
Once dreaded, but which in this last offence
Hast been a thing of show, not of defence—
Go, leave the last and lowest of mankind,
And to avenge me better master find.

Diego then calls upon his son Roderigo, the Cid, to avenge the affront, but Roderigo is in love with Chimène (Ximena), the daughter of Count de Gormas. The struggle in his soul between the demands of honor and the passion of love is shown in his soliloquy.

Struck to the depths of my sad heart
By blow so unforeseen, a mortal thrust;
Avenger of a quarrel stern and just,

Victim of an unjust and deadly dart,
Silent I stand.—My soul, in sad amaze,
Yields to the blow that slays.
So near, so near to recompense so tender.
O God, the wondrous pain!
My father's name insulted, and the offender
The father of Chimène.

What bitter strife within me burns!
Against my honor my affections move.
I must avenge my sire—and lose my love.
One stirs my soul, my arm the other turns.
O bound to such sad choice!—*her* heart to break,
Or bear shame for her sake.
On either side my woe is infinite.
O God, the bitter pain!
Accept the insult, and refrain to slay
The father of Chimène.

My father—my betrothed; honor or love.
O noble tyranny, O high constraint!
My pleasures all are dead, my glories faint.
Unworthy or unhappy I must prove.
What dear and cruel hope dost thou discover
To generous son and lover,
O noble enemy of all my joy,
Sword that bring'st nought but pain!
To 'venge my sire must I thy blade employ,
And lose by thee Chimène?

The Cid and Chimène.

Roderigo, the Cid, having vindicated his father's honor by slaying the Count de Gormas in a duel, makes his way to his betrothed Chimène, the Count's daughter, and offers her his sword that she may take vengeance for the death of her father. But she rejects the proposal with horror. Roderigo declares that he has justly incurred her wrath, and cannot live to hear her reproach him. Then Chimène replies:

Chimène. Ah, Roderigo, though thy foe I be,
I blame thee not to have fled this infamy;
And howsoe'er my misery outwards flows,
Without accusing thee I weep my woes.

I know for such a wrong what cruel art
Honor demands from every generous heart.
Thou hast done only what the brave must do,
But in the act I learn my part from you:
Thy fatal valor and sad victory show
What to my father and my house I owe.

Mine the same care-bound for my misery
T' avenge my sire, and win my fame in thee.
Alas! thy part in this is my despair.
Had I from other hand such woe to bear,
My soul had found in thee the sole relief,
The only solace for her bitter grief.
What help, what strength in sorrow's evil day
If thy dear hand had wiped my tears away!
But think not in my heart that love has room
With coward thoughts to save thee from thy doom,
Although affection fain would break thy bonds,
My courage, generous too, to thine responds.
Thou prov'st thee worthy me in wounding me;
And by thy death I'll prove me worthy thee.

Roderigo. Do not borrow another arm, O my Chimène! believe me, this is not a fit return. My arm alone avenged my offence; thy hand alone should take vengeance for thine.

Chim. Cruel! why torture me with this persistence? You avenged yourself without aid, but you would help me to my vengeance. No, I will follow your example; I have too much courage to share my glory with thee.

Rod. Can I not obtain this last favor? For the sake of your dead father, for the sake of our love, strike me, for vengeance or for pity!

Chim. Go! I hate you not.

Rod. But I deserve your hatred.

Chim. Go! I cannot give it.

Rod. Care you so little for blame and public reproach? When it is known that you love me still, what will envy and malice say? Silence them, and slay me for your good fame.

Chim. My good fame shall shine the brighter that I let thee live. The blackest envy will applaud me and lament my sorrows when they see that I adore thee, yet pursue thee.

Rod. Let me die!

Chim. Go! go!

Rod. What purpose is in thy mind?

Chim. To avenge my father in spite of our love. But notwithstanding the rigor of this cruel duty, my only hope is to fail in it.

Rod. O miracle of love!

Chim. O crown of misery!

Rod. What grief and tears will our fathers cost us!

Chim. Roderigo, who could have believed it?

Rod. Chimène, who would have uttered it?

Chim. That our joy so nigh was so soon lost!

Rod. That close to port, unlikely as it seemed,
A sudden storm should shipwreck all our hopes!

Chim. Ah! fatal griefs!

Rod. Ah! profitless regrets!

ÆMILIA.

CORNEILLE considered his "Cinna" the finest of his classical dramas. It relates to the plots in the household of the Emperor Augustus. He had, beyond his usual generosity to former enemies, been liberal to Cinna, the grandson of Pompey, and to Æmilia, the daughter of Toranius. Yet Æmilia cannot forgive him for causing the death of her father Toranius, who had been proscribed during the Triumvirate. She persuades her lover Cinna to engage in a conspiracy against the Emperor. The following soliloquy in the opening of the play expresses her feeling, and gives the keynote to the drama.

Ye impatient longings for a signal revenge,
Whose origin is due to my father's death,
Headstrong children of my resentment,
Whom my misguided grief blindly embraces,
Ye assume too potent sway over my soul.

Suffer me to breathe yet for a few moments,
And to consider, in this state where I am,
Both what I venture and what I pursue.
When I behold Augustus in the midst of his glory,
And when you reproach my sad memory
That my father, slain by his own hand,
Was the first step to the throne where I see him—
When you offer me this picture of blood,
The cause of my hatred, the result of his fury,
I abandon myself to your burning transports,
I feel that for one death, I owe him a thousand.
And yet, amidst a rage so founded on reason,
Still more love I Cinna than I hate Augustus,
And I feel this seething passion grow cool,
When to effect it, I must expose my lover.

THE TRAITOR LOVERS.

THE Emperor Augustus, having been informed of Cinna's conspiracy, sends for him and rehearses all its details. He shows that from it no good can result for Cinna or for Rome. The conspirator admits his guilt and professes his readiness to suffer the extreme penalty, but Augustus allows him to choose his own punishment. Then Livia, the emperor's wife, enters with Æmilia, his adopted daughter. The latter, to his astonishment, declares that she alone is responsible for Cinna's crime.

Livia. You know not yet all his accomplices.
Your Æmilia is one of them; behold her.
Cinna. O heavens! It is herself.
Augustus. And you, my daughter, too!
Æmilia. Yes; all that he did, he did to please me;
Of it, my lord, I was the cause and the reward.
Aug. What! Does the love which yesterday I caused to spring
Move you already to die for him to-day?
Your soul yields itself too much to that passion,
It is too soon to love the lover that I gave you.
Æmil. This love which subjects me to your resentment
Is not the prompt effect of your commands;
Without your order these flames arose in our hearts,
They are the secret of more than four years.
But though I loved him, and he burned for me,

A hatred still stronger made the law for both.
I would never give him the least hope of love
Till he had assured me of vengeance for my father.
I made him swear it; he sought out his friends;
Heaven destroys the success that I had promised myself,
And I come, my lord, to offer you a victim,
Not to save his life by charging myself with crime.
After his attempt his fault is too clear,
And in a crime of state every excuse is vain.
To die in his presence and regain my sire,
'Tis that brings me here, and that is my hope.
Aug. Until when, O Heaven! and for what reason
Will you direct against me attacks in my house?
Julia I have driven from it for her debauchery;
In her place my love had made choice of Æmilia,
And her likewise I see unworthy of that rank.
The one robbed me of honor, the other thirsts for my blood,
Both took their guilty passions as their guides;
The one became wanton, the other a parricide.
O my daughter! Is this the reward of my favors?
Æmil. My father's produced the like effect in you.
Aug. Think with what affection I nourished your youth.
Æmil. He nourished yours with the same tenderness;
He was your tutor, and you were his assassin;
You have already shown me the path to crime.
Mine differs from yours in this point alone,
That your ambition sacrificed my father,
And that a just wrath with which I still burn
Resolved to slay you for his innocent blood.

Livia then interrupts to declare that, by the law of Heaven, the emperor cannot be punished for crimes committed by him as a private person, that he is surrounded with an inviolable sanctity. Æmilia assents to this doctrine, and declares that she is not seeking to defend herself.

Æmil. Punish then, lord, these pampered criminals
Who of your favorites make conspicuous ingrates.
Cut off my sad days to assure your own.
If I seduced Cinna, I will seduce many another.
I am more to be feared, and you are more in danger,
If love and blood together call me to avenge them.
Cin. Have I been seduced by you? Can I endure still

To be dishonored by her whom I adore?
My lord, the truth must here be fully told.
Before I loved her I had formed that plot.
To my pure desires finding her immovable,
I thought that to other feelings she would yield.
I spoke of her father and of your severity,
And the offer of my arm followed that of my heart.
How sweet is vengeance to a woman's soul!
By that means I attacked, by that I won her soul.
For my small merit she might neglect me,
She could not neglect the arm that would avenge her.
She did not conspire save by my artifice;
I was the sole author, she but an accomplice.
Æmil. Cinna, what dare you say? Is it to cherish me
To rob me of honor when I must die?
Cin. Die, but in dying tarnish not my glory.
Æmil. Mine would wither, should Cæsar believe you.
Cin. And mine is lost, if you draw to yourself
All that follows from such powerful strokes.
Æmil. Well then, take your part of it, and leave me mine;
To weaken it would be to weaken thine.
Glory and pleasure, shame and torments,
All should be common between true lovers.
(*To Augustus.*) The souls of both, my lord, are Roman souls;
Uniting our loves, we united our hates,
The quick desire to avenge our lost relatives
Taught us our duties at the same moment.
In that noble plot our hearts were joined,
Our generous spirits formed it together;
Together we sought the honor of a fair crime.
You wished to unite us, separate us not.

SIEUR DE SAINT AMANT.

AMONG the less important and rather disreputable poets of the beginning of the seventeenth century was Mark Antoine Gérard, Sieur de Saint Amant. He was born at Rouen in 1594, being the son of a sea-captain who had served in the English fleet and also sailed to India. The son went early to Paris, and in 1619 published a poem on "Solitude." He was employed in turn by the Duke de Retz, Admiral Count

D'Harcourt, and Queen Marie of Poland. Though he was a jovial scapegrace, he was elected one of the earliest members of the French Academy, but was excused from the customary oration at introduction on promising to contribute to the Dictionary all the burlesque words, a promise which he never fulfilled. He wrote odes, idylls, satires, and in his old age an epic on "Moses Saved." He died in 1661. His best poems are of the light satiric or Anacreontic class. The following is one of the earliest sonnets on Tobacco.

The Tobacco-Smoker's Dreams.

Upon a fagot seated, pipe in lips,
  Leaning my head against the chimney wall,
  My heart sinks in me, down my eyelids fall,
As all alone I think on life's eclipse.
Hope, that puts off to-morrow for to-day,
  Essays to change my sadness for a while,
  And shows me, with her kind and youthful smile,
A fate more glorious than men's words can say.
Meantime the herb in ashes sinks and dies;
Then to its sadness back my spirit flies,
  And the old troubles still rise up behind.
Live upon hope and smoke your pipe; all's one.
It means the same when it is passed and done;
  One is but smoke, the other is but wind.

BLAISE PASCAL.

BLAISE PASCAL (1623–1662) was a mathematical genius, as well as a masterly moral logician. At the age of sixteen he wrote a Latin treatise on "Conic Sections," which astonished even Descartes. In his philosophical writings, indeed, the same trait was conspicuous. "The characteristic of Pascal is rigor," declared Victor Cousin, before the French Academy; "that inflexible rigor which aims, in everything, at the utmost precision, the last degree of evidence. Hence the clear and luminous style, the firm and decided manner, overlaid alternately by the charm of a most amiable mind, and by the sublime melancholy of a soul which very soon wearied of the world." It is this virtue which still makes Pascal's "Provincial Letters" (as his defence of the Jansenists against the Jesuits is called) highly interesting. Jansenism regarded human depravity as total and Divine grace as irresistible. After writing this defence Pascal meditated, in the solitude of Port-Royal des Champs (eighteen miles from Paris), a treatise on Christianity, as he apprehended it. But from his eighteenth year this zealous devotee had never passed a day without pain, and he died in his thirty-ninth year, leaving behind only a few fragments of this contemplated masterpiece. These fragments, published after his death, under the title of "Pensées" (Thoughts), prove that "the world lost much by the early death of one who combined in himself the strength of a Locke and a Paley, not to say of a Newton also."

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

THAT war in which violence attempts to oppress truth is peculiar and of long duration; all the efforts of violence cannot weaken truth, and only serve to enhance it the more. All

the light of truth cannot do anything to stop violence, and only irritate it more. When force combats force, the most powerful destroys the least powerful; when we oppose speeches against speeches, those which are true and convincing confound and dispel those which are nothing but vanity and falsehood; but violence and truth cannot act reciprocally upon one another. Nevertheless, let us not conclude from this that these things are equal; for there is this very great difference, that violence has only a limited range by command of God, who causes its effects to be conducive to the glory of the truth which it attacks; whilst truth exists to all eternity, and finally triumphs over its enemies, because it is eternal and powerful as God itself.

MAN AND THE UNIVERSE.

LET man regard the universe of nature in its full and lofty majesty; let him carry his sight far beyond the petty objects which surround him; let him behold that brilliant light set like an eternal lamp to enlighten the universe; let the world seem to him as a point in comparison with the vast orbit which the sun describes, and let him think with wonder that this vast orbit itself is but an insignificant point compared with that which is embraced by the stars revolving in the firmament. But if our sight is here arrested, let the imagination pass beyond; it will weary of its conceptions before nature wearies of her facts. The whole visible world is an imperceptible spot in the ample bosom of nature. No idea can approach it. In vain do we expand our conceptions beyond imaginable space; we produce but atoms in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere, whose centre is everywhere, its circumference nowhere. This, in short, is the most intelligible evidence of the omnipotence of God, that our imagination should be lost in such a thought. Returning to himself, let man consider what he is in comparison with what is; let him regard himself as lost in this remote corner of nature, and in this petty prison wherein he is confined—I mean the universe—let him learn to value the earth, kingdoms, cities, himself, at their due worth.

JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE.

JEAN RACINE, the second of the classic tragedists of France, was the son of a controller of the salt office at Ferté Milon, and was born in 1639, three years after the triumphant production of Corneille's "Le Cid." He commenced writing twenty years before Corneille's death, and his earliest verses are a palpable imitation of his predecessor's poetry. The principles enunciated by Corneille served as the guide for Racine in the dramatic art.

The themes of Racine's classical tragedies were taken directly from the Greek tragedies. "Andromaque," based on Euripides, is a picture of pure motherhood; "Iphigénie en Aulide," the drama of rivalry between Eriphile and Iphigenia over Achilles, and "Phédre," the passion of the wife of Theseus for her step-son Hippolytus. The flat reception of this last-named piece nearly drove Racine to become a Carthusian friar.

Racine's famous comedy is "Les Plaideurs" (The Litigants), written in 1668. It is virtually a farce, after the manner of Aristophanes, dealing with the mania of an old judge, Dandin, for pronouncing sentence, and with the fondness of the Countess de Pimbesche and Chicaneau for lawsuits.

The amiable and friendly Racine was more religious in temperament than Corneille. Corneille had been educated by the Jesuits, and translated Thomas á Kempis's "De Imitatione Christi." Racine, though in early life somewhat licentious, was essentially, however, of a religious type, and to the last he remained attached to the Port Royal school of his day. He composed, indeed, a series of "Cantiques

Spirituels" (sacred canticles). He was admitted to the French Academy in 1673, and died in Paris in 1699.

Racine drew from the Bible the plots for his "Esther" (1689), and his crowning masterpiece, "Athalie" (1691). The poet follows the sacred narrative so faithfully that hardly anything more than a general reference to the sources is necessary; and yet the playwright felt himself called upon to give a summary of the biblical story in his own prologue. The central character of Athaliah is painted in powerful colors. She is the daughter of the wicked Jezebel, who had been thrown to the dogs as a punishment for her bloody persecution of the prophets. Athaliah is "another Jezebel"—cruel and bloody-minded, but even in her wickedness always a queen. She has married Joram, King of Judah, but on his death she seeks to extirpate the royal house of David for the sake of Baal. In a dream her mother appears to her and warns her, and she also sees the vision of a young priest. Hastening to the temple she finds the living image, who is in reality the hidden heir to the throne, Joash. Determined to pierce the mystery, she holds a forced interview with the nine-year-old prince. This scene, in which the young Joash is brought into the presence of Athaliah, is full of a high beauty. The childish yet wise simplicity with which he replies to the queen's pressing inquiries, at every step unconsciously foiling her purpose and throwing her into confusion and rage, are exhibited with consummate art. "It is the first and only time," remarked La Harpe in his day, "that one has been inspired to draw from the charm of childhood all the interest of a tragic scene. There is nothing more touching, as witness the effect at the theatre where this scene has affected deliciously every soul." Athaliah's narration of her terrible dream of prophecy, with its picture of the dogs gnawing and snarling over her mother's bones, is stirringly dramatic. The queen's attack on the temple, the arming of the Levites, and Athaliah's tragic death ensue. The tragedy opens on Pentecost, or the Feast of Weeks—the day the giving of the law on Mount Sinai was commemorated, and ends with the anointing and crowning of Joash. Racine declared his choice of this time of action since its features "furnished such variety for the chants

of the chorus." This chorus is composed of young maidens of the tribe of Levi, headed by a niece of the high priest. Racine's object was to imitate the ancients in thus preserving a continuity of action unbroken by intervals. However undramatic to the present view, these hymns of the chorus are superb triumphs of devotional lyricism, pregnant with majesty and beauty. Both these scriptural plays were performed (without the aid of scenery) by the female pupils of the school at Saint Cyr, founded by Madame de Maintenon. Even the male characters were, according to Racine, "represented by the young ladies, with all the decorum of their sex, which was the easier for them as in ancient times the Persians and the Jews wore long dresses which reached to the ground." This prudish remark emphasizes the effeminate nature of Racine's genius. In contra-distinction to the severity of tone of his great predecessor, who is styled "le grand Corneille," the author of "Athalie" is affectionately known as "le tendre Racine." Racine was—aside from his two sacred tragedies—the painter of love. Despite his formal classicism we can still appreciate his tenderness. But this trait was accompanied by a lack of virile qualities. Appointed, along with his intimate friend Boileau, as historiographer to the Grand Monarque, he was somewhat too king-worshiping to the last, and his death has even been attributed to over-sensitiveness at the loss of royal favor. In "Esther" he is said to have represented Madame de Maintenon as Esther and the King as Ahasuerus; while Madame de Montespan was put to scorn as the haughty Vashti—a strange use to which to subject a sacred theme truly. But in "Athalie" Racine made the high priest caution the youthful King Joash:

You are ignorant of the intoxication of absolute power
And of the bewitching voice of cowardly flatterers.
Soon they'll tell you that the holiest laws
Rule the vile people, but obey the kings,
That a king has no other restraint than his own will;
That he ought to sacrifice everything to his supreme grandeur;
That the people is condemned to tears, to labor,
And must be governed with a rod of iron;
That unless they are oppressed they will oppress sooner or later.

This sentiment must have sounded somewhat discordantly in the Grand Monarque's ear, and it is small wonder "Athalie" had no favor at court. Later Madame de Maintenon persuaded Racine to write out some of his ideas on social reform. "Because he can make verses," exclaimed the irritated king, "does he want to be a minister of state?"

ORESTES AND HERMIONE.

(From the Tragedy of "Andromaque.")

Hermione. WHAT have I done? Where am I? Where is Pyrrhus?
Ye gods! what mean these horrors? I'm undone!
My soul is on the rack! I cannot bear it!
Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?
What brought me to this place? What keeps me here?
The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!
Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?
Hard-hearted man! how unconcerned he left me!
Did he once sigh? bestow one pitying look?
Once shed a tear? or speak one soft, kind word?
Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,
To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falsehood?
Why am I still thus anxious for his life?
Why do I start at his impending fate?
Shall he, then, live? Shall the base traitor live
To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!
Be quick, Orestes! Execute my orders!
Alas! my orders! O preposterous guilt!
Can I decree the death of him I love?
Was it for this my soul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my father's court?
Have I, then, crossed so many realms and seas
To murder Pyrrhus?— [*Cleone enters.*
O Cleone, help me!
What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?
What say'st thou? Answer me: where is the king?
Cleone. Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
Still as he walked, his ravished eyes were fixed
On the fair captive; while through shouting crowds

She passed along with a dejected air,
And seemed to mourn her Hector to the last.
Herm. Insulting tyrant! I shall burst with rage!
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?
Was his brow smooth? Say did there not appear
Some shade of grief, some little cloud of sorrow?
Did he not stop? Did he not once look back?
Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not —— Oh, be quick, and tell me all!
Cle. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love. Unguarded he marched on,
'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes.
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodged within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.
Herm. Enough! he dies! the traitor! Where's Orestes?
Cle. He's in the temple with his whole retinue.
Herm. Is he still resolute? Is he still determined?
Cle. Madam I fear ——
Herm. How! Is Orestes false? Does he betray me, too?
Cle. A thousand doubts
Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse:
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly,—
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states,—
Of all mankind, and fears to stain his honor.
Herm. Poor timorous wretch! 'Tis false! He basely fears
To cope with dangers, and encounter death;
'Tis that he fears! Am I bright Helen's daughter?
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspired;
For her, confederate nations fought, and kings were slain,
Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell:
My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm
Against a tyrant that has dared to wrong me!
Cle. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.
Herm. No! I'll avenge myself: I'll to the temple;
I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest;
I'll hurl destruction like a whirlwind round me!
They must not wed! they must not live! they shall not!
Let me begone! I have no time to lose!

Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!
O Pyrrhus, tyrant! traitor! thou shalt bleed!

[*Orestes enters.*

Orestes. Madam, 'tis done; your orders are obeyed:
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

Herm. Is Pyrrhus slain?

Or. Even now he gasps in death.
Our Greeks, all undistinguished in the crowd,
Flocked to the temple and dispersed themselves
On every side the altar. I was there:
Pyrrhus observed me with a haughty eye,
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his captive:
"Receive," said he, "my crown! receive my faith!
Mine and my people's sovereign reign, forever!
From this blessed hour, a father to your son,
I'll scourge his foes: henceforth be he styled
The Trojan king: I swear it at the altar,
And call the gods to ratify my vows!"
His subjects with loud acclamations shook
The spacious dome. Our Greeks, enraged, cried out,
"Revenge! revenge!" broke through the thronging press,
And rushed tumultuous on the unguarded king:
Their eager fury left no work for me.
Pyrrhus awhile opposed their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows on every side
With manly fierceness; till, oppressed by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gashed with wounds,
He reeled, he groaned, and at the altar fell.
Haste, Madam, let us fly! Haste to our ships!
They lie unmoored,—our friends attend us there.

Herm. What have they done?

Or. Madam, forgive their rage!
I own your vengeance had been more complete
Had Pyrrhus fallen by me, and had he known
Hermione chastised him by my arm.

Herm. Peace, monster, peace! Go, tell thy horrid tale
To savages, and howl it in the deserts!
Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?
Me wouldst thou make the accomplice of thy crimes?
Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits!

My soul abhors them! I disclaim the deed!
Begone! I know thee not, thou fell barbarian?
What had he done? What could provoke thy madness
To assassinate so great, so brave a man?
Who set thee on?

Or. Oh, grant me patience, Heaven!
With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?

Herm. What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another,—
Were you to obey a jealous woman's frenzy?
You should have div'd into my inmost thoughts:
My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice;
And all my anger was excess of love.
Why did you take me at my word? You saw
The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave:
You should have questioned me a thousand times,
Yet still have doubted, and still questioned on,
Before you ventured on a life so precious.

Or. Hear me but speak: Heaven knows, against my will ——

Herm. Why did you not return? why not consult me
A second time? and, undetermined still,
Again return, and still find new delays?
What had your rash, officious Greeks—dire bloodhounds!
To do with my revenge? What drew you hither?
To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?
Are these the fruits of your detested love?
Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence,

Drove Pyrrhus to my rival, and destroys
Both him and me. He might have loved me still,
Had you ne'er interposed. Avaunt! Begone!
And leave me in Epirus. I renounce
My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind:
But, chiefly, I renounce thee, monster! thee! [*Exit.*

Or. Am I awake? Where am I? Soft, my soul!
Be not too rash. —— Was that Hermione?
Why should her anger thunder against me?
Was not this blood shed all by her command?
I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!
A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.
Henceforward let the laws of nations cease;
And let the pale that severs right and wrong,
Things sacred and profane, be broken down:
Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
Are not in safety while Orestes lives.
Oh, never more shall my torn mind be healed,
Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose;
A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
And lay strong siege to my distracted soul!

ATHALIAH AND JOASH.

RACINE'S drama "Athalie" is founded on II Kings, chapter xi., and II Chronicles, chapters xxii., xxiii. Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, was the wife of Joram, King of Judah. On learning that Jehu had slain the sons of Ahab, she resolved to destroy all the royal race of David, putting to death even the children of her own son Ahaziah. But one of them, Joash, was saved by his aunt Jehosheba, and brought up under the name Eliakim, by Jehoiada, the high priest. The queen at last meets the boy, attended by Jehosheba, Zechariah, and others, in the temple. She is startled by his resemblance to one whom she had seen in a dream.

Athaliah. Wife of Jehoiada, is that your son?

Jehosheba. I am not his mother; (*pointing to Zechariah*), this is my son.

Ath. And you, child, who is your father? Answer me.

Jehosh. Heaven, till to-day.

Ath. Why should you answer for him? Let him speak.

Jehosh. At so tender an age, what explanation can he give?

Ath. At his age he is innocent: he has no craft to alter the truth. Let him answer for himself.

Jehosh. (*aside*). Great God, put wisdom in his mouth!

Ath. What is your name?

Joash. I am called Eliakim.

Ath. And who is your father?

Jo. I am, they tell me, an orphan, thrown since my birth into God's paternal arms.

Ath. Are you without parents?

Jo. They have forsaken me.

Ath. But you know at least where your home is?

Jo. This temple is my home; I never knew any other.

Ath. But who, then, cared for you in your infant years?

Jo. Does God ever let his little children want? He feeds the birds, and everywhere his hand is seen. I pray to him every day, and every day at his altar he gives me food.

Jehosheba would now take the child away; but Athaliah calls him back.

Ath. What is your daily occupation?

Jo. I worship God. I am taught his Law. In his divine Book I learn to read. And already I begin to write it with my own hand.

Ath. And what does this law teach you?

Jo. That God desires us to love him; that he will avenge, sooner or later, those who blaspheme his holy name; that he is the defender of the timid orphan; that he will crush the proud man, and punish the murderer.

Ath. I understand; but all the people in that place, what are they doing?

Jo. Praising God.

Ath. Does God desire that they should always pray?

Jo. Other exercises are banished from his temple.

Ath. What! have you no other pastime? I pity the sad fate of such a child as you. Come into my palace and see my splendor.

Jo. No; for I should then forget the goodness of God.

Ath. I will not ask you to forget him.

Jo. But you do not pray to him.

Ath. You may do so if you like.

Jo. I should see you kneeling before another god.

Ath. I have my god whom I worship, and you may worship yours: they are both powerful gods.

Jo. You must fear him too. Mine only is God, madam. Yours is nothing.

Ath. If you come with me I will give you every kind of pleasure.

Jo. The happiness of wicked people flows away like a torrent.

Ath. And who are the wicked?

Jehosh. Excuse him, madam; he is but a child.

Ath. (*to Jehosheba*). I love to see how you train him. Now, Eliakim, you have known how to please me. You are not an ordinary child. You see I am a queen, and have no heir. Put off these clothes; abandon this vile office; I wish you to share in all my riches. Try this very day if I keep my promise. Seated at my table, standing at my side, I will treat you as my son.

Jo. As your son?

Ath. Yes. You say nothing.

Jo. What a father should I leave! And for—

Ath. Well?

Jo. And for what a mother!

Ath. (*to Jehosheba*). His memory is faithful, and in all he says I see the teaching of Jehoiada and your own. You employ the quiet in which I leave you to corrupt this simple childhood: you cultivate hate and fury in them—you make my name a horror to them!

Jehosh. In all you have done you have triumphed. But God sees, and is our judge.

Ath. This God, who has so long been your hope, what will become of his prophecies? Let him send you your promised king —this son of David in whom you trust. . . . But we shall meet again. Adieu! I have seen what I wished to see, and I am satisfied.

The queen retires, and Jehoiada enters attended by his Levites. He thanks Abner for his protection to Joash, and prepares to cleanse with blood the spots which Athaliah's unholy footsteps had polluted. Then the choir comes in and sings.

CHORUS. What star of lustre strikes our eyes?
How bright does this young wonder rise?
With what a noble scorn
He dares seduction's charms despise,
To high achievements born!

ONE VOICE. Whilst at the impious queen's decree
Thousands to Baal basely bend the knee,

An infant's voice has dared proclaim
The one adorable eternal name.
Thus before Jezebel, defiled with blood,
Denouncing vengeance, great Elijah stood.

CHO. Happy, thrice happy, must he prove
The child who shares his heavenly Father's love,
Who in a blessed hour His voice has heard
And yields obedience to the sacred word!
'Tis his within the hallowed shrine,
By impious footsteps never trod,
To own the bounteous hand divine,
The guardian care of Israel's God.
O happy youth, so early blest,
On Heaven's eternal truth forever rest!

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

It is not baseless flattery which has given to the reign of Louis XIV. the glorious title of the Golden Age of French literature. The greatest genius of that time, whose power was acknowledged, though his true greatness was not fully recognized in his own day, must here be discussed and exemplified. Molière, in spite of the hundred obstacles thrown in his way by the authorities of the Church and State, by the prejudices of society and literature, succeeded by pure force of wit and fidelity to nature in achieving a glorious triumph. Palpable as was his success in his lifetime, it was not equal to that which his works have since accomplished. The supreme tribunal of the Academy, which refused to admit him to a seat in its sacred precincts, has since acknowledged that this failure was no loss to his glory, but the absence of his name is a perpetual reproach to its judgment. Molière won victories not only on the French stage, but even on the English, for his style of play-writing has practically prevailed since it was introduced into English by his imitators. His success was due to the fact that he "held the mirror up to nature; showed virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Another genius, more exclusively of the comic kind, was the mirth-provoking hunchback, Paul Scarron. He was bold enough to declare that he could bestow immortality on the penniless orphan who, in gratitude for his charity, accepted him as her husband. She won the glittering prize indeed, but in another way than as faithful nurse of the grievously afflicted author, for by her prudence and virtue she won her way to be queen of France in all but name.

Another noted woman of this time was the greatest of all French letter-writers. In her sprightly familiar epistles Madame de Sévigné has given a more vivid picture of the court of which the Grand Monarque was the central luminary than can be obtained from the professed historians.

Two writers of this period revived peculiar Greek styles: La Bruyère, tutor in the Condé family, having translated the "Characters" of Theophrastus, was emboldened to add a larger number drawn from life; the elegant Marquis de La Rochefoucauld retired from court to compose pithy, polished "Maxims," which embody not the principles that men should observe, but those which actually governed the human world around him.

To the foregoing may be added merely the names of Saint-Evremond (1610-1703), whose epicurean philosophy is revealed in his "Portraits," and who had a curious effect on the history of English letters; Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, instigator of the Fronde, who was one of the great memoir-writers of the century; and Louis de Rouvroy, Duc de Saint-Simon (1675-1755), who has been styled "the most vivid and graphic painter of contemporary history of the anecdotic kind in the French or any other language." He was one of the council of regency of Louis XV., and a persistent stickler for his order of the peers (*l' affaire du bonnet*). He traced his ancestry back to Charlemagne. His "Memoirs" treat of the last part of the reign of the Grand Monarque and the beginning of that of Louis XV. (a period in all of about thirty years).

PAUL SCARRON.

Of Scarron's title to be the founder of modern burlesque, Sir Walter Besant has said: "The earliest writer of burlesque would be, I suppose, Aristophanes; the next, of those whose works are preserved, Lucian. Then burlesque sleeps. Pulci half awakens it in his 'Morgante Maggiore,' which is a kind of burlesque. But it is not till Scarron that it really wakes again. . . . In place of yawning with the rest, he took down the chief god of the old idols, Virgil, and set his troupe of gods and heroes on the modern stage, making them talk the language of the market-place and the barracks; and all the world, bursting into a Gargantuan roar of laughter, rushed to imitate their leader, and everybody wrote burlesque."

Paul Scarron (1610–1660) is the pitiable Punchinello of all literature. Not actually hump-backed, he was, at the age of twenty-eight, a helpless cripple as the result of a mad carnival-time prank, while even an abbé. He compared himself to the letter Z, and declared that he was "an abridgment of human miseries." To Sarasin he described himself in humorous verse as "a poor fellow, very thin, with a wry neck, whose body quite twisted, quite hump-backed, aged, fleshless, reduced day and night to suffer, without being cured, many vehement torments."

To the bitter end he made a jest of his miseries; even when left penniless he petitioned the queen to be appointed "Queen's invalid by right of office." His motto was, "Bonne mine et fort mauvais jeu" (Put a good face on losing game). Kind-hearted at the core, this queer, ugly little wit took an interest in the friendless, prison-born girl, Françoise

D'Aubigné. He offered to pay her way into a convent or to marry her. She chose the latter alternative. When the notary inquired concerning her dowry, Scarron replied: "Two great mutinous eyes, a handsome bust, a pair of lovely hands, and plenty of wit." Questioned as to his settlement on her, he answered, "Immortality. Other names may perish; that of Scarron's wife will remain for ever." As Critic Van Laun remarks on this romantic episode: "Scarron was right; but another vied with Scarron in giving immortality to Françoise, who is better known to fame as Madame de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV." She made Scarron a devoted wife and nurse, however, till death ended his wreck nine years after this wedding. His small, mean rooms were turned into a salon in which she reigned as queen.

As for Scarron's works, it is unnecessary to enlarge on his travesty of Virgil, or on his comedies. While he invented French burlesque, the name was invented by his friend Sarasin, from "burla"—a jest. In his plays he introduced Crispin, who became to the French stage what Harlequin was to that of Italy. Crispin is a witty, impudent, boasting valet. In Scarron's "L'Hypocrite" (1654), a "tragi-comique," we see the original of Molière's "Tartuffe" (1667). Scarron's "Roman Comique," in which he told realistically the (unfinished) history of a troupe of strolling players, gave birth to the imitations of Le Sage and Fielding. La Fontaine has woven this story into a comedy, while Goldsmith has made an English version of the highly amusing romance—the Odyssey of the mummers.

Scarron left his own epitaph, as follows:

"He who sleeps here now,
Caused more pity than envy,
And suffered a thousand deaths
Before losing his life.
Passer-by, do not make any noise here,
And take care not to awake him,
For this is the first night
That poor Scarron slumbers."

His Description of Himself.

(From the "Comic Romance.")

Reader, you who have never seen me, and who perhaps trouble yourself very little about me—for there is not much to be gained by seeing a person made like me—know that I should not be anxious that you should see me, if I had not learned that some facetious wits make themselves merry at the expense of my misfortunes, and depict me as quite different from what I am. Some say that I am a cripple in a bowl; others, that I have no thighs, and that I am put on the table in a box, where I chatter like a winking magpie; and others, that my hat is fastened to a cord that's attached to a pulley, and that I raise and lower it to salute those who come to see me. I think I ought in conscience to prevent them from telling any more lies. I would have had myself well painted, if any painter had dared to undertake it.

I have left thirty years behind me. If I get to forty, I shall add many pains to those I have already suffered for eight or nine years. I have had a good figure, though short. My illness has shortened it by a good foot. My head is rather large for my height. I have a pretty full face for my very meagre body; hair enough not to need a wig; I have many white ones in spite of the proverb; pretty good sight, though my eyes are rather large: they are blue; one is more deeply set than the other, on the side that I bend my head. I have a nose of tolerably good shape. My teeth, which used to be squares of pearl, are of the color of wood, and will soon be the color of slate. I have one and a half on the left side,

and two and a half on the right, and two are a little chipped. My legs and my thighs formed at first an obtuse angle, and then a right angle, and at last an acute angle. My thighs and my body made another; and my head bending down on my chest, I am pretty much like a Z. My arms are shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In fact, I am an epitome of human misery. That's pretty nearly how I look.

Since I am in such a fair way, I will tell you something of my temper. Besides, this introduction is written just to make the book bigger, at the request of the bookseller, who is afraid he will not get back the expenses of printing, but for that it would be of no use, just like a good many others. But it is no new thing to commit folly out of good nature, besides those that one does on one's own account.

I have always been rather passionate, rather fond of good things, and rather idle. I often call my valet a fool, and soon after, Sir. I hate nobody; God send they may treat me the same. I am very comfortable when I have any money, and should be still more comfortable if I had my health. I enjoy myself very well in company. I am very well content when I am alone. I bear my troubles pretty patiently.

PARIS.

HOUSES in labyrinthine maze;
  The streets with mud bespattered all;
Palace and prison, churches, quays,
  Here stately shop, there shabby stall.
Passengers black, red, gray and white,
  The pursed-up prude, the light coquette;
Murder and Treason dark as night;
  With clerks, their hands with inkstains wet;
A gold-laced coat without a sou,
  And trembling at a bailiff's sight;
A braggart shivering with fear;
  Pages and lacqueys, thieves of night;
And 'mid the tumult, noise, and stink of it,
There's Paris—Pray, what do you think of it?

VIRGIL TRAVESTIED.

Two little morsels may serve as specimens of the once famous "Travesty of Virgil." In the first Dido confesses to her sister her new love for Æneas shipwrecked on her shore. The other is part of that prince's story of the fate of Troy.

Ah! sister—faithful sister—tell
By what strange destiny it fell
That thus Æneas hither came?
Æneas! how I love the name!
How fresh is he!—how fat!—how fair!
How strong and big! with what an air
He tells his deeds! and what a height!
O sister Anne—he charms me quite.

———

By that gate fair Andromache
Would pass, papa-in-law to see,
And ere those fatal Greek attacks
Would bring with her Astyanax.
Queen Hecuba's continued joy
Was to caress and kiss the boy.
When he was but a tiny child
She dandling him her hours beguiled;
And when he somewhat bigger grew
This good grandam, a baby too,
Would play with him. Sometimes the queen
Would tell him of fair Melusine,
And Fierabras, of wondrous Jack,
And all the old tales in the pack:
The child her idol was, and pet:
Sometimes so doting did she get,
That she would even ride cock-horse,
A stick between her legs, and course
All up and down, till, tired and weak,
She could not either breathe or speak.
Andromache oft plainly said
That grandmamma would spoil the lad:
And Priam, when he saw him cram
His mouth all day with bread and jam,
Remarked with some severity,
The boy would surely ruined be.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

MAXIMS are found in every language, but few are the authors that have devoted their genius entirely to this form of expression. François de Marcillac, Duc de Rochefoucauld (1630–1680), is the most famous writer of maxims of any country or age. His celebrated "Reflections and Opinions, or Moral Maxims" were penned by him after he had passed through the winds of gallantry and the storms of the Fronde, and had retired, in political disgrace, to his country estate. Born one of the noblest peers of France, and zealous for the nobility, he had unsheathed his sword against the party of Mazarin, had fought in the streets of Paris, and had distinguished himself by almost reckless bravery. In the affairs of the heart he had been successively the cavalier of three of Paris's reigning queens of beauty and fashion: Mme. de Chevreuse, Mme. de Longueville, and Mme. de La Fayette. He was thus well versed in both the love and war of his day. He was himself a child of his age, and his "Maxims" were the natural fruit of his own experience.

Professor Saintsbury has epitomized the pith of La Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," declaring that they "are, without exception, on ethical subjects, and, with a certain allowance, they may be said to be generally directed to the reduction of the motives and conduct of men to the single principle of self-love." His general motto for them was, "Our virtues are most often only our vices in disguise." Thus moralizing on human nature simply as he found it, he opposed himself to the conventional morality, and the sententiousness of his "Maxims" gives them an added ring of apparent cynicism. And yet it would be unjust to stigmatize La Rochefoucauld,

penning these curt reflections in old age, in his retreat, as a misanthrope. He was merely a scientific observer of society, reporting in the most concise bulletins the truths revealed by his pitiless, merciless scalpel of criticism. He compacts his report, indeed, into a quinine pill of condensed worldly wisdom. But as historian Henri Martin has justly observed, "Self-love is one of the two aspects of life; La Rochefoucauld has never detected the other—the attraction which draws us to each other, and which becomes a virtue when we govern ourselves according to a moral order. La Rochefoucauld knows men; he does not know man." A great contemporary of this maker of maxims—no other than Cardinal de Retz—applied this touchstone not solely to the "Maxims," but even to the author's life and conduct. He declared: "He always thought he stood in need of apology, which, coupled with his Maxims, that do not display much faith in virtue, and with his practice, that has always been to extricate himself with as much impatience as he became involved, makes me conclude that he would have done much better to become acquainted with himself, and to confine himself to passing, as he might have done, for the most polished courtier and the most honorable man in regard to every-day life who has been known in his generation."

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD AND HIS FAIR FRIENDS.

The service of such "Maxims" as La Rochefoucauld's is, however, that they so unmask the petty vices and vanities (frequently masquerading as virtues, as he states), that their practice tends to be diminished. Nor can the highest literary praise be grudged these unadorned thoughts. They have not

the imperishable value of Pascal's "Thoughts," published five years later; but they have been polished into gems. Nothing to compare with their terse vigor had existed in French literature before them; and since them only in Joubert has France been enriched by such compressed thought; while Talleyrand alone has been able to catch and express to an appreciable degree their unique spirit. As for cynicism, it was no confirmed cynic who wrote, "It is more disgraceful to mistrust our friends than to be deceived by them."

The Maxims number about six hundred in all. We quote some of the most generally applicable.

Some of his Maxims.

Few people know how to be old.

There is no fool like the old fool.

Affected simplicity is a delicate imposture.

Self-love is cleverer than the cleverest of men.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

Interest, which blinds some, gives light to others.

We all have strength enough to bear another's ills.

One is never so happy nor so unhappy as he imagines.

There is nothing men give so liberally as their advice.

Greater virtues are needed to bear good fortune than bad.

It is easier to be wise for other people than for one's self.

Everybody complains of his memory, nobody of his judgment.

We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselves.

If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is needed, and nothing more.

We cannot answer for our courage when we have never been in danger.

Love of justice is with most of us nothing but the fear of suffering injustice.

Great names lower instead of elevating those who know not how to sustain them.

Virtue would not go so far in his retreat, as pany.

The wish to appear clever often prevent ver of society, ing so.

The man who lives without folly is not so wets his thinks himself.

Gratitude is with most people only a strong desire greater benefits to come.

Valor in private soldiers is a perilous trade which th take to gain their living.

A man whom nobody pleases is much more unhappy th one who pleases nobody.

The truly honorable man is willing to be always osed to the view of honorable men.

If we had no faults, we should not take so much pleas in noticing the faults of other people.

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all so parts, even the part of the disinterested.

What often prevents us from abandoning ourselves to single vice is that we have several of them.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and evils to come, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

Whatever discoveries we may have made in the regions of self-love, there still remain many unknown lands.

Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done, as fear of the ill that may come to us in consequence.

There are people of whom one can never believe evil without having seen it; but there are none at whom we ought to be surprised when we see it.

As it is the characteristic of great minds to say much in few words, so, on the contrary, little minds have the gift of speaking much and saying little.

Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests, a mutual exchange of good offices; it is a sort of commerce out of which self-love always intends to make something.

The defects of the soul are like wounds in the body: however much care we may take to cure them, the scar always shows, and they are in danger of opening again at any moment.

MOLIÈRE.

MOLIÈRE, the great French dramatist of real life and contemporary man-s, was born plain Jean Baptiste Poquelin in 1622. He been pronounced by Professor Ward "the foremost of all 'ern masters of comedy, whether of character or of man-s." The French stage has no greater name, and on the nglish stage, from the days of Dryden, Molière's wit has eigned even to the exclusion of Shakespeare's joyous romance. Like Shakespeare, Molière was himself an actor, as well as a playwright; and like Shakespeare, too, he managed a troupe and theatre. He had an unhappy marriage with a young actress who led him a jealous career. Molière's father was a well-to-do upholsterer, "tapissier valet de chambre du Roy," and secured for his son succession to his own Court office. But Molière's stage career ruined his social status. After his death he was almost denied a Christian burial. His death itself was strikingly pathetic. From the start of his work as a playwright he had never tired of scathing the ignorant leeches and apothecaries of his age. During the period of his provincial tours he wrote "Le Médecin volant," "Le Docteur amoureux," and other farces directed against them. In the heyday of his glory he aimed the formidable artillery of his wit at them in "L'Amour Médecin" and "M. de Pourceaugnac," and especially in "Le Médecin malgré lui" ("The Physician in Spite of Himself"). His last play was entitled "Le Malade Imaginaire" (The Imaginary Illness), a biting satire on the whole craft of doctors. As if Apollo became at last aroused to vengeance on behalf of the sons of Æsculapius, Molière was seized with a convulsion during the third per-

formance. He had been coughing and spitting blood before the comedy had been produced. Carried home, he died within a few hours. He died, as he had lived, faithful to his art. He was then fifty-one years old, a year and a half younger than Shakespeare at his death.

Molière's father sought to make his heir an upholsterer, but the boy had a grandfather who liked comedy, and who took him sometimes to the plays at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. When Francis I. (in 1543) had ordered the demolition of this Hôtel, the old Fraternities of the Passion had bought the site. Although these players were no longer allowed to act religious mysteries, they had some old farces—among them Patelin, born in the fifteenth century, and destined to be forefather of Tartuffe. They had also translations from Plautus and Terence, from Seneca and from the early Italians. These old farces were written almost altogether in octosyllabics. Professor Morley has declared: "It remained for Molière not only to perfect the form of comic dialogue in verse, but also to show how wit and wisdom could point every phrase in lightest dialogue of prose." His greatest comedies are, however, almost all in verse. Molière was only fourteen when Corneille produced his Cid; and when Molière scored his hit with "Les Précieuses Ridicules" (in 1659), Racine was only twenty years old. Later Racine fell in love with Madame Duparc, a pretty widow, who was leading lady in Molière's troupe. Racine induced her to leave Molière, and play the heroine in his "Andromaque," which led to a quarrel between the two dramatists. Racine's friend, Boileau, was led to pass this criticism: "Perchance Molière might have reaped the meed of his art if, less friendly to the people, he had not often made his figures grimace in his learned pictures, neglected the pleasant and the refined for the burlesque, and shamelessly allied Terence with Tabarin."

Molière was never poor like Shakespeare, it must be borne in mind. At the age of fourteen he was sent to a Jesuit College, and polished in philosophy. At the age of nineteen he took his father's place in the retinue of Louis XIII., during that king's visit to Languedoc. But when he came back from that courtly trip his natural bent for the stage asserted itself. He

joined a band of young associates, who called themselves L'Illustre Theâtre. From 1646 to 1658 he was in the provinces, acting at Grenoble, Lyons and Rouen. At Lyons he and his troupe performed with success his first regular five-act comedy in verse, "L'Etourdi," adapted by Dryden as "Sir Martin Marr-all." Molière also wrote, about that time, "Le Dépit Amoureux," made English by Sir John Vanbrugh as "The Mistake." Emboldened by his successes, Molière returned in 1658 (at the age of thirty-six) to Paris, where through an introduction from the Prince of Conti, he won the patronage of Louis XIV., then a youth of twenty. Molière's company acted that year before his majesty on a stage built in a guard-room of the old palace of the Louvre. The king's brother allowed Molière to entitle his company "La Troupe de Monsieur," and in 1660 they established themselves in the Palais Royal, on a stage built by Richelieu for the acting of a tragedy to which Richelieu himself had contributed five hundred verses. A year later, at the age of forty, Molière unhappily married Armande Béjart.

For the purpose of brevity Molière's comedies after "L'Étourdi" may be thus chronologically enumerated: "Les Précieuses Ridicules" (1659), a satire in one act on the exaggerations of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; "Sganarelle, ou le Cocu Imaginaire" (1660); "L'École des Maris" (School for Husbands), (1661), a satire on unreasonable jealousy; "L'École des Femmes" (School for Women), (1662), showing the danger of ill-assorted marriages and of bringing up girls in too strict a manner, and its sequel, "Critique de l'École des Femmes;" "Don Juan" (1665), on libertinism in nobles; "Tartuffe ou l'Imposteur," a scathing satire on the vice of hypocrisy (1669); "L'Amour Médecin" (1665), his first attack on the doctors; "Le Misanthrope" (1666), the portrait of a cynic disgusted in the extreme with the pretenses of society; "Médecin Malgré Lui" (1666); "L'Avare" (1668), with its famous portrait of the miser Harpagon; "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" a farcical comedy in three acts, with a masterly sketch of a consultation of doctors in Molière's time; "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (1670), the folly of aping noblemen, pictured in poor M. Jourdain, who did not know when he was talking

prose; "Femmes Savantes" (Learned Ladies), a sort of sequel to the "Précieuses Ridicules" (1672); and, finally, "Malade Imaginaire," the fatal comedy. As M. Van Laun declares, "Molière placed upon the stage nearly all the human passions which lend themselves to comedy or farce. Sordid avarice, lavish prodigality, shameless vice, artless coquetry, greed for money, hypocrisy, would-be gentility, self-sufficient vanity, fashionable swindling, misanthropy, jealousy, heartlessness, roguery, affectation, pedantry, arrogance. The language which they employ is always natural to them. . . . His verse has none of the stiffness of the ordinary French rhyme. . . . And how remarkable and delicate is the nuance between his different characters, even though they may represent the same profession or general type. . . . A remarkable characteristic of Molière is, that he does not exaggerate. . . . His satire is always kept within bounds. . . . His claim to distinction is based on strong common sense, good manners, sound morality, real wit, true humor."

In the "Précieuses Ridicules" Molière laughed to jest the pedantic conceits of the salon of "Arthénice"—Catherine de Vivonne, at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Mascarille, the hero, is a scurvy knave, who masquerades with a brother lackey as one of the wits of this affected coterie. In "Tartuffe" Molière "gives us the hypocrite by nature, who cannot help being so." Tartuffe seeks to seduce his benefactor's wife and marry the daughter, and failing in this he tries to cheat him of his property and drive him out homeless. He does all this under a cunning mask of the most humble saintliness, and has even the sublime audacity in the moment of supreme rascality to compare himself to Jesus Christ. In "Le Misanthrope" Molière paints a cynic with whom we are forced greatly to sympathize. Alceste's cynicism grows out of his own intense honesty. He hates shams, intrigue, bribery, flattery, and law. He neglects his lawsuit, tells brutal truths to a noble patron, and, despite his cynicism, loses just such a wife as he would esteem through his unhappy infatuation for a heartless coquette.

Molière's first comedy was produced seventy-seven years after the first play of Jodelle. Professor Ward adds: "In

comedy Molière borrowed much from the Spaniards and Italians, who thus reached English literature at second-hand; and his debts to Latin comedy have probably been under-rated rather than over-rated."

Molière confessed to Boileau his great indebtedness to Corneille, whose comedy, "Le Menteur" (the Liar), was produced when Molière was only twenty-two years old. "My ideas were still confused," declared Molière, who had been adapting the old *sotties*, "but this piece determined me. But for 'Le Menteur,' I should no doubt have written comedies of intrigue, like my first plays." He would perhaps never have written "The Misanthrope," which is in many respects his chef-d'œuvre. In Alceste, Molière has painted himself in perhaps the same way that Shakespeare seems to have revealed his inner self in "Hamlet." Unhappy love and jealousy furnished Molière dramatic themes time and again, as though there were such torments at the bottom of his own heart—and we know as a fact that they were. "Mlle." Molière certainly resembled the coquette Célimène. As Alceste exclaims in the comedy, "Reason does not give the law to love."

Molière's influence on English literature has been tremendous. At the Restoration, in 1660, courtiers who came from Paris knew Molière as actor and dramatist, chief of a troupe which had been in Paris two years. Molière was then thirty-eight; Dryden twenty-nine. Dryden wanted Molière's refinement. In pleasing the roistering court of Charles II. he lacked the necessary light touch of the fashionable libertine. He strove to borrow the comedy of Molière, which so pleased the court of the Grand Monarque. But his version of "L'Étourdi," as "Sir Martin Marr-all," produced in London while Molière was bringing out "Tartuffe" in Paris, was really Molière in a coarse disguise, and is a horrible mixture of blank verse and prose. William Wycherley made a version of "Le Misanthrope" as "The Plain Dealer," with Alceste as Manly. Dryden glanced at this hero in his praise of "the satire, wit, and strength of Manly Wycherley." Wycherley also hurt Molière's comedy, but succeeded better than Dryden had done, and became, in fact, the father of the British "Prose Comedy

of Manners." In "The Plain Dealer" he introduced a litigious Widow Blackacre, evidently suggested by Racine's "Les Plaideurs." Sir John Vanbrugh adapted "Le Dépit Amoureux" as "The Mistake." Henry Fielding, author of "Tom Jones," adapted both "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," as "The Mock Doctor," and "L'Avare" as "The Miser." "One pleasure I enjoy," he declared, "from the success of my attempt, is a prospect of transplanting some others of Molière's pieces of great value." Colley Cibber, born two years after Molière's death, made a highly-triumphant version of "Tartuffe," as "The Non-Juror." As Professor Morley remarks: "This version applied, with Whig bitterness of party feeling, a general satire on hypocrisy in sacred things to the religion of political opponents. It was directed against Roman Catholics and Non-Jurors, who had sympathized with the Jacobite insurrection of 1715. Pope was of Roman Catholic family, and Cibber's play contained an insult to Roman Catholics. Its factious loyalty obtained for Colley Cibber the office of poet-laureate, and its intolerance secured for him the highest gibbet in the 'Dunciad.'" Colley's brother-laureate, Shadwell, borrowed from "Les Précieuses Ridicules" for his "Bury Fair." Sir William D'Avenant used "Sganarelle" in his "Playhouse to be Let." Sir Charles Sedley founded his "Mulberry Garden" on "L'École des Femmes." "Tartuffe" also suggested Croune's "English Friar." Indeed, the list might be much farther extended.

Professor Brander Matthews goes so far as to assert that "the influence of Shakespeare on modern English comedy, on the comic plays acted during the past two centuries, is indisputable, of course, but it is less in quantity and less in quality than the influence of Molière. It would be easy to pick out the plays, like Tobin's 'Honeymoon,' and Knowles's 'Hunchback,' written consciously in the imitation—however remote—of Shakespeare. It would not be easy to name half the English comedies whose form and substance had been unconsciously molded by the example of Molière. . . . Modern English comedy is not made on the model of Elizabethan comic drama, and it is made—immorality apart—on the model of the Restoration comic

drama. The comic dramatists of the Restoration . . . were the children of Molière. . . . Unfortunately for themselves, when they borrowed the point of view of the great Frenchman, they forgot to borrow his sobriety and his self-respect. . . . The reason why the influence of Molière is more potent on the form of English comedy than the influence of Shakespeare . . . is, that Molière represents a later stage of the development of play-making. . . . Molière began to write half a century after Shakespeare ceased to write ; and in that half century many and marked changes had taken place in the arrangement and constitution of the theatre. . . . In fact, the difference between the theatre as organized in the time of Shakespeare and as organized in the time of Molière is enormous and radical; whereas the difference between the theatre of Molière and of to-day is unessential and insignificant."

First Lesson in Philosophy.

(From "The Bourgeois Gentleman.")

Philosophy-Master. What have you a mind to learn?

M. Jourdain. Everything I can, for I have all the desire in the world to be a scholar, and it vexes me that my father and mother had not made me study all the sciences when I was young.

Master. That's a very reasonable feeling. *Nam sine doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand that, and are acquainted with the Latin, of course?

M. Jour. Yes; but act as if I were not acquainted with it. Tell me what it means.

Master. It means that "without learning life is as it were an image of death."

M. Jour. That same Latin's in the right.

Master. Don't you know some principles, some rudiments of science?

M. Jour. Oh, yes! I can read and write. . . . But now I must confide a secret to you. I'm in love with a person of quality, and I should be glad if you would help me to write something to her in a short billet-doux, which I'll drop at her feet.

Master. Very well.

M. Jour. That will be gallant, won't it?

Master. Undoubtedly. Is it verse you wish to write to her?

M. Jour. No, no; none of your verse.

Master. You would only have prose?

M. Jour. No, I would neither have verse nor prose.

Master. It must be one or the other.

M. Jour. Why so?

Master. Because, sir, there's nothing to express oneself by but prose or verse.

M. Jour. Is there nothing, then, but verse or prose?

Master. No, sir; whatever is not prose is verse, and whatever is not verse is prose.

M. Jour. And when one talks what may that be, then?

Master. Prose.

M. Jour. How? When I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers and give me my nightcap," is that prose?

Master. Yes, sir.

M. Jour. On my conscience, I have spoken prose above these forty years without knowing it; and I am hugely obliged to you for informing me of this.

M. Jour. (*to his wife*). I am ashamed of your ignorance. For example, do you know what it is you now speak?

Mme. Jour. Yes, I know that what I speak is right, and that you ought to think of living in another manner.

M. Jour. I don't talk of that. I ask you what the words are that you now speak?

Mme. Jour. They are words that have a good deal of sense in them, and your conduct is by no means such.

M. Jour. I don't talk of that, I tell you. I ask you what it is that I now speak to you, which I say this very moment?

Mme. Jour. Mere stuff.

M. Jour. Pshaw, no, it is not that. That which we both of us say, the language we speak this instant?

Mme. Jour. Well?

M. Jour. How is it called?

Mme. Jour. It's called just what you please to call it.

M. Jour. It's prose, you ignorant creature.

Mme. Jour. Prose?

M. Jour. Yes, prose. Whatever is prose is not verse, and whatever is not verse, is prose. Now, see what it is to study.

ALCESTE'S LOVE FOR CÉLIMÈNE.

(From "The Misanthrope," Act IV., Scene 3.)

Alceste. O Heaven! how can I control here my passion?
Célimène (*aside*). Ah! (*To Alceste*). What's this trouble which you clearly show?
And what's the meaning of those long-drawn sighs,
And those black looks which you direct on me?
Alceste. That all the horrid deeds one can conceive
Will not compare to your perfidious conduct;
That neither fate, nor hell, nor heaven in wrath
Has e'er produced a thing so false as you are.
Célimène. These pretty things I surely much admire.
Alceste. Ah! do not jest, this is no time for laughing.
Indeed, blush rather; for you've cause to do so!
And of your treachery I've the clearest proofs.
That's what the emotions of my heart forebode;
'Twas not in vain my love was seized with fear;
You thought it odious when I oft suspected
And sought that evil which my eyes have seen;
Spite all your care and your deceitful skill,
My star foretold me what I had to fear;
But don't imagine that, without revenge,
I'll bear the slight of being thus insulted.
I know we cannot rule our inclinations;
That love spontaneously springs everywhere;
That there's no entering a heart by force,
And that each soul may freely name its victor.
Thus I'd no reason to complain at all,
If you had spoken to me openly,
And had disdained my love when it sprang up;
My heart would then have only blamed its luck.
But to fan my affection by deceit,
Is such a treachery, such perfidy,
That nothing I can do is too severe;
And my resentment may do anything:
Yes, yes, dread everything for such an outrage.
I am beside myself; I'm mad with rage.
Pierced by the deadly blow which you have dealt me
My senses are no longer swayed by reason;

I yield to th' outbursts of a righteous wrath,
And do not answer what I may not do.

Célimène. Whence comes, I pray you, such a fit of passion?
Tell me, are all your senses wholly gone?

Alceste. Yes, yes, I lost them when I first beheld you,
And thus, to my misfortune, took the poison,
And when I thought to find sincerity
In those deceitful charms that have bewitched me.

Célimène. And of what treach'ry have you to complain?

Alceste (*aside*). Ah! what deceit! how well she can dissemble!
But, to confound her, I've the means at hand.
(*Aloud.*) Cast your eyes here, and recognize your writing;
This picked-up note suffices to condemn you,
And such proof cannot lightly be refuted. . . .

Célimène. If this note to a woman be addressed,
How can it hurt you, and where is the guilt?

Alceste. Ah! this is good, the excuse is marvellous.
I must confess this turn is unexpected,
And now I am convinced, and wholly so.
Dare you employ such ordinary tricks?
And do you think me so bereft of sense?
Come, let us hear how far, and with what air,
You will support so palpable a falsehood;
And how you can apply to any woman
Those loving words found in this very note?
Explain away, to hide your broken vows,
What I will read. . . .

Célimène. It does not suit me now.
'Tis most ridiculous to lord it thus,
And to my face say what you dare to me!

Alceste. No, don't fly in a rage, but take some pains,
To justify the words which I see here.

Célimène. No, I shall not act thus; on this occasion
It matters nought to me what you believe.

Alceste. Pray, show me, and I shall be satisfied,
If this note can be meant for any woman.

Célimène. No, it was for Oronte; you may believe so;
All his attentions gladly I accept,
I admire what he says, I like him much;
And shall agree to whatever you please.
Do what you will; let nothing hinder you,
But let my thoughts be undisturbed by you.

Alceste (*aside*). O, Heavens! can aught more cruel be conceived?
Was e'er a heart treated in such a way?
What! with just anger I am moved against her,
I come to blame, and am myself attacked!
My grief and my suspicions are excited,
I credit all; she boasts of everything;
And yet my heart is cowardly enough
Not to tear off the bonds which hold it fast,
Not to put on a generous contempt
For the ungrateful object of its flame.
(*To Célimène.*) Ah, treacherous woman! but too well you know
To take advantage of my utmost weakness,
And to employ the excessive, fatal love,
So wondrously born of your treach'rous eyes.
Defend yourself from this o'erwhelming crime,
And cease to feign that you are culpable.
Prove, if you're able, that this note is blameless;
My love consents to lend a helping hand.
Though without faith yet put its semblance on,
And I'll endeavor to believe you such.

Célimène. Bah! you are mad with all these jealous frenzies,
And don't deserve the love I have for you.
I should much like to know what could compel me
To stoop for you to such a base pretence;
Why, if my heart inclined towards another,
Should I not say so with sincerity?
What! I avow the love I feel for you,
Yet your suspicions are not all allayed!
They ought to have no weight, with such a warrant.
Does it not wrong me to attend to them?
And since we hardly dare confess our love,
And since our sex, hostile to lovers' passion,
To such avowals is so much opposed,
Should not a lover suffer who can doubt
When such an obstacle is overcome?
And is his guilt not clear, who is not sure
That we speak truth, at such a bitter cost?
Go! these suspicions well deserve my anger;
And you're not worthy I should care for you.
I wrong myself in my simplicity,
Still to preserve the smallest kindness for you;

I ought elsewhere to place all my affections,
And give you lawful cause for your complaints.

Alceste. Ah, traitress! strange the weakness you inspire;
Your sweet expressions are no doubt deceptive;
It matters not, I must accept my fate;
My very soul is wholly wrapt in you;
And to the very end I'll prove your heart,
And see if it be black enough to cheat me.

Célimène. No, you don't love me as you ought to love.

Alceste. Nothing can be compared to my deep love;
And, in its haste to show itself to all,
It e'en forms wishes 'gainst your lovely self.
Yes, I could wish no one to think you handsome,
That you were plunged in abject misery;
That Heaven had given you nothing, at your birth;
That you had had nor rank, nor birth, nor wealth;
So that the public proffer of my heart
Might make amends for so unjust a lot;
That I might then possess the joy and glory
To see you owe it all to my affection.

THE AMENITIES OF AUTHORS.

(From "The Learned Ladies," Act III., scene 5.)

Trissotin (*introducing Vadius*). This is the man that is dying to see you. When I introduce him to you, I do not fear being blamed for having admitted a profane person to you, Madame; he may hold his place amongst the Beaux Ésprits.

Philaminte. The hand that introduces him is sufficient guarantee of his worth.

Tris. He has a perfect knowledge of the ancient authors, and understands Greek, Madam, as well as any man in France.

Phil. (*to Bélise*). Greek, oh, heavens! Greek. He understands Greek, sister.

Bélise (*to Armande*). Ah, niece, Greek.

Armande. Greek! How delightful!

Phil. What, does the gentleman understand Greek? Ah! pray let me embrace you, sir, for Greek's sake.

[*Vadius embraces both Bélise and Armande.*

Henriette (*to Vadius, who would embrace her likewise*). Excuse me, sir, I do not understand Greek. [*They sit down.*

Phil. I have a wonderful respect for Greek books.

Vad. I fear my intrusion, caused by the great desire I had to see you, madam, has disturbed some learned discourse.

Phil. Sir, with your Greek you can spoil nothing ——

Tris. He likewise does wonders in verse as well as prose, and could, if he would, show you something.

Vad. The fault of authors is to bore people by talking about their own works; to be at the palace, in courts, streets, or at table, indefatigable readers of their own tiresome verses. For my part I see nothing more ridiculous than an author who goes everywhere mumping for praise, and, seizing the ears of the first comers, makes them martyrs to his lucubrations. They never saw me such a conceited fool; and in this I am of the opinion of a certain Greek, who, by an express injunction, forbids all his wise men the unbecoming forwardness of reading their own works.

. . . . . .

Tris. (*to Vadius*). Have you seen a little sonnet upon the Princess Urania's fever?

Vad. Yes, it was read to me yesterday.

Tris. Do you know the author?

Vad. No; but I know very well that, not to flatter him, his sonnet's worth nothing.

Tris. A great many people, however, think it admirable.

Vad. That doesn't hinder it's being miserable; and if you had seen it you would be of my opinion.

Tris. I know I should not be so at all; and that few are capable of such a sonnet.

Vad. Heaven preserve us from making such!

Tris. I maintain that a better can't be made, and I ought to know, since I am the author.

Vad. You?

Tris. I.

Vad. I can't tell then how the thing was.

Tris. It was, that I was unfortunate enough not to be able to please you.

Vad. I could not have been paying attention when I heard it, or else the reader spoiled the sonnet. But let's leave this subject and see my ballad.

Tris. A ballad, in my opinion, is an insipid thing; it's no longer in fashion; it smells of antiquity.

Vad. A ballad, however, pleases a great many people.

Tris. That doesn't hinder its displeasing me.

Vad. It may be none the worse for that.

Tris. It has a wonderful charm for pedants.

Vad. And yet it does not please you.

Tris. You gratuitously assign your own faults to others.

[*They all rise.*

Vad. You very impertinently cast yours upon me.

Tris. Go, you school-boy paper-blotter.

Vad. Go, pitiful rhymer; disgrace to the profession!

Tris. Begone, verse-stealer, impudent plagiarist.

Vad. Begone, pedant——

Phil. O gentlemen, what do you mean?

Tris. (*to Vadius*). Go, go; restore the shameful thefts you have made from the Greeks and Latins.

Vad. Go, go, and do penance on Parnassus for having lamed Horace in your verses.

Tris. Remember your book, and the little stir it made.

Vad. Remember your publisher, reduced to the workhouse.

Tris. My reputation is established; in vain you endeavor to mangle it.

Vad. My pen shall teach you what sort of a man I am.

Tris. And mine shall make you know your master.

Vad. I defy you in verse, prose, Greek and Latin.

THE HYPOCRITE MAKES LOVE.

(From "Tartuffe," Act III.)

IN this act Tartuffe first appears upon the scene, but there has already been sufficient mention of him to enable the audience to understand his character. Damis is the son of Orgon, upon whose generosity Tartuffe has imposed, and Dorine is the faithful servant of the family.

Damis. May Heaven this moment crush me; may everybody take me forever for the greatest fool alive, if there is any respect or any power able to stop me, and if I do not ——

Dorine. Pray moderate your anger; your father only just mentioned the matter; people do not always do what they propose, and it's a long way from the project to the execution.

Da. I will put a stop to the intrigues of that scoundrel, and will tell him in his ear a word or two which——

Dor. Gently, gently; allow your stepmother to act first upon him and your father. She has a certain power over Tartuffe. He is very amiable towards her, and may have a real affection for her. Would to Heaven it were possible! It would be a fine

thing! In short, she has sent for him on your account; she wants to sound him about this marriage, which makes you so furious, to know what he thinks, and to make him understand what unpleasantness it would cause in the family, if he encourages it at all. His servant says that he is at his prayers, so that I have not been able to see him; but he added that he will soon come down. Go, then, I beg of you, and leave me to wait for him.

Da. But I can be present at this interview.

Dor. No, no; better leave them alone.

Da. I should say nothing to him.

Dor. You think so; but we know what a state of anger you are put in at times; it is the surest way to spoil everything. You must go.

Da. No, I will listen without getting into a rage.

Dor. How tiresome you are! There he is coming. Go away. (*Damis hides himself.*) [*Enter Tartuffe.*

Tartuffe (*as soon as he sees Dorine speaks to his servant, who is inside*). Laurent, lock up my hair-shirt and my scourge, and pray Heaven ever to enlighten you with grace. If anybody comes to see me, say that I am gone to the prisons to distribute my alms.

Dor. (*aside.*) What boasting and affectation!

Tar. What is it you want?

Dor. To tell you ——

Tar. (*taking a handkerchief out of his pocket*). Ah! Heaven! Before you speak to me, take this handkerchief, pray.

Dor. What's the matter?

Tar. Cover your bosom, of which I cannot endure the sight. Such objects hurt the soul, and are conducive to sinful thoughts.

Dor. You are very susceptible to temptation, it seems, and the flesh makes great impression on you. I don't know why you should burn so quickly; but, as for me, I am not so easily moved, and were I to see your hide from top to toe, I know pretty well that I should in no way be tempted.

Tar. Put more modesty into your speech, or I will leave you at once.

Dor. You need not, for I shall soon leave you in peace, and all I have to say is, that my lady is coming in this room, and would be glad to have a moment's talk with you.

Tar. Alas! With all my heart.

Dor. (*aside*). How sweet we are! In good troth, I still abide by what I said.

Tar. Will she soon be here?

Dor. Directly. I hear her, I believe; yes, here she is. I leave you together. [*Exit. Enter Elmire.*

Tar. May Heaven, in its great goodness, ever bestow on you health of body and of mind, and shower blessings on your days, according to the prayer of the lowest of its servants.

Elmire. I am much obliged to you for this pious wish; but let us sit down a moment to talk more comfortably.

Tar. (*seated*). Have you quite recovered from your indisposition?

El. (*seated*). Quite. That fever soon left me.

Tar. My prayers have not merit sufficient to have obtained this favor from Heaven; but I have not offered up one petition in which you were not concerned.

El. Your anxious zeal is really too great.

Tar. We cannot have too great anxiety for your dear health; and to give you back the full enjoyment of it, I would have sacrificed my own.

El. You carry Christian charity very far, and I am under much obligation to you for all this kindness.

Tar. I do only what you deserve.

El. I wished to speak to you in private on a certain matter, and I am glad that nobody is here to hear us.

Tar. And I also am delighted. It is very sweet for me, madam, to find myself alone with you. —— I have often prayed Heaven to bestow this favor upon me, but till now it has been in vain.

El. For my part, all I want is, that you should speak frankly, and hide nothing from me. (*Damis, without being seen, half opens the door of the room to hear the conversation.*)

Tar. And my wish is also, that you will allow me the cherished favor of speaking openly to you, and of giving you my word of honor, that if I have said anything against the visits which are paid here to your charms, it has never been done out of hatred to you, but rather out of an ardent zeal which carries me away, and from a sincere feeling of ——

El. I quite understand it to be so, and I feel sure that it all proceeds from your anxiety for my good.

Tar. (*taking her hands and pressing them*). It is really so, madam, and my fervor is such ——

El. Ah! you press my hand too much.

Tar. It is through an excess of zeal. I never intended to hurt you, I had much rather —— (*He puts his hand on Elmire's knees.*)

El. Why do you put your hand there?

Tar. I was feeling your dress; the stuff is very soft.

El. I beg you to leave off, I am very ticklish.

(*Elmire draws back her chair, and Tartuffe follows her with his.*)

Tar. (*handling Elmire's collar*). Heaven! how marvelous this point lace is! The work done in our days is perfectly wonderful, and never has such perfection been attained in everything.

El. It is true. But let us speak of what brings me here. I have been told that my husband intends to break his word, and to give you his daughter in marriage. Is that true? Pray tell me.

Tar. He has merely alluded to it. But, madam, to tell you the truth, that is not the happiness for which my soul sighs; I find elsewhere the unspeakable attractions of the bliss which is the end of all my hopes.

El. That is because you care not for earthly things.

Tar. My bosom, madam, does not enclose a heart of flint.

El. I know, for my part, that all your sighs tend towards Heaven, and that you have no desire for anything here below.

Tar. Our love for the beauty which is eternal stifles not in us love for that which is fleeting and temporal; and we can easily be charmed with the perfect works Heaven has created. Its reflected attractions shine forth in such as you; but it is in you alone that its choicest wonders are centred. It has lavished upon you charms which dazzle the eye, and which touch the heart; and I have never gazed on you, perfect creature, without admiring the Creator of the universe, and without feeling my heart seized with an ardent love for the most beautiful picture in which He has reproduced Himself. At first I feared that this secret tenderness might be a skillful assault of the Evil One; I even thought I would avoid your presence, fearing you might prove a stumbling-block to my salvation. But I have learned, O adorable beauty, that my passion need not be a guilty one; that I can reconcile it with modesty; and I have given up my whole soul to it. I know that I am very presumptuous in making you the offer of such a heart as mine; but in my love I hope everything from you, nothing from the vain efforts of my unworthy self. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my misery or bliss; and by your verdict I shall be forever happy, if you wish it; unhappy, if it pleases you.

El. Quite a gallant declaration. But you must acknowledge that it is rather surprising. It seems to me that you might have fortified your heart a little more carefully against temptation, and

have paused before such a design. A devotee like you, who is everywhere spoken of as ——

Tar. Ah! Although a devotee, I am no less a man. When your celestial attractions burst upon the sight, the heart surrenders, and reasons no more. I know that such language from me seems somewhat strange; but after all, madam, I am not an angel; and, if you condemn the confession I make, you have only your own attractions to blame for it. As soon as I beheld their more than human beauty, my whole being was surrendered to you. The unspeakable sweetness of your divine charms forced the obstinate resistance of my heart; it overcame everything—fasting, prayers, and tears—and fixed all my hopes in you. A thousand times my eyes and my sighs have told you this; to-day I explain myself with words. Ah! if you consider with some kindness the tribulations and trials of your unworthy slave, if your goodness has compassion on me, and deigns to stoop so low as my nothingness, I shall ever have for you, O marvelous beauty, a devotion never to be equalled. With me your reputation runs no risk, and has no disgrace to fear. All those court gallants upon whom women dote, are noisy in their doings, boastful in their talk. Ever vain of their success, they never receive favors without divulging them; and their indiscreet tongues dishonor the altar on which their hearts sacrifice. But men like me burn with a hidden flame, and secrecy is forever assured. The care which we take of our own reputation is a warrant to the woman who accepts our heart, that she will find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

El. I have listened to you, and your rhetoric expresses itself in terms strong enough. Are you not afraid that I might be disposed to tell my husband of this passionate declaration, and that its sudden disclosure might influence the friendship which he has towards you?

Tar. I know that your tender-heartedness is too great, and that you will excuse, because of human frailty, the violent transports of a love which offends you, and will consider, when you look at yourself, that people are not blind, and that flesh is weak.

El. Others might take all this differently; but I will endeavor to show my discretion. I will tell nothing to my husband of what has taken place; but, in return, I must require one thing of you, which is to forward honestly and sincerely the marriage which has been decided between Valère and Marianne, and re-

nounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another ——

Damis. (*coming out of concealment*). No, madam, no; all this must be made public. I was in that place and overheard everything. Heaven in its goodness seems to have directed my steps hither, to confound the pride of a wretch who wrongs me, and to guide me to a sure revenge for his hypocrisy and insolence. I will undeceive my father, and will show him in a clear, strong light the heart of the miscreant who dares to speak to you of love.

El. No, Damis, it is sufficient if he promises to amend, and endeavors to deserve the forgiveness I have spoken of. Since I have promised it, let me abide by my word. I have no wish for scandal. A woman should despise these follies, and never trouble her husband's ears with them.

Da. You have your reasons for dealing thus with him, and I have mine for acting otherwise. It is a mockery to try to spare him. In the insolent pride of his canting bigotry he has already triumphed too much over my just wrath, and has caused too many troubles in our house. The impostor has governed my father but too long, and too long opposed my love and Valère's. It is right that my father's eyes should be opened to the perfidy of this villain. Heaven offers me an easy opportunity, and I am thankful for it. Were I not to seize it, I should deserve never to have another.

THE HYPOCRITE UNMASKED.

(From "Tartuffe," Act IV.)

Orgon. Ah! I am delighted to find you all here. (*To Marianne.*) In this contract I bring wherewith to please you. You know, do you not, what I mean?

Marianne (*at Orgon's feet*). Father! in the name of Heaven, which is a witness of my grief; in the name of all that can move your heart, forego the rights my birth gives you, and do not exact this obedience from me. Do not by such a harsh law compel me to complain to Heaven of my duty to you, and do not, alas! render most miserable the life I owe you. If, contrary to the sweet hopes which I had cherished, you now forbid me to belong to the man I love, I beseech you on my knees at least to save me from the wretchedness of belonging to him I abhor. Do not drive me to despair by making use of all your power over me.

Org. (*aside*). Stand firm, my heart! No human weakness!

Mar. I do not feel aggrieved by your tenderness for him; you

can act as your heart prompts you—give him all you possess, and join to it what is mine. I consent, and give it up to him with all my heart. But do not dispose in the same way of my person; suffer me to wear out the rest of my wretched life in the austere discipline of a convent.

Org. Ah, yes, you are, I see, one of those would-be nuns, because your father crosses your forbidden love. Stand up! The more your heart recoils from the match, the better it will be for your salvation. Mortify your senses by this marriage and trouble me no longer on the subject.

Dorine. But what ——

Org. Hold your tongue; speak to people of your own set. I forbid you once for all to say a word.

Cléante. If you will allow me to speak and advise ——

Org. Brother, your advice is of the best possible kind; it is full of truth and good sense, and I value it highly. You will, however, allow me not to avail myself of it.

Elmire (*to her husband*). I hardly know what to say in the face of all this, and I really admire you in your blindness. You must be bewitched with the man and altogether prepossessed in his favor for you to deny the truth of what we tell you took place today!

Org. I am your humble servant, but I judge by appearances. I know how lenient you are towards my rascal of a son, and see that you were afraid of disowning the trick he would have played on the poor fellow. In short, you took the matter too easily for me to believe you; you would have been more moved had the thing been true.

El. Is it necessary for our honor, to take up arms so furiously at a simple declaration of love? Is it not possible to give a fitting answer without anger in our eyes and invectives in our mouth? For my part, I listen with mere indifference to such talk, and I care not to make any ado about it. I prefer to show that virtue can be accompanied by gentleness, and I have no respect for those savage prudes who defend their honor with tooth and nail, and who at the slightest word are ready to tear a man's eyes out. Heaven preserve me from such discretion! I prefer a virtue with nothing of the tigress about it, for I believe that a quiet and cold rebuff is quite as efficient.

Org. In short, I know all about this business, and no words of yours can alter my conviction.

El. I wonder more and more at your strange weakness. But

what answer would your credulity give, if I made you see that we have told you the truth?

Org. See?

El. Yes.

Org. Rubbish.

El. But, still, suppose I find a way of showing it to you, so that you cannot mistake it?

Org. Moonshine.

El. What a strange man you are! Yet at least answer me. I do not ask you to believe us; but suppose we could find a place where you can see and hear all about what we have told you, what would you say then of your pious man?

Org. In that case, I should say that —— I should say nothing; for, in short, it is impossible.

El. Your error lasts too long, and you have taxed me too long with falsehood. You must, to satisfy me, without delay, be a witness of what I have said.

Org. Be it so; I take you at your word. We will see how far you can make your promise good.

El. (*to Dorine*). Get him to come in here. [*Exit Dorine.*

El. Now bring the table here, and get under it.

Org. Get under it?

El. It is important that you should be well concealed.

Org. But why under the table?

El. Ah! never mind; do what I tell you. I have my plan quite ready in my head, and you shall judge. Place yourself where I tell you, aud then be careful that you are neither seen nor heard.

Org. I must say that my condescension is very great. However, I will see you through your scheme. [*Gets under.*

El. You will have nothing to answer me. Mind! I'm going to speak on a strange subject, and you must not be shocked. I have a right to say whatever I choose, since it is to convince you, as I have promised to do. I will, by coaxing speeches, make the hypocrite drop his mask, will flatter the insolent desires of his love, and leave free room to his audacity. As it is only because of you, and the better to confound him, that I shall affect to return his love, I will cease as soon you feel convinced, and things need go no further than you please. It is for you to spare your wife, to stop his mad purpose when you think matters have been carried far enough, and to suffer me to be exposed to his insolence only as far as is necessary to disabuse you. This is your concern,

you can act when you like, and —— He is coming.—— Do not move, and be careful that you do not show yourself. [*Enter Tartuffe.*

Tar. I am told that you wish to speak with me here.

El. Yes, I have important things to reveal to you. But shut this door before I begin, and look everywhere to see if any one can overhear us (*Tartuffe shuts the door and returns*); it will never do to risk having over again such an affair as that of this morning. Never in my life was I so taken by surprise, and Damis put me in a terrible fright on your account. You saw how I tried all I could to baffle his design and to calm his anger. My confusion was so great, it is true, that the thought of denying his accusations never came to my mind. But, thank Heaven, it is all for the best, and things are through it on a much safer footing. The esteem in which you are held has dispersed the storm; and my husband can have no suspicion of you, for, in order to set at defiance ill-natured comments, he wishes us to be constantly together. I can therefore be locked up here alone with you without fear of incurring blame; and thus I feel authorized to open to you a heart too forward perhaps in answering your love.

Tar. This language, madam, is somewhat hard for me to understand, and you spoke but lately in a very different strain.

El. Ah! if such a refusal has offended you, how little you know the heart of woman, and how little you understand what we mean when we so feebly defend ourselves! At such times our modesty always struggles against any tender feelings a lover inspires. Whatever reasons we may find to justify the love that conquers us, there is always a certain shame attached to the avowal of it. At first we try to avoid this avowal, but from our manner it is easy to see that our heart surrenders; that, simply for the sake of honor, our lips refuse to give words to our wishes; and that, while refusing, we promise everything.—I feel that I am making a very free confession to you, and not sparing woman's modesty; but I have begun, and will continue.—Should I have been so anxious to restrain Damis; should I have listened, think you, with so much calmness to your declaration throughout, and have taken the thing as you know I did, if the offer of your heart had not been a pleasure to me? When I tried to make you renounce the match which had just been proposed, what could you infer from such an action, if it was not that I felt interested in you, and that I should have experienced great sorrow if by such a marriage you had divided that affection which I wanted wholly to be mine!

Tar. It is certainly, madam, an extreme delight to hear such words from the lips of one we love; and their honey diffuses through all my senses a soothing softness I never knew till now. To please you is the supreme study of my life, and to be sure of your love my greatest happiness. Yet, forgive me, madam, if my heart somewhat doubts its felicity, and fancies that these words may be a specious artifice to make me break off the marriage which is soon to take place; and, if I may speak openly to you, I shall not trust such sweet language unless some of the favors after which I sigh have assured me of their sincerity, and fix in my mind a sure belief in the enchanting goodness you bear for me.

El. (*after coughing*). What! would you proceed so fast, and from the first exhaust the tenderness of my heart? I do myself violence to make you a sweet declaration of love; yet this is not enough for you, and to satisfy you the affair must be pushed even to the last extreme.

Tar. The less we deserve a blessing, the less we dare to hope for it. Love cannot feel secure with words only. We easily suspect a lot brimful of happiness, and we must enjoy the possession of it, before we can believe in it. I feel myself so unworthy of your favors that I doubt the success of my boldness, and I will believe nothing, madam, before you give real proofs.

El. Alas! how tyrannical your passion is! How it bewilders my mind! With what fierce sway it takes possession of my heart! and with what violence it exacts what it desires! Is there no avoiding your pursuit? and will you not allow me time to breathe? Is it right that you should persist so peremptorily? Should you exact what you desire with such tenacity, and thus abuse by your pressing ardor the weakness that you see I have for you?

Tar. But if you receive my love with kindness, why refuse me convincing proof?

El. But how can I consent to what you ask without offending Heaven, of which you are always speaking?

Tar. If it is only Heaven you can oppose to my wishes, it is nothing for me to remove such an obstacle; and that ought not to be a restraint to your love.

El. But they make us so terribly afraid of the judgments of Heaven.

Tar. I can, madam, dissipate these ridiculous terrors, and I understand the art of allaying scruples. It is true that Heaven forbids certain gratifications, but there are means of compounding with it upon such matters, and of rectifying the evil of the act by

the purity of the intention. We shall be able to initiate you into all those secrets, madam; all you have to do is to suffer yourself to be led by me. Satisfy my wishes, and be without fear. I will be answerable for everything and take the sin upon myself. (*Elmire coughs louder.*) You cough very much, madam.

El. Yes, I am suffering torture.

Tar. Will you accept a piece of this liquorice?

El. It is an obstinate cold, and I see plainly that all the liquorice in the world will do no good in this case.

Tar. That is certainly very trying.

El. Yes, more than can be expressed.

Tar. In short, your scruples, madam, are easy to remove. You are sure of an inviolable secrecy with me, and it is only publicity which makes the wrong. The scandal is what constitutes the offence, and to sin in secret is not to sin at all.

El. (*coughing and knocking the table*). Well, I see that I have no alternative but to yield, that I must consent to grant you everything, and that unless I do so I must not expect to satisfy or to convince. It is surely very hard to come to this, and I give way much against my will; but since it seems a settled thing that I should be driven to it, since I cannot be believed without more convincing proofs, in spite of all I may say, I must perforce make up my mind to it and give satisfaction. If my thus consenting carries any offence with it, so much the worse for him who forces me to do this violence to myself. The fault certainly cannot be accounted mine.

Tar. No, madam, I take it entirely upon myself, and the thing in itself——

El. Just open this door, I pray you, and see if my husband is not in the passage.

Tar. There is no need, madam, to trouble about him. Between ourselves, he is a man to be led by the nose. He is more likely to be proud of finding us together, and I have brought him to the point of seeing everything without believing in anything.

El. All the same, go for a moment and look everywhere very carefully, I beg of you.

Org. (*coming from under the table*). We have here, I acknowledge, an abominable scoundrel. I cannot get over it; I feel stunned.

El. What! you come out so soon! You are jesting. Go under the table again; it is not time yet; wait to see the end in order to feel quite sure, and don't trust to mere surmises.

Org. No, never did hell produce anything more wicked.

El. Nonsense! you should not believe things too lightly. Be sure that you feel quite convinced before you surrender, and be in no hurry, for fear of a mistake. (*She hides Orgon behind her.*)

Tar. (*returning*). Everything is propitious to me. I have searched every room, there is no one there; and my delighted soul —— (*Tartuffe goes to embrace Elmire; she draws back and he sees Orgon.*)

Org. (*stopping Tartuffe*). Gently, gently, you yield too freely to your amorous transports, and you should be less imperious in your desires. Oh! oh! you saint, you wanted to make a fool of me! How you give way to temptation! You marry my daughter, and covet my wife! For a long time I doubted if you were in earnest, and I expected every moment that you would change your tone, but this is carrying the proof far enough; I am satisfied, and I require no further test.

El. (*to Tartuffe*). It is much against my inclination that I have done all this, but I have been driven to the necessity of treating you thus.

Tar. (*to Orgon*). What! can you believe ——

Or. Come, no noise, out of this house, and without ceremony.

Tar. My intention ——

Org. Your speeches are no longer in season; leave this house at once.

Tar. It is for you to leave the house, you who speak as if you were master here. The house belongs to me, and I will make you know it. I will soon show you that it is vain for you to resort to these base falsehoods to quarrel with me. You little know what you do when you insult me. I can confound and punish imposture, avenge offended Heaven, and make those repent who speak of driving me hence. [*Exit.*

El. What language is this? What does he mean?

Org. I am, in truth, all confused. This is no laughing matter.

El. How so?

Org. I perceive my mistake by what he says. The deed of gift troubles my mind.

El. The deed of gift!

Org. Yes. The thing is done. But something else disturbs me.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

LETTER-WRITING has been a noteworthy department of the literature of France. Among the illustrious examples of this art Madame de Sévigné holds a prominent place; she dwarfs all other letter-writers of her time. She was the daughter of the Baron de Chantal, and was born at Paris in 1626, as Marie de Rabutin-Chantal. She was first cousin to the notorious Bussy Rabutin (1618–1693), who wrote the "Amorous History of the Gauls," and was exiled to his country-seat for sixteen years by Louis XIV. Having been early left an orphan, she was trained carefully by her uncle, Abbé de Coulanges, and at the age of eighteen was married to the Marquis de Sévigné. Her husband was a worthless roué, who squandered his money on Ninon de L'Enclos. When eventually he was killed in a duel, the widow devoted herself to the education of her two children, whom she loved with extravagant affection. She took delight in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but was saved by her satirical humor from becoming a *précieuse*. She was the idol of her circle in Paris, and was a frequent visitor at the court. In 1669 her daughter was married to the Count de Grignan, Governor of Provence. To her the mother wrote most of her delightful letters, which now afford to the world an incomparable insight into the gayeties and inner life of the Court of Versailles in the reign of Louis XIV. Her judgment was as correct in literary matters as in affairs of every-day life. She died in 1696 after a short illness, having retained her good looks and her cheerful disposition to the last.

THE GREAT COURT MARRIAGE.

Letter to M. de Coulanges.

PARIS, Monday, December 15, 1670.

I AM going to announce to you the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvelous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most astounding, the most unexampled, the most unique, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most great, the most small, the most rare, the most common, the most celebrated, the most secret till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable thing in the world; in short, a thing for which one finds only one precedent in past history, and that precedent does not apply; a thing we could not believe at Paris, and how will it be possible to believe it at Lyons? a thing that made everybody cry, "Mercy!" a thing which overjoys Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive: a thing, in short, which is to happen on Sunday, when those who see it will fancy something the matter with their eyes—a thing which is to take place on Sunday, and perhaps will not have taken place on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it. Guess! I will give you three trials. Do you give it up? Very well! then I must tell you.

M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday, at the Louvre—guess whom? I will give you four trials, I will give you ten, I will give you a hundred. I hear Madame de Coulanges say: "What a difficult thing to guess! Why, it is Madame de la Vallière." Not at all, Madame. "Then it is Mademoiselle de Retz." Not at all; you are extremely provincial. "Really, how silly we are," say you; "it is Mademoiselle Colbert." Still less. "Of course, it is Mademoiselle de Crequi." You are out again. So I have to tell you after all: he marries . . . on Sunday . . . at the Louvre . . . with the king's permission . . . Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de . . . Mademoiselle . . . Guess! Why! he marries Mademoiselle—upon my word, upon my word, upon my sacred word—MADEMOISELLE, the great Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, the daughter of Monsieur that is dead, Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henri IV.,

Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin to the king, Mademoiselle, intended for the throne: Mademoiselle, the only match in France worthy of Monsieur.

Here is a fine topic for conversation. If you cry out, if you go out of your senses, if you charge us with lying, if you say it is false, that we are laughing at you, that it is a fine hoax, that it is a very dull invention; if, in short, you call us names, we shall say you are quite right, we have done the same as you. Farewell, the letters that arrive by this post will let you know whether we tell the truth or not.

The next Letter to M. de Coulanges.

PARIS, Friday, December 19, 1670.

WHAT is called falling from the clouds is what happened yesterday evening at the Tuileries; but I must take up matters a little further back. I left you at the joy, the transports, the ravishments of the princess and her fortunate lover. It was on Monday then that the thing was announced, as I told you. Tuesday was passed in talking, in astonishment, in compliments; Wednesday, Mademoiselle made a present to M. de Lauzun, with the view of conferring upon him the titles, names, and ornaments proper to be named in the marriage contract, which was drawn the same day. She gave him then, as a first instalment, four duchies: the first is the county of Eu, which is the first peerage of France, and confers the highest rank; the duchy of Montpensier, of which he carried the name all yesterday; the duchy of St. Fargeau; the duchy of Châtellerault: all these reckoned at twenty-two millions. Then the contract was drawn, in which he took the name of Montpensier.

On Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle hoped the king would sign the contract, as he had said; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the queen, Monsieur, and a number of graybeards made his Majesty understand that the affair would damage his reputation; so that, after sending for Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, the king announced to them, before the prince, that he absolutely forbade them to dream of the marriage. M. de Lauzun received the command with

all the respect, all the submission, all the firmness, and all the despair which so great a fall demanded. As for Mademoiselle, giving way to her feelings, she burst into tears, cries, violent anguish, extravagant complaints, and all day she has kept her bed, and swallowed nothing but broth.

What a fine dream! What a fine subject for a romance, or a tragedy; but, above all, what a fine subject to discuss and talk about eternally, which is what we do day and night, evening and morning, without end or intermission, and we hope you will do the same.

THE BLESSINGS OF RHEUMATISM.

(Madam De Sévigné dictates—her son writes.)

THE ROCKS, Monday, Feb. 3, 1676.

GUESS, my dear child, what it is that comes the quickest, and goes off the slowest; that brings you nearest to health, and removes you the farthest from it; that throws you into the most agreeable situation imaginable, and, at the same time, hinders you from enjoying it; that flatters you with the most pleasing hopes, and keeps you the longest from the accomplishment of them. Can you not guess? Do you give it up? Why, it is the rheumatism. I have had it these three and twenty days; since the fourteenth day I have been free from fever and pain, and in this delightful situation, thinking myself strong enough to walk, which is the summit of my wishes, I find myself swelled all over—feet, legs, hands, arms; and this swelling, which they call my cure, and really is so, is the sole occasion of my present vexation; were I good for anything, I might gain myself some credit by it. However, I believe the enemy is conquered, and that in two days I shall be able to walk. Larméchin gives me great hope of this. I every day receive letters from our friends at Paris, congratulating me on my recovery. I have taken M. de Lorme's aperient powders, which have been of great service to me; I am going to take them again; they are a never-failing remedy in these cases. After this attack I am promised an eternal succession of health. God grant it. My first step will be to return to Paris. I desire you, therefore, my dear, to calm all your fears.

FRENCH LITERATURE

In the Eighteenth Century.

VOLTAIRE in his brilliant dissertation on "The Age of Louis XIV.," thus extols its literary glory: "In eloquence, in poetry, in literature, in books both of morals and of amusement, the French were the lawgivers of Europe." The renown of this achievement is justly ascribed to the king as the modern Augustus. Yet literature, which formed part of the means of establishing absolutism, was destined in the succeeding century to be the chief agency of its overthrow. The Grand Monarch, to counteract the preponderance of the nobility, had fostered the Third Estate, promoted its wealth, and aroused its intelligence. Literature once almost the exclusive possession of the high-born, became part of the equipment of the rising bourgeois class. Public misfortunes clouded the last years of Louis XIV., and when he died in 1715 a strong reaction set in. The French critical and mocking spirit which had been repressed during the splendors of his reign reappeared more daring and vigorous than before.

Voltaire was the dominant figure of the new era. He was the living embodiment of the eighteenth century—keen, witty, learned, critical, cynical, unscrupulous, irreverent, blasphemous, yet not without an ardent love of justice and humanity. He wrote for his time and in the fashion of the time—fine tragedies, poor comedies, witty satires, cynical tales in verse and prose, sparkling poems, fugitive verses, an ambitious

epic, philosophical histories, scientific dissertations, and a voluminous correspondence. He not only wrote eighty or more volumes himself, but he set a score of other men writing for or against him. In a dangerous time for freedom of speech he attacked the Church with relentless animosity and directed his efforts against the spiritual power which hindered intellectual progress. Yet he preserved his life and health and wealth to extreme old age. He made alliance with sovereigns and placed himself under their protection. He corresponded with Catharine of Russia, and sojourned at the court of Frederick II. Ever choosing for residence a place where he could think freely, he finally established himself at Ferney, near Geneva, and thence sent abroad his numerous publications, which were speedily carried over all Europe. Voltaire was an object of intense hatred to the great mass of the Christian world, Catholic and Protestant. But the impartial student of literature and history recognizes the necessity of his work of emancipation and the consummate ability with which he achieved it.

Another writer destined to have profound effect on the political world was President Montesquieu (1689–1755). His "Persian Letters," published in 1721, were a severe satire on French society, but his chief work was "The Spirit of the Laws," in which he sought for the underlying reasons of civil and political laws, and also presented English constitutional liberty to the admiration of France.

Two of the most learned men of this age, Diderot and D'Alembert, seeking to give a general survey of human knowledge, founded the "Encyclopédie," but compiled it in such a critical spirit, as to threaten social order and the Christian religion. This great work was declared by Voltaire to be an edifice built half of marble and half of mud. Diderot's versatile talent was shown also in tales, dramas, essays and disquisitions. Other philosophers of the time, Helvétius and Baron Holbach, boldly avowed materialism and atheism.

But the writer who won the hearts of the French people was the celebrated Rousseau (1712–1778), who made seductive and sophistical attacks on the entire existing system of civilization and called for a return to an imaginary natural state of

man. His "Social Contract" advocated the "rights of man" as afterwards proclaimed in the French Revolution. His "Émile" laid out a new scheme of education, impracticable on the whole, yet not without attractive features, which have been incorporated in later plans. But his more purely literary works are the "Nouvelle Héloïse," which revealed an impassioned love, and his "Confessions," in which he lays bare his heart and life with unblushing frankness.

The corruption of French society in the early part of the eighteenth century is fully shown by the writers of fiction. When Le Sage introduced the picaresque or rogue novel, which had already been in vogue in Spain, his "Gil Blas" became for the world the type of this class. The Abbé Prévost wrote several tales of adventure, but has won fame by the postcript to one of them, whose merit long escaped full recognition. This pathetic story of "Manon Lescaut" is now regarded as the pioneer of the modern French novel. Towards the close of the century the gay and unprincipled Caron de Beaumarchais, courtier and financier, proved himself a clever follower of Molière. He gave to the world a new type of character in "The Barber of Seville" and the "Marriage of Figaro," the plot of which has been transferred to the opera by Mozart and Rossini. Equally amusing are the "Memoirs," in which Beaumarchais exposed the chicanery of the Paris courts. That the government should allow itself to be dragged in the mud by this impudent writer proves the precarious condition of public affairs.

In the drama of the eighteenth century Voltaire is commonly considered the chief figure. His "Zaïre" was an attempt to improve upon Shakespeare's "Othello," and his "Mérope" upon the Italian Maffei's tragedy of that name. Others of his dramas have lost their contemporary fame. A really loftier dramatist than Voltaire was Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon (1674–1762), who has been pronounced the leading dramatist in the tragic vein from Racine to Victor Hugo. In his old age he had a "duel of tragedies" with Voltaire, in which he came off the best, according to the verdict of posterity. His masterpiece is considered to be "Rhadamiste and Zénobie." Meanwhile, in comedy, a place only second

to Molière must be awarded to Destouches (1680-1754), whose "Boaster" (le Glorieux), "Married Philosopher" and "Spendthrift," rank among the classics of French comedy. "Le Mechant," a comedy of less merit, obtained for J. B. L. Grasset (1709-1777) admission to the French Academy, but he is better known by his "Ver-Vert," a burlesque story of a parrot which had been the pet of a convent, but had learned bad language while being carried to edify another community. For this merry poem the author was expelled from the Jesuits, yet he always remained so devout that he was ridiculed by Voltaire.

Close to Molière as the next great French prince of character-drawing ranks Alain René Le Sage (1668-1747). Indeed, Molière was rather a narrower student of manners; for in his master-piece, "Gil Blas," Le Sage revealed human character in its largest and most genuine sense. The hero is the perfect child of the world, who does not moralize, but simply accepts the conditions of society. From being duped, he learns to outwit others; from being deceived in his attempts at honesty (as in the case of the Archbishop whom he warns of failing powers, and then is dismissed for his faithful service), he learns to be the successful flatterer, valet and confidant. Gil Blas is, in a sense, Sancho Panza traveled and schooled, and he thus typifies shrewd human nature profiting by knowledge of human nature. But Le Sage has set this universal hero in a distinctively Spanish frame, so that the critics long censured him as a downright plagiarist, and for the stage machinery of his great novel he certainly owes the Spaniards an incalculable debt. At the outset of his apprenticeship to literature Le Sage was guided to Spanish fiction by the advice of Abbé de Lyonne, and because an omnivorous student of the characteristic picaresque romance of that country. He not only mastered the vein, but improved on the style, which in the Spanish originals is euphuistic and in Le Sage forcible, simple and straightforward. His very genius became dyed with the picaroon color. After translating, with modifications, the tale of "Guzman d' Alfarache," he evidently started to do the same service for the "Diablo Cojuelo" of Luis Velez de Guevara. For two chapters he simply turned the Spanish narrative into French, then his own native genius

took the spur and produced the powerfully impressive "Diable Boiteux" (Lame Devil, or Devil on Two Sticks). In Guevara a young student, Don Cleofas, escaping by way of the roof from the perfidious ambush laid for him by his mistress, steps into the garret laboratory of a magician. A voice from one of the phials implores him for pity, and the curious gallant liberates the imprisoned sprite, who turns out to be no other than the demon Asmodeus. This evil spirit is mentioned in the apocryphal Book of Tobit in the episode of Sara and her seven husbands. The Talmudists declared that King Solomon once summoned Asmodeus, who resisted the great magician's power. As he was irresistibly dragged along trees and houses fell before him, whereupon a poor widow begged this rather kind-hearted devil to spare her humble cottage. The obliging fiend turned aside so sharply that he broke his leg and had to go on crutches ever after. But after this beginning the Spanish author simply made his tale the story of Asmodeus's wanderings over Spain to escape the spirits who would recapture him, while Le Sage hit upon the more brilliant idea of having Asmodeus unroof all the houses of Madrid to the gaze of Don Cleofas, as they flew above them. Thus, a wonderful panorama of luxury, vice, swindling and crime unfolded itself. Finally the devil rescues a fair maid from a burning house and gets Don Cleofas the credit, the bride and the fortune. Le Sage's keen insight into human nature and his brisk dialogue (never rendered too wearisome, thanks to the petulant interruptions of the student) made this romance a palpable hit.

When "Gil Blas" appeared some years later, that really better work found its popularity actually hindered by the immense prestige of this initial story. And yet in "Gil Blas" Le Sage's smartness of satire (neither cynical nor yet moralizing) and his fluent, idiomatic, epigrammatic dialogue shone even more fully than in "Le Diable Boiteux." It is a lengthy recital of the adventures of a young fortune-seeker. It is thoroughly Spanish throughout. Le Sage was accused of stealing "Gil Blas" outright from the "Marcos de Obregon" of Vicente Espinel, but this false accusation arose from the anger of Voltaire, who had been held up to ridicule. The author of "Zaïre" figures in "Gil Blas" as the much over-rated

Don Gabriel Triaquero, and it is no wonder he was mad. But, while Le Sage undoubtedly drew upon his picaroon reading for perhaps the majority of his incidents, he owes nobody for his admirable conception of Gil Blas and his easy-going, worldly, forging-ahead philosophy. Nor in style can any writer of picaroon or cynical romance—not even Voltaire himself—equal him. Gil Blas is more universal than Voltaire's Candide. Le Sage was also a master of pretended autobiographic narrative.

Gil Blas de Santillane, the worldling, is only "as moral as experience." He profits by experience as he goes along through life. Aware even of his own faults, he is kindly disposed toward all men. He does wrong and repents, and repents and does wrong. The son of honest but poor domestics, he has learned a little Latin and Greek from his uncle, an old canon. At the age of seventeen he starts out into the world with a few coins and an old mule. From the very first he falls into scrapes; at the start, through the follies and sins of others. He falls into the hands of highwaymen, and enlists with the band. After some time in their cave he escapes with a beautiful female captive; for which deed of gallantry he manages to be thrown into prison. Thus, as has been said, almost his earliest lesson is that to do wrong without being found out is more advantageous than to act well when appearances are against one. Meeting later a friend, Fabrice, Gil Blas is persuaded to become, like him, a footman, and we see what his masters are like. One of them is the celebrated Doctor Sangrado, whose great art is the bleeding of patients —a consummate satire on the medicine of Le Sage's day. Gil Blas also turns quack and bleeder, and fills Valladolid with funerals. He is forced to flee, becomes a servant again, and at last joins a gang of organized sharpers. From swindler he rises to be a court favorite and coxcomb, but he himself is eventually thrown over and lands in a dungeon. Free once again, he repents, marries, and almost reforms; but his wife dies and the widower undertakes new adventures. Even at the close he suffers a curious relapse into the earlier Gil Blas spirit.

In the course of this story Le Sage mercilessly satirized actors, and made scandal of their private lives. Early in his

career—and the drama and novel were his financial crutches —Le Sage had quarreled with the Maison de Molière, whose members had refused a play of his. Thus it happened that he wrote for the Foire, the irregular but licensed fair-booth shows. "For five and twenty years," declares Saintsbury "the best living comic dramatist of France gained his bread by the stage of the Foire." He composed numerous farces and operettas. His best farce was "Crispin Rival of his Master," in which a wily valet seeks, by impersonation of his master, to win the hand of an heiress. A genuine comedy, however, was his "Turcaret," which has been pronounced "the best French comedy, beyond all doubt, of the eighteenth century, and probably the best of its kind to be found outside the covers of Molière's works." Le Sage was hailed as Molière Redivivus, in fact, much to Boileau's disgust. "Turcaret" was aimed against the financiers, who, toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV., wished to make money at any price, and to one of whom Le Sage had acted as clerk. Turcaret is a swindler, who is himself swindled and cheated right and left by both his wife and his mistress. Despite Le Sage's assaults on the actors, one of his sons took to the stage and was actually disowned by his farce-writing parent.

Gil Blas to the Reader.

Before hearing the history of my life, listen, dear reader, to a story that I am going to tell you.

Two schoolboys were going from Pennafiel to Salamanca together. Being tired and thirsty, they stopped at the side of a spring that they found on their way. While they were resting there, after having quenched their thirst, by chance they noticed near them some words written on a stone close to the ground, a little rubbed out by time and by the feet of the flocks brought to the spring to drink. They threw some water over the stone to wash it, and they read these Castilian words: "Aquí está encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcias" (Here is confined the soul of the licentiate Peter Garcias).

The younger of these two schoolboys, a lively, giddy fellow, had not finished reading the inscription when he said,

laughing with all his might: "What a good joke! Here is confined the soul!—A soul imprisoned! I should like to know what queer fellow could have composed such a ridiculous epitaph." So saying he got up to go away. His companion, being more thoughtful, said to himself, "There's some mystery here; I shall stay and try to make it out." Then letting the other one go, and without losing any time, he began to dig all around the stone with his knife. He did this so well that he raised it up. He found beneath it a leathern purse, which he opened. There were two hundred ducats in it, with a card on which these words were written in Latin: "Be thou mine heir, who hast had wit enough to discover the sense of the inscription, and make a better use than I have done of my money."

The boy, charmed with the discovery, replaced the stone as it was before, and went on his way to Salamanca with the soul of the licentiate.

Whoever you may be, dear reader, you will resemble one or other of these schoolboys. If you read my adventures without taking heed to the moral instructions they contain, you will reap no fruit from this work; but if you read it with attention, you will find, according to the precept of Horace, the useful mixed with the agreeable.

Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada.

I found in the apartments of the archbishop a crowd of ecclesiastics and gentlemen of the sword, the greater part of whom were the officers of his Grace—his almoners, his gentlemen, his ushers, and *valets de chambre.* The laity were, almost all, so superbly dressed, that one would have taken them for noblemen rather than domestics, by their haughty looks and affectation of being men of consequence. Addressing myself to a grave, jolly personage that stood at the door of the archbishop's closet in order to open and shut it when there was occasion, I asked civilly if I could not speak with his Grace. "Wait," said he dryly, "till his Grace comes out to go to Mass, and he will give you a moment's audience in passing." I armed myself with patience, and endeavored to enter into conversation with some of the officers, but they

began to examine me from head to foot, without deigning to speak one syllable; and then they looked at one another, smiling with disdain at the liberty which I had taken to mingle in their discourse. I was, I own, quite disconcerted at seeing myself treated in this manner by valets, and had scarce recovered from the confusion in which I was when the closet-door opened and the archbishop appeared.

Immediately a profound silence prevailed among the officers, who, all of a sudden, laid aside their insolent carriage and assumed a respectful look in the presence of their master. The archbishop, immediately advancing towards me, with a voice full of sweetness asked what I wanted, and I told him that I was the young man of whom Don Fernando de Leyva had spoken to him. He gave me no time to proceed, but cried, "Oh, you are the person then of whom he spoke so handsomely. I retain you in my service. You are a valuable acquisition. You may stay where you are." So saying, he went out supported by two ushers, after having heard some clergymen, who had something to communicate. Scarce was he out of the room when the same officers who had disdained my conversation now courted it. They surrounded me, and with the utmost complaisance expressed their joy at seeing me become a commensal officer of the palace. Having heard what their master said to me, they had a longing desire to know on what footing I was retained; but I was so malicious as to balk their curiosity in revenge for their contempt.

His Grace, returning in a little time, made me follow him into his closet that he might talk with me in private. I concluded that his design in so doing was to try my understanding, and accordingly kept myself on my guard, and was resolved to weigh every word before I should speak it. He first of all examined me on what is called humanity, and I did not answer amiss. He had occasion to see that I was pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. He then put me upon logic, where I expected him, and found me quite master of that subject. "Your education," said he to me with some surprise, "has not been neglected; let us now see your handwriting." I thereupon took out of my pocket a sheet, which I had brought for the purpose, and the prelate seemed very well pleased with my performance. "I

am satisfied with your hand," he cried, "and still more with your understanding."

. . . . . .

His Grace gave me a homily to transcribe, directing me to copy it with all possible exactness. This I performed minutely, without having forgot either accent, point, or comma, so that the joy he expressed was mingled with surprise. "Good Heaven!" cried he in a transport when he had surveyed all the sheets of my copy, "was ever anything seen so correct? You transcribe so well, that you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me ingenuously, my friend, have you found nothing that shocked you in writing it over? Some neglect, perhaps, in the style, or improper term?" "Oh, sir," answered I with an air of modesty, "I am not learned enough to make critical observations; and if I was, I am persuaded that the works of your Grace would escape my censure." The prelate smiled at my reply; and though he said nothing, discovered through all his piety that he was a downright author. . . . One evening he repeated in his closet, when I was present, with great enthusiasm, a homily which he intended to pronounce the next day in the cathedral; and not satisfied with asking my opinion of it in general, obliged me to single out the particular passages which I most admired. I had the good luck to mention those that he himself looked upon to be the best, his own favorite *morceaux;* by which means I passed in his judgment for a man who had a delicate knowledge of the true beauty of a work.... "The honor of being reckoned a perfect orator," said the archbishop, "has charmed my imagination.... But I wish, of all things, to avoid the fault of those good authors who write too long, and to retire without forfeiting the least tittle of my reputation. Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas," continued the prelate, "one thing that I exact of thy zeal is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to admonish me of it. ... If it should come to my ears that the public says my discourses have no longer their wonted force, and that it is high time for me to repose myself, I frankly declare that thou shalt lose my friendship, as well as the fortune I have promised. Such will be the fruit of your foolish reserve."

. . . . . .

We had a hot alarm in the episcopal palace; the archbishop was seized with a fit of the apoplexy; he was, however, succored immediately, and such salutary medicines administered that in a few days his health was re-established; but his understanding had received a rude shock, which I plainly perceived in the very next discourse he composed. I did not, however, find the difference between this and the rest so sensible as to make me conclude that the orator had began to flag, and waited for another homily to fix my resolution. This, indeed, was quite decisive; sometimes the good old prelate repeated the same thing over and over; sometimes rose too high, or sunk too low. It was a vague discourse, the rhetoric of an old professor, a mere capuchin's exhortation.

I was not the only person who took notice of this. The greater part of the audience, when he pronounced it, as if they had been also hired to examine it, said softly to one another: "This sermon smells strong of apoplexy."

. . . . . .

The only thing that embarrassed me now was how to break the ice. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that difficulty by asking what people said of him, and if they were satisfied with his last discourse. I answered that his homilies were always admired, but, in my opinion, the last had not succeeded so well as the rest in affecting the audience. "How, friend!" replied he with astonishment. "Has it met with any Aristarchus?" "No, sir," said I, "by no means. Such works as yours are not to be criticised; everybody is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Are not you of the same opinion?"

My master grew pale at these words, and said with a forced smile, "So then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?" "I don't say so, sir," cried I, quite disconcerted. "I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works." "I understand you," he replied; "you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain. You believe it is time for me to think of retiring." "I should not have been so bold," said I, "as to speak so freely if your Grace had not commanded me. I

do no more, therefore, than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom." "God forbid," cried he, with precipitation, "God forbid that I should find fault with it. In so doing I should be very unjust. I don't at all take it ill that you speak your sentiment; it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

Though I was disconcerted, I endeavored to find some mitigation in order to set things to rights again. But how is it possible to appease an incensed author, one especially who had been accustomed to hear himself praised? "Say no more, my child," said he; "you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Know that I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove, for my genius, thank Heaven, hath as yet lost nothing of its vigor. Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant, and keep one of greater ability than you. Go," added he, pushing me by the shoulders out of his closet, "go tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven bless you with them. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste."

ABBÉ PRÉVOST D'EXILES.

MUCH nearer to the modern novel than "Gil Blas" came the work of Antoine François Prévost d'Exiles (1697–1763), a younger contemporary of René Le Sage. This abbé's now famous classic, "Manon Lescaut," really grew out of the "Sensibility" romances of Mme. de Lafayette and her school; but its semi-clerical author was remarkably true to life in his portrayals in contradistinction to the artificiality of the love-conceits of those bluestockings. "Manon" depicts the manners of church, camp and the outer court, so to speak; and for all these pictures Prévost had been fitted by experience. This young Picardy genius had taken orders in the learned Benedictine Brotherhood, and had previously weighed the pros and cons of a soldier's life. Even the Benedictines proved too much for the abbé, however, and he left his convent without the necessary permission at the age of twenty-four. For this ecclesiastical breach he was obliged to go into exile, and dwelt for seven years in England. Thus he obtained some idea, also, of sea life. He wrote several novels, but achieved his immortality by the postscript to his "Memoirs of a Man of Quality," the tale of Manon Lescaut, the ideal of luxurious, voluptuous feminine frailty.

The Chevalier Des Grieux tells, in sentimental style, how he met his fate in this bewitching little siren. He himself had chosen theology, and was about to take orders when he first met Manon. A guardian was taking her to a convent, much to her regret, when she encountered Des Grieux at an inn. It was love at first sight—"for Cupid would not rank among the gods if he could not perform miracles." An elopement (without any subsequent marriage) ensues. For a

time all goes happily with the billing and cooing pair. But the young man's purse gives out, and Manon—who has meanwhile coquetted with another—betrays him to his stern father. He is kidnapped forcibly and kept prisoner at home, while the volatile Manon pursues her amours. Finally she hears that her first love is to take orders. She visits St. Sulpice and entices him back to her side. She really loves him, but she also loves sunshine and luxury and unclouded enjoyment more. He burns his theological books and resigns himself (under the instruction of Manon's swaggering, brutal soldier-brother) to a gambler's life. Thus he earns money enough to keep Manon happy. But ever and anon misfortune and chance make Manon fickle and her cavalier miserable. At last, while he is actually aiding her to deceive a wealthy wooer, Manon comes to grief. She is doomed to be shipped to the new colony of Louisiana as a convict. Des Grieux is also sent over on the prison-ship. Their love gains them some sympathy, Manon has been cured of her folly by her trials and by her lover's constancy (all along in pitiful contrast to her inconstancy), and it looks as though the long-delayed happiness were, after all, to dawn in the New World. But unfortunately the governor's nephew falls in love with Manon; the lovers flee into the perilous wilds; the heroic Manon dies of fatigue and hunger; and the heart-broken Des Grieux has only the bitter-sweet memory to cherish as a souvenir of all his sufferings. Manon is a strikingly life-like figure. She breathes and moves. Why we admire and sympathize with her beyond her weak sisters—such as Flaubert's Mme. Bovary—is that Manon is artistic in temperament, never exactly vulgar. She is like a butterfly, born for sunlight and flowers; and she is a victim herself, as much as Des Grieux, of her luxurious nature. Mme. Bovary, on the contrary, is a harsh type, the woman worshiping mere money, parade and glitter. Manon could even for a while persuade herself that she was happy as the little humble housekeeper. There is something touching beneath her frailty. As for Des Grieux, he is more of a vague personality; but his friendly counselor, Tiberge, and Manon's brother, Lescaut, are drawn with a few firm strokes.

Prévost's death has been spoken of as "perhaps the most horrible in literary history." He was on his way from Paris to his cottage at Chantilly, in his sixty-seventh year, when he suffered a sudden stroke of apoplexy. A village quack thought him dead and began a post-mortem examination. The wretched Prévost revived under the knife only to die from the doctor's ghastly mistake.

CHEVALIER DES GRIEUX FIRST SEES MANON LESCAUT.

I HAD fixed the day for my departure from Amiens. Alas! that I had not fixed it one day sooner! I should then have carried to my father's house my innocence untarnished.

The very evening before my expected departure, as I was walking with my friend, whose name was Tiberge, we saw the Arras diligence arrive, and sauntered after it to the inn, where these coaches stop. We had no motive but curiosity. Some women alighted, and immediately retired into the inn. One remained behind: she was very young, and stood by herself in the yard, while a man of advanced age, who appeared to have charge of her, was busy in getting her luggage from the vehicle. She struck me as being so extremely beautiful, that I, who had never before thought of the difference between the sexes, or looked on women with the slightest attention—I, whose conduct had been hitherto the theme of universal admiration, felt my heart, on the instant, inflamed with passion. I had been always excessively timid and easily disconcerted; but, now, instead of meeting with any impediment from this weakness, I advanced without the slightest reserve towards her, who had thus become, in a moment, the mistress of my heart.

Although younger than myself, she received my civilities without embarrassment. I asked the cause of her journey to Amiens, and whether she had any acquaintances in the town. She ingenuously told me that she had been sent there by her parents, to commence her novitiate for taking the veil. Love had so quickened my perception, even in the short moment it had been enthroned, that I saw in this announcement a death-blow to my hopes. I spoke to her in a way that made her at

once understand what was passing in my mind, for she had more experience than myself. It was against her consent that she was consigned to a convent, doubtless to repress that inclination for pleasure which had already become too manifest, and which caused, in the sequel, all her misfortunes and mine. I combated the cruel intention of her parents with all the arguments that my new-born passion and scholastic eloquence could suggest. She affected neither austerity nor reserve. She told me, after a moment's silence, that she foresaw, too clearly, what her unhappy fate must be; but that it was apparently the will of Heaven, since there were no means left her to avert it. The sweetness of her look, the air of sorrow with which she pronounced these words, or rather perhaps the controlling destiny which led me on to ruin, allowed me not an instant to weigh my answer. I assured her that if she would place reliance on my honor, and on the tender interest with which she had already inspired me, I would sacrifice my life to deliver her from the tyranny of her parents, and to render her happy. I have since been a thousand times astonished, in reflecting upon it, to think how I could have expressed myself with so much boldness and facility; but Love could never have become a divinity if he had not often worked miracles.

I made many other pressing and tender speeches; and my unknown fair one was perfectly aware that mine was not the age for deceit. She confessed to me that if I could see but a reasonable hope of being able to effect her enfranchisement, she should deem herself indebted to my kindness in more than life itself could pay. I repeated that I was ready to attempt anything in her behalf; but, not having sufficient experience at once to imagine any reasonable plan of serving her, I did not go beyond this general assurance, from which indeed little good could arise either to her or to myself. Her old Argus having by this time joined us, my hopes would have been blighted, but that she had tact enough to make amends for my stupidity. I was surprised, on his approaching us, to hear her call me her cousin, and say, without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, that as she had been so fortunate as to fall in with me at Amiens, she would not go

into the convent until the next morning, in order to have the pleasure of meeting me at supper. I at once comprehended the meaning of this ruse; and proposed that she should lodge for the night at the house of an innkeeper, who, after being many years my father's coachman, had lately established himself at Amiens, and who was sincerely attached to me.

I conducted her there myself, at which the old Argus appeared to grumble a little; and my friend Tiberge, who was puzzled by the whole scene, followed without uttering a word. He had not heard our conversation, having walked up and down the court while I was talking of love to my lovely mistress. As I had some doubts of his discretion, I got rid of him by begging that he would execute a commission for me. I had thus the happiness, on arriving at the inn, of entertaining alone the sovereign of my heart.

I soon learned that I was less a child than I had before imagined. My heart expanded to a thousand sentiments of pleasure, of which before I had not the remotest idea. A delicious consciousness of warmth diffused itself through my veins. I sank into a kind of ecstasy, which deprived me for a time of the power of utterance, and which found vent only through my glances.

Manon Lescaut (this she told me was her name) seemed gratified by the visible effect of her own charms. She appeared to me not less excited than myself. She acknowledged that she was greatly pleased with me, and that she should be enchanted to owe to me her freedom. She would insist on hearing who I was, and the knowledge only augmented her affection; for, being herself of humble birth, she was flattered by securing for her lover a man of family. We discussed by what means we might become possessed of each other.

After many reflections, we could distinguish no other resource than in flight. To effect this it would be requisite to elude the vigilance of Manon's guardian, who required management, although he was but a servant. We determined, therefore, that during the night I should procure a post-chaise, and return with it at break of day to the inn, before he was awake; that we should steal away quietly, and go straight to Paris, where we should get married on our

arrival. I had about fifty crowns in my pocket, my little savings; and she had about twice as much. We imagined, like inexperienced children, that such a sum could never be exhausted, and we counted, with equal confidence, upon the success of our other schemes.

After having supped more satisfactorily than ever before, I retired to prepare for our project. All my arrangements were the more easy, as, intending to return on the morrow to my father's, my luggage had been already packed. I had, therefore, no difficulty in removing my trunk and having a chaise prepared for five o'clock in the morning, at which hour the gates of the town would be opened.

I employed the night in settling some private matters, and on repairing to the inn at early dawn I found Manon waiting my arrival. She was at her window, which looked upon the street, and perceiving my approach, she came down and opened the door herself. We took our departure silently. She brought away merely a small bundle of linen, of which I took charge. The chaise was in readiness and we were soon at a distance from the town.

We made so much speed on our journey that before night we reached St. Denis. I rode alongside of the chaise, which gave us little opportunity for conversation, except while changing horses; but when we found ourselves so near Paris, and out of the reach of danger, we allowed ourselves time for refreshment, not having tasted food since we quitted Amiens. Passionately in love as I felt with Manon, she managed to convince me that she was equally so with me. So little did we restrain our fondness, that we had not even patience to reserve our caresses till we were alone. The postilions and hotel-keepers stared at us with wonder, and I remarked that they appeared surprised at such uncontrollable love in children of our age.

Our project of marriage was forgotten at St. Denis; we defrauded the Church of her rights, and became man and wife on the impulse of the moment. It is certain that with my tender and constant disposition I should have been happy for my whole life if Manon had remained faithful to me. The more I saw of her, the more I discovered in her new

perfections. Her mind, her heart, her gentleness and beauty, formed a chain at once so binding and so agreeable, that I could have found perfect happiness in being forever bound therewith. Terrible fatality! that which has been the source of my despair might, under a slight change of circumstances, have constituted my happiness. I find myself the most wretched of mankind from that very constancy from which I might fairly have expected to derive the most serene human bliss, and the most perfect recompense of love.

Banished to America.

I was surprised on entering this quiet town [Passy] to find all the inhabitants in commotion. They were rushing out of their houses in crowds towards the door of a small inn, before which stood two covered carts. . . . I stopped a moment to inquire the cause of the tumult, but received little satisfaction from the inquisitive populace, who paid no attention to my questions. At last an archer, with bandolier and carbine, coming to the door, I begged him to acquaint me with the cause of the commotion.

"It is nothing, sir," he said, "but a dozen frail girls that I and my comrades are conducting to Havre, where we will ship them to America [Louisiana]. There are some pretty ones among them, and that is apparently what is exciting the curiosity of these good townsmen." I should have passed on after this explanation, had I not been arrested by the exclamations of an old woman who was coming out of the tavern, with clasped hands, crying that "it was a barbarous thing, a thing to strike one with horror and compassion." "What is the matter?" I asked. "Ah, sir," said she, "enter and see if the sight is not enough to pierce one's heart." Curiosity made me alight from my horse. . . . I pushed myself, with some trouble, through the crowd, and in truth what I saw was affecting enough.

Among the dozen girls, who were fastened together in sixes, by chains around the middle of the body, there was one whose air and face were so little in comformity with her condition, that in any other circumstances I would have taken her

for a person of the first rank. Her sadness and the soiled state of her linen and clothing disfigured her so little that she inspired me with respect and pity. She tried, nevertheless, to turn herself around as much as her chains would permit, to hide her face from the eyes of the spectators. . . . I asked the chief of the guards for light on the fate of this beautiful girl. "We took her out of the hospital," said he to me, "by order of the lieutenant-general of the police. It is not likely that she was shut up there for her good actions. There is a young man who can instruct you better than I on the cause of her disgrace. He has followed her from Paris almost without stopping his tears a moment; he must be her brother or her lover." I turned to the corner of the room where the young man was sitting. He seemed buried in a profound reverie. I have never seen a livelier image of grief. . . .

"I trust that I do not disturb you," I said, seating myself beside him. "Will you kindly satisfy the curiosity I have to know who is that beautiful person, who does not seem made for the sad condition in which I see her?" He replied politely, that he could not tell who she was, without making himself known, and he had strong reasons for wishing to remain unknown. "I can tell you, however, what those miserable wretches do not ignore," continued he, pointing to the archers, "that is, that I love her with so violent a passion that I am the unhappiest of men. I have employed every means at Paris to obtain her liberty. Solicitations, intrigues, force, —all were in vain. I resolved to follow her, even should she go to the ends of the earth. I shall embark with her. I shall cross over to America. But what is a piece of extreme inhumanity, these cowardly rascals," added he, referring to the archers, "will not permit me to approach her. My plan was to attack them openly several leagues outside of Paris. I joined to myself four men who promised me their help for a considerable pay. The traitors abandoned me and departed with my money. The impossibility of succeeding by force made me lay down my arms. I proposed to the archers to permit me to follow them, offering to recompense them. The desire of gain made them consent. They wished

to be paid every time they gave me the liberty to speak to my mistress. My purse became exhausted in a short while; and now that I am without a cent, they have the barbarity to repulse me brutally every time I make a step towards her. Only an instant ago, having dared approach her despite their menaces, they had the insolence to raise their muskets against me. To satisfy their avarice, and to be able to continue the journey on foot, I am obliged to sell here the wretched horse which has hitherto mounted me."

MANON LESCAUT IN NEW ORLEANS.

AFTER a passage of two months we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains, covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind,—no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town; it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropped from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers and as beloved companions, who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them, but were astonished to perceive, as we advanced, that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town, was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest, by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain, and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women, one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of con-

victs had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. "I learned from the captain," said he, "that you are married, and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot, and you may, on your part, contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me."

I replied in the manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs and some few necessaries of life. Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this miserable dwelling. It was on my account, much more than upon her own, that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common affliction she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

"What is there in my lot to lament?" said I; "I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for?

Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you surely have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are: and then you are an admirable chemist," added I, embracing her, "you transform everything into gold."

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have only caused you troubles, which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile, and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears, which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore, have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness: I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not, with the last drop of her blood, compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

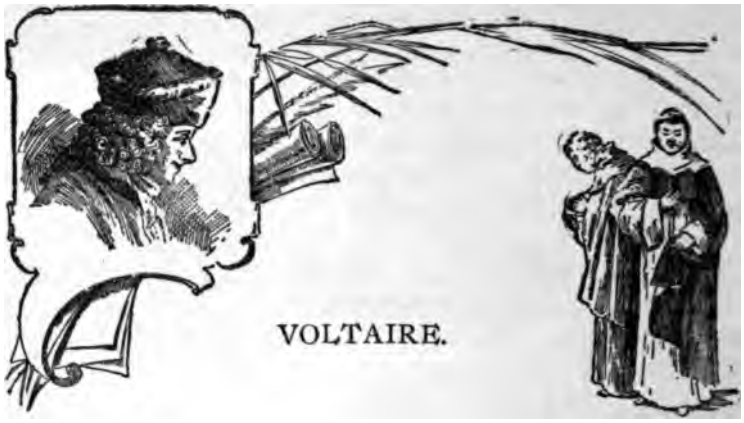
Her grief, the language, and the tone in which she expressed herself, made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to break within me. "Take care," said I to her, "take care, dear Manon; I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. O Heaven!" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone

wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is, indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me, and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centred."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value."

[The lovers cultivated the friendship of their new neighbors, and soon obtained their confidence. Then they felt that one thing was wanting to complete their happiness—the benediction of Heaven on their union. The governor's permission was asked to have the marriage ceremony performed. But Synnelet, the governor's nephew, had already cast longing eyes upon Manon, and when it was found that she was not married, she was assigned to the nephew, as the governor had power to do so. A duel ensued, and Synnelet was apparently killed. Then Manon and her wounded lover fled into the wilderness, where the delicate woman soon perished. Her companion dug her grave, and two days later was found stretched upon it. Yet he recovered, as did also Synnelet, was pardoned and returned to France.]



By a partial anagram François Marie Arouet (1694–1778) renamed himself Voltaire and thus has become famous.* He was the literary arbiter of his day. Not only was he hailed as the grandest poet of his time, who had given to France her long-sought national epic in the "Henriade;" not only did his tragedies hold the boards to such extravagant applause that the envious Le Sage ridiculed the poet as Don Gabriel Triaquero in "Gil Blas;" not only did Voltaire, with unflagging wit and a prodigality of ingenuity, keep himself abreast of his own generation in all forms of literature, even imitating Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws;" but he enjoyed a Continental prestige as a king of philosophers in that age of philosophers and encyclopædists. He was crowned as an Academician, in spite of his bad savor at court; lived as a companion of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci for three years, and was the affectionately flattered correspondent of the Semiramis of the North—the great Russian Empress Catherine.

But it was especially to Voltaire's "Deism," to his uncompromising antagonism to all dogmatic and traditional ecclesiasticism, that he owed, and still owes, his primary claim to eminence. So fierce was his destructive and iconoclastic spirit that he may be loosely described as the greater Tom Paine of his era. Born "ugly as Pope, and sickly as Pascal," he drew forth one day in England—while decrying Milton's

* Voltaire is a transposition of *Arouet l. j.* (or *i*), the last letters standing for *le jeune*, equivalent to Junior.

"Paradise Lost"—the following epigram from Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts:"

> "You are so witty, profligate and thin,
> At once we think thee Milton, Death and Sin."

The pious-minded Dr. Samuel Johnson, who ruled literature in England as Voltaire did in France, attacked this "atheist" in his conversation and writing with his usual bear-like energy. Voltaire, to the orthodox folk of his time, appeared, indeed, to be the very incarnation of impiety and impishness; and even Victor Hugo, in his poem, "A Glimpse into an Attic," styles him "that ape of genius to whom hell lent all its powers."

Posterity cannot endorse this harsh verdict. Despite the profligacy of Voltaire's youth, and the "small immoralities of his life which he shared universally with his age," it is impossible to judge so mercilessly the kind-hearted heretic who battled against the cruel courts and bigoted judges of that benighted epoch, to prevent judicial murders, and to wipe away the stains of ignominy from the robes of widows and orphans. John Morley, his arch-eulogist in our day, has declared: "To Voltaire reason and humanity were but a single word, and love of truth and passion for justice but one emotion. None of the famous men who have fought that they themselves might think freely and speak truly, have ever seen more clearly, that the fundamental aim of the contest was that others might live happily. Who has not been touched by that immortal word of his, of the three years in which he labored without remission for justice to the widow and descendants of Calas (unjustly executed): 'During that time not a smile escaped me without my reproaching myself for it, as for a crime.'" Voltairism, as this critic has pointed out, may be said to have begun from the flight of its founder from Paris to London.

Voltaire, the younger son of a wealthy notary, had been born with a bold, independent temper, even if with a sickly frame. In his childhood he could not brook his Jesuit tutors, and as debutant into the gay world of the infamous Regency, he soon plunged into countless dissipations and quarrels. On

one occasion he was beaten by the Chevalier de Rohan's bullies. Thrice he was sent to the Bastile, and only released at last on the promise of quitting the country. No wonder the frail Ninon de l'Enclos, a friend of his mother, left him her library; the very bequest was later seized upon to give point to an epigram. Orgies with the Duke of Sully had been succeeded by a love scandal into which he fell on a diplomatic journey to the Hague. The real brunt of ire which the Regency made him feel, however, was for no fault of conduct, but on account of his suspected authorship of certain biting satires. But it was really by his light lyric verses that Voltaire had acquired his social fame in roistering Paris.

In May, 1726, he landed in England, in the thirty-third year of his age. As Mr. Morley remarks: "The mere spectacle of such free, vigorous, many-sided, and truly social and public activity of intellect, as was visible in England at that time, was in itself enough to fix the gaze of one who was so intensely conscious of his own vast energy of intellect, and so bitterly rebellious against the system which fastened a gag to his lips." Bolingbroke gave him a home; King George a gift of money. Voltaire met Pope, his fellow "wasp," at Twickenham, and also the English Rabelais—as he called him—Dean Swift. The Frenchman made the acquaintance of the works of Shakespeare, who impressed him as "a savage," but yet an inspired savage; and he afterwards, as in "Zaïre," borrowed from Shakespeare with a free hand. In return for all this, Voltaire remained a eulogist of England to the end, and dedicated to the British Queen his "Henriade," with the remark: "It is the fate of Henry the Fourth to be protected by an English queen."

Returning to France he became, at the advice of Richelieu, a courtier, and agonized for some time through panegyrics to Louis XV., whom he compared to Trajan. He repented this brief fit of sycophancy later, and spoke of it as "une farce de la foire." Meanwhile Frederick II. urged him to visit Sans Souci, and in 1750 Voltaire left for the German court, not to return again to Paris for twenty-eight years, and then only to die there. Visitors to Sans Souci can still see the green-parrot room in which Voltaire lived; and Carlyle

has shown in what curious relationship he dwelt there with the "victorious king, poet and musician." It was unpleasant enough even before Voltaire in a satirical "Letter" heaped ridicule on the President of the Berlin Academy, Maupertuis; after three years had elapsed Voltaire left his royal patron, who had proved so uniquely condescending. Through the advice of Paris-Duvernay, who also helped Beaumarchais, Voltaire had now acquired a comfortable fortune. He lived henceforth the retired life of a sage at Les Delices and Ferney, on the Swiss border. There, in his old age, he was visited by the admiring and the curious, who have left us odd pictures of the octogenarian poet sitting in the wings at the performance of his own plays, and weeping like a young girl at all the sentimental or tragic parts.

There is, in fact, not a little of the grotesque, and quite an appreciable amount of the absurd, in the contrast between the Voltaire of reality and the Voltaire of contemporary imagination. Voltaire, the great poet, has ceased to be for this generation. Prof. Saintsbury's highest praise for his tragedies is, that they are "prodigies of literary cleverness." He even scouts the idea of Voltaire's philosophical importance, and there can be no doubt that in his "Essai sur les Mœurs" (Essay on Customs), in imitation of Montesquieu, as in his historical works as a rule, Voltaire shows a lack of true historical criticism and of profundity of understanding of the social organization. He has only contempt for the Middle Ages, as being the cradle of superstition and bigotry. It took Montesquieu to correct this view. Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary" is only a heterogeneous collection of thoughts. His bulky legacy of letters contains not one great thought—as Carlyle has unjustly asserted concerning all Voltaire's writings. His "Henriade" is a stiff and artificial epic around the French Henry the Fourth; while his "La Pucelle"—an imitation burlesque epic after Ariosto—though more natural than the "Henriade," is a coarse, scandalous poem, in which France's national heroine and saint, Joan of Arc, is disgustingly vilified. And yet even his severest critics are forced to admit that Voltaire's writings, in their entirety, constitute a very mine of wit, an arsenal of satire and persiflage. As for

the prose *conte*, he made it his own, so to speak. Even in gallant verses he had a brilliancy and felicity of expression that still charms.

His short tales were all related for a moral, political, social or theological purpose. "Micromegas" is a satire on certain forms of science; "Babouc" is a social study; "Memnon," an ethical tale. In "Zadig" he draws the picture of a wealthy young Babylonian, whose career goes to exemplify Voltaire's theory, that the events of life are beyond human control. All of these tales, however, he summed up in "Candide," the most daring and the most cynical. The titular hero proves how ridiculous, in Voltaire's opinion, is philosophical optimism. This work was written shortly after the Lisbon earthquake, and is the supreme romance of pessimism. "Religion, political government, national peculiarities, human weakness, ambition, love, loyalty, all come in for the unfailing sneer." The moral of it all is, simply, "Be tolerant, and cultivate your garden"—that is, do the best you can in your appointed lot. Candide's tutor, Dr. Pangloss, is a satire on the optimistic philosopher, who persists in the face of all misfortunes to maintain that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds."

Mr. Morley maintains that Henry the Fourth was a hero with Voltaire, for no better reason than that "he was the first great tolerant, the earliest historic indifferent." Voltaire's "Écrasez l'infâme" has been interpreted to mean "Crush out religion;" but he really meant by the phrase the crushing out of persecuting superstition.

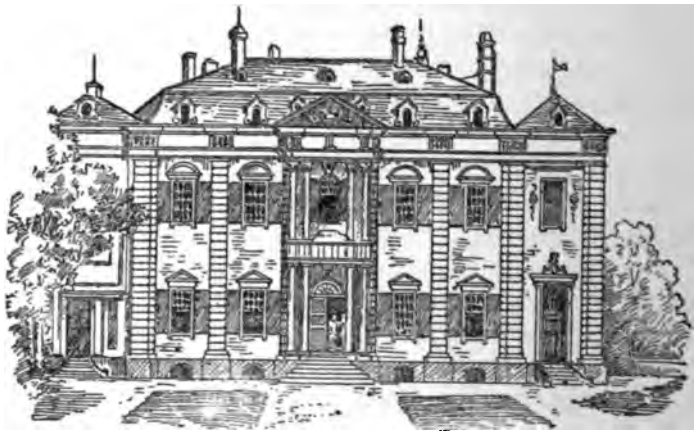
Voltaire himself boasted that he had accomplished more in his time than either Luther or Calvin. Let us see what John Morley has to say of Voltaire's service to humanity: "When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand for as much as the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning or the Reformation. The existence, character and career of this extraordinary person constituted in themselves a new and prodigious era. . . . A new type of belief—and of its shadow, disbelief—was stamped into the intelligence and feeling of his own and

following times. We may think of Voltairism somewhat as we think of Catholicism, or the Renaissance, or Calvinism. . . . . Voltairism may stand for the name of the Renaissance of the eighteenth century, for that name takes in all the serious haltings and shortcomings of this strange movement, as well as all its terrible fire, swiftness, sincerity and strength. . . . . To the critic of the schools he is the revolutionary destructive. . . . . Christian charity feels constrained to unmask a demon from the depths of the pit. . . . . Yet Voltaire was the very eye of modern illumination. It was he who conveyed to his generation in a multitude of forms the consciousness at once of the power and the rights of human intelligence. Another might well have said of him what he magnanimously said of his famous contemporary, Montesquieu, that humanity had lost its title-deeds, and he had recovered them. The four-score volumes which he wrote are the fruit and the representation of a spirit of encyclopædic curiosity and productiveness. . . . . He never counted truth a treasure to be discreetly hidden in a napkin. He made it a perpetual war-cry and emblazoned it on a banner that was many a time rent, but was never out of the field."

Voltaire's most famous tragedy, "Zaïre," is his idea of an improved "Othello." His monster of jealousy is, however, a handsome young sultan, Orosmane, who simply suspects his favorite Zaïre on the strength of a letter. He stabs her behind the wings and then slays himself, making a present of the fatal dagger to the lady's brother with his dying breath. Very Frenchy, indeed; and equally so Orosmane's opening promise not to employ "these Asiatic monsters, insulting guardians of the seraglio of the sultans." This result of Voltaire's inspiration from "Othello" sheds sufficient light on the curiously inadequate view which he took of Shakespeare. No wonder the English dramatist seems a savage to the polished Voltaire. His "Œdipe" is a similarly Frenchy adaptation of Sophocles' drama. Other popular plays of his were: "Alzire," "Mérope," "La Fanatisme" (Mahomet), and "The Chinese Orphan." When his "Irene" was produced on one occasion, Voltaire's bust was crowned at the Théâtre Français.

Least criticizable of all Voltaire's work are his histories—his masterly lives of Charles XII. and Peter the Great, his surveys of the "Age of Louis XIV." and "Age of Louis XV.," and his "Annals of the Empire." The best of these is, perhaps, the "Age of Louis XIV.," which Voltaire appreciated in its inner spirit.

Many of Voltaire's maxims have become famous. He used to write "Écrasez le fantôme" and "Écrasez le colosse," and in his letter to d'Alembert, June 23, 1760, he wrote: "I end all my letters with 'Écrasez l' infâme' (Crush the infamous thing), just as Cato always said, 'Delenda est Carthago' (Carthage must be destroyed). By the 'infâme' you will understand that I mean superstition; as for religion, I love and respect it as you do." Voltaire's dying declaration, written in his own hand, February 28, 1778, was: "I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition." But with all his opposition to the Church of his time he claimed the rights of a Catholic, and in spite of the watchfulness of his adversaries he obtained, by a stratagem carefully planned beforehand, Christian burial. In reference to his hospitality at Ferney he once remarked, "For fourteen years I have been the innkeeper of Europe."



VOLTAIRE'S RESIDENCE AT FERNEY.

PRISONER IN THE BASTILE.

VOLTAIRE, while still called Arouet, at the age of twenty-one became noted in Paris by his satires. One of these, entitled "I have seen," provoked the anger of the Regent, the Duke of Orleans, who exclaimed, "Monsieur Arouet, I vow that I will make you see a thing you have never seen." In a few days the young man was committed to the Bastile, where he remained eleven months. He describes his imprisonment in the following verses.

I needs must go; I jog along in style,
With close-shut carriage, to the royal pile
Built in our fathers' days, hard by St. Paul,
By Charles the Fifth. O brethren, good men all,
In no such quarters may your lot be cast!
Up to my room I find my way at last.
  A certain rascal with a smirking face
Exalts the beauties of my new retreat
So comfortable, so compact, so neat.
Says he, "While Phœbus runs his daily race
He never casts one ray within this place,
Look at these walls, some ten feet thick or so;
You'll find it all the cooler here, you know."
Then bidding me admire the way they close
The triple doors and triple locks on those,
With gratings, bolts, and bars on every side,
"It's all for your security," he cried.
At stroke of noon some porridge is brought in;
Such fare is not so delicate as thin.
I am not tempted by the splendid food,
But what they tell me is: "'Twill do you good;
So eat in peace; no one will hurry you."
Here in this doleful den I make ado,
Bastiled, imprisoned, cabined, cribbed, confined,
Nor sleeping, eating, drinking, to my mind;
Betrayed by every one—my mistress, too!
O Mare René! whom Censor Cato's ghost
Might well have chosen for his vacant post;
O Mare René! through whom 'tis brought about
  That so much people murmur here below,
  To your kind word my durance vile I owe;
May the good God some fine day pay you out!

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

SEVERAL persons worthy of credit have seen Jeannot and Colin at school in the town of Issoire, in Auvergne, a town famous throughout the universe for its college and its kettles. Jeannot was the son of a renowned dealer in mules, and Colin owed his birth to a brave laborer of the neighborhood, who cultivated the land with four mules, and who, after having paid tallage and tax, duties and gabels, did not find himself mightily rich at the end of the year. Jeannot and Colin were very good-looking for inhabitants of Auvergne, and were very fond of each other. Their time for study was nearly ended when a tailor brought a velvet coat of three colors for Jeannot, with a Lyons vest in very good taste. The whole was accompanied by a letter to Monsieur de la Jeannotière. Colin admired the coat, and was not jealous; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority, which grieved Colin. From that moment Jeannot studied no more, looked at himself in the glass, and despised everybody. Sometime after a footman arrived post-haste, and brought a second letter to the Marquis de la Jeannotière; it was an order from his father to send his son to Paris. Jeannot got into the chaise, extending his hand to Colin with a very noble smile of patronage. Colin felt his nothingness and wept. Jeannot set out in all the splendor of his glory. Colin, always loving, wrote a letter of compliment to his old companion. The little marquis made him no answer. Colin was ill with grief about it.

The father and mother at once engaged a tutor for the young marquis. This tutor, who was a man with a fine air, and who knew nothing, could teach his pupil nothing. The gentleman wished his son to learn Latin; the lady did not. They referred the matter to an author, who was celebrated at that time as the writer of some charming works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by saying at once, "Sir, as you know Latin, and as you are a man at court—"

"Me, sir! Latin! I don't know a word," replied the man of letters; "and I have done very well. It is clear that

one speaks one's own language much better when one does not divide one's attention between it and foreign languages. Look at all our ladies, they have more agreeable wit than men; their letters are written with a hundred times more grace. They have this superiority over us only because they do not know Latin."

"Ah, now, was I not right?" said the lady. "I want my son to be a man of spirit, that he may get on in the world, and you see very well that if he knew Latin he would be ruined. Do they act comedy and opera in Latin, if you please? Does one plead in Latin in a law-suit?"

The gentleman, dazzled by these reasons, passed sentence of condemnation, and it was decided that the young marquis should not lose his time in making the acquaintance of Cicero, Horace and Virgil. But what shall he learn, then? for still he must know something. Should they teach him a little geography?

"What would be the use of that?" answered the tutor. "When the Marquis goes about his lands, will not the postilions know the roads? Of course they will not lead him astray. One has no need of a quadrant to travel, and you can go from Paris to Auvergne very comfortably without wanting to know in what latitude you are."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have heard tell of a fine science that is called, I think, astronomy."

"What a pity!" answered the tutor. "We are not guided by the stars in this world, and is it necessary that the marquis should work himself to death, making calculations about an eclipse, when he can find it settled to a nicety in the almanac, which tells him, besides the movable feasts, the age of the moon and that of all the princesses of Europe?"

Madame was quite of the tutor's opinion; the little marquis was in ecstasies; the father was undecided. "What should my son be taught, then?" said he. "To be agreeable," replied the friend whom they consulted; "and if he knows how to please, he will know everything. It is an art that he will learn from his lady mother without any trouble to either of them."

At this speech the lady embraced the charming ignoramus,

and said, "One can see, sir, that you are the most learned man in the world; my son will owe all his education to you; I do not imagine, however, that it will do him any harm to know a little history."

"Ah, madam, what is the good of it?" he replied. "Surely the only useful and agreeable history is that of the present day. All ancient histories, as one of our clever men has said, are only unacknowledged fables; and as to the modern ones, they are a chaos that cannot be cleared up. What does it matter to your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor stammered?"

"Nothing could have been better said," cried the tutor. "The minds of children are stifled under a mass of useless knowledge. A gentleman like the marquis ought not to spoil his brains over these vain trifles. If some day he wants a grand geometrician to take a plan of his lands, he can have them surveyed for money. If he wishes to make the antiquity of his nobility clear, which goes back to the most remote times, he will send for a Benedictine. It is the same with all the arts. A young lord in good circumstances is neither a painter, a musician, an architect, nor a sculptor, but he makes all these arts flourish by encouraging them by his munificence. It is better undoubtedly to patronize than to practise them. It is enough that the marquis should have taste; it is for the artist to work for him; and this is why it is perfectly right to say that people of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know everything without learning; because really, in the long run, they know what to think of everything that they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then began to speak, and said, "You have very well remarked, madam, that the great object of man is to succeed in society. In good faith, is it with the help of the sciences that this success is obtained? Does one ever think of talking about geometry in good company? Do we ever ask a man of fashion what star rises with the sun to-day? Do we inquire at supper if Clodion the long-haired crossed the Rhine?"

"No, certainly," cried the marchioness, whose charms had

sometimes gained for her admittance into the great world, "and my son ought not to stifle his genius by the study of all this rubbish; but now, what shall we teach him? for it is well that a young lord should be able to shine on occasion, as my husband says."

At last, after having thoroughly examined the strong and the weak sides of the sciences, it was decided that the marquis should learn—to dance.

Nature, who does everything, had given him one talent, which soon developed itself with prodigious success; it was that of singing ballads agreeably. The graces of youth added to this superlative gift, caused him to be looked upon as a most hopeful young man. Then the marchioness thought herself the mother of a wit, and gave suppers to the wits of Paris. The young man's head was soon turned. He acquired the art of speaking without knowing what he was talking about, and became perfect in the habit of being fit for nothing. When his father saw him so eloquent, he greatly regretted that he had not made him learn Latin, for he would have bought him a great post in the law. The mother, who had more noble sentiments, took upon herself to solicit a regiment for her son.

A young widow of quality, their neighbor, who had only a moderate fortune, determined to place the great wealth of M. and Madame de la Jeannotière in security, by appropriating it herself, and by marrying the young marquis. She enticed him to her house. Sometimes she bestowed praises upon him, and sometimes counsels; she became his father's and mother's best friend. An old neighbor suggested the marriage. The parents, dazzled by the splendor of this alliance, accepted the proposal with pleasure. They gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was going to marry a woman whom he adored, and by whom he was loved; the friends of the house congratulated him. The marriage contract was going to be drawn up while they worked at the wedding clothes and at the epithalamium.

He was one morning at the feet of the charming bride, whom love, esteem and friendship were on the point of giving him; they were settling how they should lead a delightful

life, when one of his mother's footmen came in, looking quite scared.

"Here's some very different news for you," said he; "the sheriff's officers are stripping the house of my master and mistress; everything is seized by the creditors; they talk of arrest, and I am going to be quick and get my wages."

"Let us see," said the marquis, "what it all is; what has happened."

"Yes," said the widow, "go and punish those rogues; go quickly."

He ran there; he reached the house; his father was already thrown into prison. All the servants had fled; each one had gone his own way, carrying with them all they could. His mother was alone, without help, without comfort, bathed in tears: there only remained to her the remembrance of her fortune, of her beauty, of her faults and of her extravagance. After the son had wept with his mother for a long time, he said to her at last, "Do not let us despair; that young widow loves me desperately; she is even more generous than rich. I can answer for her. I will fly to her and bring her to you." Then he returned to his betrothed.

"What! is that you, M. de la Jeannotière? What do you want here? Do you thus abandon your mother? Go to the poor woman, and tell her that I still wish her well. I am in want of a lady's maid, and will give her the preference."

The marquis, stupefied and enraged, went to find his old tutor, poured his griefs into his bosom, and asked him for advice. The latter proposed that he should become a tutor like himself. "Alas! I know nothing; you have taught me me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortune," and he sobbed as he spoke to him thus.

"Write some novels," said a wit who was there; "that is an excellent resource in Paris."

The marquis was ready to faint. He was treated much the same by his friends, and in half a day he learned to know the world better than in all the rest of his life.

While he was plunged in this depth of despair, he saw a chaise of an antique fashion coming up, a kind of covered carriage, fitted up with leather curtains, followed by four

enormous wagons, all loaded. There was a young man in the chaise, with coarse clothes, with a round fresh face, full of kindness and gaiety. His little wife, dark and, in a rough way, pleasing enough, was jolting by his side. The carriage did not go at the rate of a dandy's curricle. The traveler had plenty of time to contemplate the motionless marquis, buried in his grief.

"Ah!" he cried, "I do believe that's Jeannot there." At this name the marquis raised his eyes, the chaise stopped. "It is Jeannot himself, it is." The little fat man made but one spring, and ran to embrace his old comrade. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face. "You've given me up," said Colin, "but you make a fine lord. I shall always like you." Jeannot, touched and confused, told him part of his story, with many sighs. "Come to the inn where I am staying and tell me the rest," said Colin; "say 'How do you do?' to my little wife, and let us go and have dinner together."

They went all three on foot, followed by the baggage.

"What's all this luggage, then? Does it belong to you?"

"Yes, it's all mine and my wife's. We are coming from the country. I am at the head of a good factory of tinware and copper. I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in necessary utensils, great and small. We work hard; God blesses us; we have not changed our condition; we will help our friend Jeannot. Don't be marquis any more. All the grandeurs of the world are not worth one good friend. You will go back into the country with me. I will teach you my trade, it's not very difficult; I will give you a share, and we

shall live merrily in the corner of the earth where we were born."

Jeannot, in a state of distraction, felt himself divided between grief and joy, love and shame, and said to himself in a low voice, "All my fine friends have betrayed me, and Colin alone, whom I have despised, comes to my help." What a lesson! The kindness in Colin's heart developed in the heart of Jeannot the germ of a good disposition which the world had not yet stifled. He felt that he could not abandon his father and mother.

"We shall take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to the good man your father, who is in prison, I understand a little about business. His creditors, seeing he has nothing left, will come to terms for a trifle. I can manage all that."

Colin managed so well that he got the father out of prison. Jeannot returned to his native place with his parents, who took up their first calling again. He married a sister of Colin, who, being of the same temper as her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot, the father, and Jeannette, the mother, and Jeannot, the son, saw that happiness does not consist in vanity.

ZADIG'S NOSE.

ONE morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible passion, and uttering the most violent exclamations.

"What ails you, my dear spouse?" said Zadig. "What can have thus discomposed you?"

"Alas!" she said, "you would be as much enraged as I am, if you had seen what I've just beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who within these two days has raised a tomb to her young husband, near the rivulet that washes the skirts of this meadow. In the bitterness of her grief, she vowed to heaven to remain at the tomb as long as the water of the rivulet continued to run by it."

"Well," said Zadig, "she is an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the most sincere affection."

"Ah!" said Azora, "if you only knew what she was doing when I went to see her!"

"Was she engaged, beautiful Azora, in turning the course of the rivulet?"

Azora broke out into such long invectives, and loaded the young widow with such bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleased with this ostentation of virtue.

. . . . . .

Zadig had a friend named Cador, whom he made his confidant. Azora, having passed two days with a friend in the country, returned home on the third. The servants told her, with tears in their eyes, that her husband died suddenly the night before, and that they had just deposited his corpse in the tomb of his ancestors at the end of the garden. She wept, tore her hair, and swore she would follow him to the grave.

In the evening Cador begged leave to wait on her, and joined his tears with hers. Next day they wept less, and dined together. Cador told her that his friend had left him the greater part of his estate, and that he should think himself extremely happy in sharing his fortune with her. The lady wept, fell into a passion, and at last became more mild and gentle. They sat longer at supper than at dinner, and talked with more confidence. Azora praised the deceased, but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During supper Cador complained of a violent pain in his side. The lady, in great concern, tried all sorts of remedies. She even condescended to touch the side in which Cador felt such exquisite pain, and compassionately inquired if he was subject to this cruel disorder. "It sometimes brings me to the brink of the grave," replied Cador. "There is but one remedy that can give me relief, and that is to apply to my side the nose of a man lately dead." Feeling sure that in his journey to the other world her husband would not be refused a passage because his nose was a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first, the lady took a razor and went to her husband's tomb. She bedewed it with her tears and drew near to cut off Zadig's nose. He arose, holding his nose with one hand and putting back the razor with the other.

"Madam," he said, "don't exclaim so violently against young Cosrou. The project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning the course of a rivulet."

THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS.

FRENCH scepticism of the eighteenth century was embodied in the Encyclopædists. They were a distinctive product of the great *philosophe* movement, and were, perhaps, more inspired by Montesquieu than by Voltaire, who was one of their number. Voltaire himself said that Montesquieu had rediscovered the title-deeds of the human race. There can be no doubt that Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu (1689-1755) was possessed of far greater originality and depth of thought than Voltaire. In his monumental "Esprit des Lois" (1748)—Spirit of Human Law as Opposed to Custom, as this curious title may be not inaptly translated—this fine thinker sought to "make men overcome their prejudices. I here call prejudices not that which causes one to be ignorant of certain things, but that which causes one to be ignorant of himself." It is not within our scope to show his view of the relations of laws to various causes and effects; suffice it to say that his notion of the influence of climate is most celebrated. And in his "Persian Letters," published while in his thirty-second year, the aristocratic but critical baron represented the entire spirit of philosophism. These letters—imitated by Goldsmith in his "Citizen of the World"—were borrowed in design from Dufresny's "The Siamese" (in "Amusements Serious and Comic"), but Montesquieu, serious in jest, caught the awakening ideas of his age. Neither a Rosseau in rashness nor a Voltaire in vehemence, he showed nevertheless wit enough in these mock letters of Usbek, the Persian traveller, to strike disaster to many of the idols of Louis XIV.'s reign: so much so that when he became a candidate for the Academy in 1728, Cardinal Fleury wrote to all the voting Academicians declaring the author of that work of impious sarcasm to be unworthy of election. Montesquieu is accused of toning down the Letters to secure this lesser sort of "immortality." Montesquieu naturalized the term *citoyen*, invented by Beaumarchais in place of *sujet*, and warned his fellow-countrymen that they were degenerating into worse than Troglodytes, having resigned themselves to the enjoyment of pleasure at the price of liberty. Rousseau's "Social Contract" did not appear until fourteen years after the "Spirit of the Laws."

The Encyclopædists proper were, however, called into definite existence by the desire of a Paris bookseller for a revision of John Mill's translation of Ephraim Chambers' Encyclopædia, which appeared in London in 1728. This bookseller called upon Denis Diderot to perform the desired task of alteration. Diderot (1713-1784) had emerged like Voltaire from a Jesuit schooling only to become an enemy to the Catholicism of his day. He was then leading a half vagabond life as a bookseller's hack. He accepted the offer, and the innocuous Chambers was to become the mighty and disturbing engine of eighteenth century scepticism in France. Diderot, "the man of a dictionary," called to his aid as first lieutenant, D'Alembert, "the man wrote a preface," and with that revolutionary prospectus of the forthcoming "Dictionnaire Raisonnée" stirred up the first clouds of the destined storm. One reading the Dictionary to-day cannot but feel surprised at the extreme antagonism which it provoked from both Church and State. There is no direct atheism in its pages, no attack on cardinal religious principles, and no lashing of notorious ecclesiastical and political abuses. And yet there is beyond doubt much covert criticism of these things, much insinuated protest; the entire atmosphere of the Encyclopædia is saturated with the ideas of religious tolerance and speculative freedom. D'Alembert's "Geneva" article, for instance, is an obvious contrast of Catholicism with Protestanism to the detriment of the former as it then flourished at Versailles. However philosophical the Encyclopædia may be, it shows great lack of system and supervision. The subjects were treated historically, but history and biography were excluded; the geography was very imperfect; and the articles were often discursive and verbose. As for the definitions, some of them remind us of those often quoted from Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. Under the term "Labor" a dozen lines rebuke the then existing property system as tending to produce idle men. The definitions of "Gallantry" and "Melancholy" are essays in little, and here and there is a sketch à la Bruyère. Several abbés were employed on the work, but the acid of Voltaire—who was an interested contributor—was enough to neutralize their weak orthodoxy. Thus the Encyclopædia was turned into the organ of the advanced and

revolutionary opinions of the time. Twenty-eight volumes appeared between the years 1751 and 1772, despite the Government's decree of formal suspension in 1759. But only Diderot worked on faithfully to the end.

Diderot's life-career is, indeed, a most pitiable and yet strangely mixed history. Immoral in his relations with mistresses, he began his literary career with a licentious tale, which he, however, later repented. An eloquent talker he was the centre of the weekly Bohemian symposiums at the Baron d'Holbach's, and his letters to his second mistress, Mlle. Volland, constitute a vivid picture of the *philosophe* circle of his day. But as a writer he did not possess a concentrative force; he was, at all times, rather suggestively critical than decisively dogmatic; he left twenty volumes of fragments—so to speak—left, as Carlyle says, "on the waste of accident with an ostrich-like indifference." He laughed, indeed, at the idea of his writings ever being collected into an edition. This lack of unity and finality did not prevent his works from having, however, a great influence in their time. Left alone to finish the gigantic task of the Encyclopædia, Diderot, who had been in prison for his bold opinions before, labored day and night in a clandestine way, ruining his eyesight and health. At the end of all he found that the timid bookseller had, without a word, expunged many of his boldest and best thoughts for fear of the official authorities! Diderot himself received a slave's pay for thus pulling for twenty years a slave's oar, while the pusillanimous publisher made a fortune out of the work. Diderot, hack to the end, established the science of art criticism by his "Salons," and inspired Lessing's dramatic genius by his dramatic criticism.

"Rameau's Nephew" may pass, in Carlyle's words, "for decidedly the best of all Diderot's compositions. It looks like a sibylline utterance from a heart all in fusion. It was written as a satire on Palissot, but no ephemeral thing was ever more perennially treated." Goethe eagerly translated this great trifle. In this "farce-tragedy" Diderot sought to hold up to ridicule Palissot the Academician with his contemptible censure of the *Philosophes*, but he accomplished the higher task of drawing a satirical picture of contemporary manners around a real original. The Rameau of the dialogue was a nephew

of the French musical composer of that name. Music was a passionate theme of controversy in that day; but Rameau's nephew becomes in Diderot's hands a unique type of a parasite. John Morley says well: "Diderot goes to work with Rameau, in some sort and to a certain extent, as Shakespeare went to work with Falstaff. He is the artist reproducing with the variety and perfection of art a whimsical figure that struck his fancy and stirred his creative impulse. Ethics, æsthetics, manners, satire, are all, indeed, to be found in the dialogue, but they are only there as incidents to the central figure of the sketch, the prodigy of parasites."

Diderot's first lieutenant, Jean le Rond D'Alembert (1717-1783), deserted him at the height of the storm—raised by his own articles. He had an even more curious career than his chief. He was the illegitimate son of the very fine grand lady, Madame de Tencin, and was, as he openly declared to the world, abandoned at birth on the steps of a church, St. Jean le Rond. But he never got into the church. He valued his independence so highly that when Catherine of Russia, who had pensioned Diderot, offered him a magnificent sum to come to her court, he refused, writing to Voltaire, "I shall eat bread and nuts, and live free." He once declared, "Geometry is my wife;" but Mlle. de Lespinasse was his mistress. Philosophism was a very odd affair.

Among Diderot's coadjutors were Jean Francois Marmontel (1723-1799), dramatist, romancer, and critic, who enjoyed Voltaire's favor and contributed articles on literature to the Encyclopædia; Jean Antoine Nicolas de Caritat, Marquis de Condorcet (1743-1794), philosopher and Girondist statesman; and A. R. J. Turgot, the great minister and economist (1727-1781), who might have saved France from the Revolution had his financial advice been heeded.

A Parisian Education.

Rameau was a distinguished musician of Diderot's time; his nephew, also a musician, was better known as a shameless parasite. In "Rameau's Nephew" Diderot gives this Bohemian's views of the world he lived in. The following dialogue shows his notions about his son's education.

I. How is it that with such fine insight and wide feeling for the beautiful in musical art, you can be so blind to morality, and so insensible to the charms of goodness?

He. Apparently because for these same there must be some sense in which I am lacking, some fibre which was never given to me, some slack string that you may pinch as hard as you like, without its ever vibrating; or perhaps it is because I have always lived among good musicians and bad people, from which it comes about that my ear has become very keen and my heart very hard. And, besides, race had something to do with it, too. My father's and my uncle's blood are not the same; my blood is the same as my father's. The paternal molecule is hard and obtuse; and this accursed first molecule has assimilated all the rest.

I. Do you care for your child?

He. Care for him, the little savage! I rave about him.

I. Will you not seriously set about trying to stem the effects of the cursed paternal molecule on him?

He. My labor in that field would be fairly useless, I think. If he is destined to become a good man, I shall not be harmful at all; if it is the molecule's will that he become a good-for-nothing like his father, all my trouble in making him into an honest man would be extremely injurious to him. Education and the tendency of the molecule continually thwarting one another, he would be dragged by two opposite forces, and would go wobbling down the path of life, as I see an infinite number of other people do, who are equally clumsy in good and bad. They are what we call *des espèces* [shams], of all epithets the most formidable one, because it indicates mediocrity, and the last degree of contempt. A great scamp is a great scamp, but he is no way an *espèce.* It would require great length of time before the paternal molecule could get the upper hand, and lead him into such perfect depravity as I enjoy; his best years would be lost. For the present I do nothing. I leave him to come on, and I examine him. Already he is greedy and crafty, a sneak, lazy and lying; I am afraid he hunts by instinct.

I. And to complete the resemblance, you will make a musician of him?

He. A musician! a musician! Sometimes when I look at him I grind my teeth, and say to myself: "If thou ever comest to know one note, I think I will wring thy neck."

I. And why so, if you please?

He. It leads to nothing.

I. It leads to everything.

He. Yes, when you excel in it; but who is there that can promise for certain that his child will excel? It is ten thousand chances to one he will only be a miserable string-scraper like myself. Do you know it is easier, perhaps, to find a child capable of governing a kingdom, of becoming a great king, than a great violinist?

I. It seems to me that pleasant talents, even though second-rate, advance a man rapidly in the way to fortune among people of no morals, who are lost in debauchery and luxury. I myself heard the following conversation between a would-be patron and a protégé with some accomplishments; the latter had addressed the other first, as being a kindly man who might do him a good turn:

"What do you know, sir?"

"I know mathematics passably well."

"Well, go and teach your mathematics; some time or other you may have an income of three hundred or four hundred livres, after ten or twelve years of knocking about in Paris gutters."

"I have studied law and am well up in judicature."

"Puffendorf and Grotius, if they came back to the world, would die of hunger on a mile-stone."

"I know history and geography very well."

"If there should happen to be any parents who had their children's good education at heart, your fortune would be made, but there are none."

"I am a pretty good musician."

"Why in the world didn't you say so before? and to put you in the way of seeing what can be done with this last talent—I have a daughter. Come every night from half-past seven to nine. You shall give her lessons, and I will give you twenty-five louis a year; you shall breakfast, dine, take your bite and sup with us. The rest of the day will belong to you; you can arrange it to your own profit."

He. And what became of the man?

I. Had he been wise he would have made his fortune, which seems to be your only aim.

He. Without doubt there must be gold; gold is every-

thing and the rest without gold is nothing; and following upon that, instead of stuffing his head with fine maxims, which he must forget under pain of being nothing but a beggar, whenever I have a louis—which does not often happen—I draw the louis out of my pocket, and, all admiration, I show it to him; I raise my eyes to the heavens, and kiss the louis before him; and, to make him understand still better the importance of the sacred coin, I begin to stammer, and point with my finger to all that can be had with it—a handsome coat, a fine cap, a nice biscuit. Then I put back the louis into my pocket, and walk proudly up and down, holding up the skirts of my coat, and slapping my pocket with my hand. That is how I make him grasp the idea that all the assurance he sees springs from the louis lying there.

I. You could not do better; but if, deeply impressed with the value of the louis, it should one day happen——

He. I understand your meaning; one must shut one's eyes to that; there is no moral principle without its drawbacks. If the worst came to the worst, it means an awkward quarter of an hour, and there's an end of it.

I. Even after considering such brave and wise opinions, I must persist in thinking it would be better to make a musician of him. I know no other means of such rapid advancement with great people, of better serving their vices, and of making profit out of one's own.

He. That is so; but I have projects for a swifter and surer success. Ah! if only it had been a girl! But no one has a voice in what he makes, and you have to take what comes, and make the best of it; and for that you must not do like most fathers, who could not act worse were they plotting their children's misfortunes, than by stupidly giving a Lacedæmonian education to a child destined to live in Paris; if it is unsuitable, that is the fault of my nation's morals, not mine. Let any one gainsay who can; I wish my son to be happy, or what comes to the same thing, honored, rich and powerful. I have a slight knowledge of the easiest ways of gaining this end, and I shall early instruct him in them. If you blame me, the rest of you who are wise, the crowd and success in life will acquit me. He shall get gold, I tell you. If he has plenty of it, he will lack for nothing, not even for your esteem and respect.

I. Maybe you are making a mistake.

He. Or else he will do without, like many others.

In all this interview there were many things of which one thinks and acts upon, but of which one does not speak. There, indeed, lay the most marked difference between my man and the greater part of his neighbors. He acknowledged his own and other people's vices, but he was not hypocritical. He was neither more nor less abominable than they; he was merely more sincere and more logical, and sometimes profound in his depravity. I shuddered to think of what his child would become under such a master. It is certain that with his ideas of education so narrowly based upon our customs, he would go a long way, if not prematurely cut short.

He. Oh! there is nothing to be afraid of. The important point, the difficult one to which a father must pay attention, is not to give his son the vices which are to enrich him, and the playfulness which will endear him to the great; every one does that, if not systematically like myself, at least by example and precept; but it is to point out the happy medium to him, the art of avoiding shame, dishonor and the law; here are the discords in the social harmony which you must know how to handle, and prepare for and turn aside. Nothing is so dull as an uninterrupted string of perfect accords. There must be something to stir up, to separate the cluster and send the rays flying.

I. Excellently spoken. By this comparison you bring me back from morals to music, from which I had strayed in spite of myself, and I tender you my thanks; for, to conceal nothing from you, I like you much better as musician than as moralist.

He. Nevertheless, I am much inferior in music, and of great superiority in morals.

I. I am doubtful as to that; but even if it were so, I am a good man, and your principles are not mine.

He. So much the worse for you. Ah! If I had your talents!

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

VOLTAIRE'S great rival has four notable claims to fame. In the first place he sought to substitute for Voltaire's scepticism a sentimental deism, which spirit of religiousness, despite its vagueness, gave birth to Chateaubriand and the Catholic revival. Secondly, he came out as "Jean Jacques, the enemy of kings," with his "Social Contract," and was canonized by the French Revolutionists as one of their patron saints. Thirdly, as he himself boasted, he was the first man in Europe to show a "feeling heart;" he introduced a reign of sentiment and nature-worship, avowing a love of solitude and preaching a gospel of a return from the corruption of society to the primitive virtues of human nature in its natural state. Finally, in his old age, he wrote his famous "Confessions," in which he opened the very windows of his inner life, his soul. In this remarkable work, unique in the entire range of literature, he not only narrated the curious adventures of a singularly wayward and roving life, but did not hesitate to exhibit himself in his truest colors as a dishonest knave, a thief, an ingrate, a betrayer of his friends, a coxcomb and quarrelsome fellow, a father of foundlings, a moral leper. Not only did he expose all that had been criminal in his career, but all that was mean and ridiculous in himself, which, as he declares, is "a painful thing" to do. Plenty of men have been found to boast of the grand vices; Jean Jacques alone has had the daring and perverse pride to lay bare the smallest meannesses of his nature. In his own words he hoped to benefit the world by writing "the history

of a man who will have the courage to show himself within and without." "I feel," he asserted, "that I am one who can show himself," and he pronounced his intention to be "a scheme, the greatest, perhaps, or at least the most useful to virtue, which mortal ever conceived." At the very beginning of his book he placed this unparalleled defiance:

"Let the trumpet of the Last Judgment sound when it will, I will go with this book in my hand and present myself before the sovereign Judge. I will say aloud: There is what I have done, what I have thought, and what I have been. I have shown myself what I was—contemptible and vile when I was so, good, generous, and elevated, when I was so; I have unveiled the inner man, such as Thou, O eternal God, hast seen him Thyself. Gather around me the countless multitude of my fellow-creatures; let them hear my confessions, let them bemoan my unworthiness, let them blush at my frailties. Let each of them in turn uncover his heart at the foot of Thy throne, with the like sincerity; and then let one but say to Thee, if he dares: I was better than that man."

In spite of such an audacious declaration it is still possible to grant to Rousseau a certain sympathy and to cover his nakedness with a mantle of charity. And yet if we come to analyze his frequent self-revelations and his inexhaustible expressions of remorse, we cannot but discover beneath all this seeming humility of confession a lurking self-pride of such overweening power as to have impelled Jean Jacques to all these *shameful*, *shameless* "Confessions" with a sense of superiority to all his fellow-creatures.

"Oh," he exclaims in one place in a lament that is almost a boast, "why was I born among men and yet of a different species?" We realize that, in spite of his vices, he has for himself the highest esteem. He openly admitted that he was confident the good in him far exceeded the evil, wherefore he could "show himself." Even when confessing that he was the father of five illegitimate children whom he had abandoned to the foundlings' asylum, he had the self-satisfied egotism to remark: "Never for a single moment of his life could Jean Jacques be a man without feeling and compassion, and an unnatural father. I might have been deceived, but could

not have been hard-hearted. My fault is great, but it is an error." In like manner he excused himself for his ingratitude in leaving his former benefactress in distress. "Ingratitude," said he, "was in my conduct, but it has too much torn my heart, for that heart ever to have belonged to an ungrateful man." And he made the sweeping proclamation of this wonderful heart of his: "There never was a heart more tender, more excellent or more just; neither wickedness nor hatred ever approached it."

A curious sort of Tartuffe we have here to deal with: it will be always problematical how far Rousseau was an affected, posing hypocrite or a self-deluded, vain hypocrite. There is, indeed, a streak of insanity running all through his egoism, and the kleptomaniac propensities of his youth, his unstable character, and his morbid fancies certainly foreshadowed the half-madness which at last descended upon him. Impetuous, quarrelsome, and suspicious all his latter years, he eventually developed the insane notion that he was the centre of a great world conspiracy. Not only his envious rival Voltaire, with whom he had broken at the outset as a disappointed disciple, and David Hume, who certainly discharged his responsibility as a host while sheltering Rousseau during his English exile, but everybody was regarded as an enemy and a barbarian seeking to put Rousseau, the saintly martyr to truth, in an odious light.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, born at Geneva in 1712, the son of a watchmaker, a descendant of a French exile, never knew his mother and was reared in a careless way, his irregular genius being fed on an over-indulgence of romances. Apprenticed to an engraver, he ran away from home at sixteen, and for nearly twenty years kept up a Gil Blas sort of vagabondage unblushingly put on record in the "Confessions." He was servant, valet, music-teacher, tutor, tramp, accepted lover of a rich lady, even secretary of an ambassador to Venice, all by odd turns. Turning Roman Catholic, he became a kind of ward of Madame de Warens, a frail widow who gave Rousseau some slight education at St. Lazare and a more than ample experience in "sentiment." Meanwhile he had almost exhausted the entire catalogue of the meaner vices, from petty

theft to basest ingratitude. And now he was prepared to enter on the stage of Paris and his career.

At the age of thirty he entered the capital with a comedy, a new method of musical notation (never adopted) and only fifteen louis in his pocket. He fell in with the d'Holbach coterie of *Philosophes*, of whom Diderot and Grimm became his two intimates. He achieved some minor reputation by his opera, "The Village Divine," performed at Fontainebleau, to royal favor, and he also contributed to the Encyclopædia. It was not, however, until he was thirty-eight years old that he fully realized his powers, and until he wrote his famous treatise for the Academy of Dijon in 1750 no one could have predicted his destiny. The Academy proposed the thesis: "Whether the invention of the arts and sciences has contributed to the purity of morals?" Accident alone attracted Rousseau's attention to this announcement, while he was one day visiting Diderot in prison, where that philosopher was confined for his heretical "Letter on the Blind," a plea for the senses. Some critics maintain that Rousseau was ready to argue the question in the affirmative, but that at Diderot's advice he decided to take the negative. Diderot intimates, at least, that he inspired Rousseau to the task. But there can be little doubt that Rousseau was thoroughly possessed himself with the idea that society had corrupted mankind. He believed in man, but not in men. So now his mind was inflamed with a tumult of inspiration on this idea, which, no matter how born, swayed him for the rest of his life. His Dijon treatise awakened universal notice, and elicited many replies. Voltaire went about asking, "Who is this Rousseau?"

Three years later (1753) came Rousseau's treatise on the "Origin and Nature of Inequalities among Men." In 1760 appeared his "Social Contract," which has been called "The gospel of the sovereignty of the people." Rousseau denounced the first man who had laid claim to property as the arch-foe of the human race, but he was not a socialist and never thought of the reorganization of society on a communistic basis. His political economy, like his deism, was sentimental. As to his politics it has been well said that "to the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century the Social Contract

came as a revelation." John Morley has remarked, "Rousseau had been born in the very capital and mother city of Protestantism, militant and democratic, and he was penetrated to his heart's core by the political ideas which had arisen in Europe at the Reformation." It is the fashion to regard Rousseau to-day as either the demigod or the arch-fiend of the French Revolution. The extreme Revolutionists certainly did interpret his writings to their purpose, but Rousseau did not believe in revolution. His faith was in evolution—the evolution of education. Nevertheless as his contemporaries were influenced by him, contrary to his own choice, Rousseau must be recognized as a direct inspirer of the men who made the French Revolution, and the theories of his "Social Contract" were close at the root of Jacobin politics. And yet had Voltaire and Rousseau lived during the Revolution the men who canonized them and placed their ashes in the Pantheon would doubtless have condemned the first as an aristocrat, the latter as a conservative.

In 1762 appeared Rousseau's "Èmile," which he subtitled as a treatise (somewhat in the form of a novel) on education. In his hero he exemplified his ideal concerning the natural education of children. Émile is perfectly educated, every bias but that of nature having been carefully withheld. In this work he not only attacked the "petit maître" idea, but declared that "every father owes citizens to the state." He stated that his plan of education was meant to make "a man, and not a magistrate, a soldier or a priest." As a result of Rousseau's preaching even Louis XVI. was taught a trade, and many of the nobility who fled before the storm of 1789 had Rousseau to thank that they could earn their livelihood in exile. In "Émile" Rousseau included the "Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar," founded on an episode in his own life. In this portion of his work Rousseau set up natural against revealed religion, thus antagonizing the Church. On the other hand his sentimental religion offended the *Philosophes*. "Émile" was burned, and Rousseau went into exile. Denied a home in his native Switzerland, he put himself under Frederick the Great (not without a flourish of democratic belief, however), and thence went with Hume to

England, where he began his "Confessions." It is needless here to relate all his wanderings and adventures with royal patrons, fine ladies of coarse morals, and with Thérèse Levasseur, the inn servant whom he took for mistress until his death. Despite Thérèse he fell in love with Mme. d'Houdetot, a pretty young wife, sister of Mme. d'Epinay, at whose villa he was living. The moral Rousseau did not hesitate to visit Mme. d'Houdetot every morning, in order to get the single kiss which French custom sanctions, but he even persuaded the sweet wife that it would be no sin to love another beside her own husband. "Ah," replied the grateful charmer, "then I can love my poor St. Lambert." Despite the fact that Rousseau thus lost her to another lover, he immortalized her as the heroine of his "Julie, or the New Eloisa" (Nouvelle Héloïse), published in 1757–9. This romance—a true romance—is in the form of letters written by a young girl and her tutor who seduces her. There is much philosophy in these epistles, and yet much of that new "heart-life" to which Rousseau was awakening all Europe. He here disclosed his own real passion. Byron, naturally an ardent admirer, has expressed the entire episode in verse:

> "His love was passion's essence . . .
> This breathed itself to life in 'Julie;' this
> Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
> This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
> Which every morn his fevered lips would greet
> From hers, who but with friendship his would meet."

Of his sentiment in general Rousseau declared: "Sentiment, more prompt than clear, fills my soul, but, instead of enlightening, it burns and dazzles me." In the "New Héloïse" it was the love of a noble young lady for a man of low rank (Saint Preux), that he painted. Rousseau introduced in Europe a new love of nature. Some of his descriptions of scenery, as that of the "Isle of Saint Pierre," are exquisite. His "Reveries," the last offering of a bruised mind, are also full of poetic beauties. His poetry proper, however, is seldom passionate or sublime, and is overloaded with mythological frippery. He was a lyric poet after the fashion of Boileau.

Late in his troubled life Rousseau returned to Protestantism, and died at Ermenonville, July 2, 1778, two months after Voltaire. As he had inspired the nature-worship of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, so, too, he left a religious legacy in Chateaubriand. Over women he held a strange influence, and despite his own immorality, he led to a return of true motherhood in France.

He firmly believed that in the seventy-seventh strophe of the twelfth canto of the "Jerusalem Delivered" Tasso had predicted his lot. This strophe runs: "Alone with my thoughts, implacable furies, I drag everywhere their detested train. I fear the night; its unfriendly shades represent my fault to my lacerated heart. I fear the sun; his perfidious light reveals my destiny by my looks. I fear myself, and always, wretch that I am, chained to myself, I flee, but in vain."

THE CHILD ÉMILE.

ROUSSEAU, in his "Émile, a Treatise on Education," endeavored to set forth in detail a natural method of preparing children for the responsibilities of mature life. He begins with directions for the care of infants and continues his instructions for bodily and mental training until his pupil is married. He inveighs against the traditional methods of the schools, and substitutes rational modes of instructing in natural science and useful knowledge.

But when I take a view of a child, ten or twelve years of age, robust and well formed, every idea that his situation excites is agreeable, whether relative to the present or the future. I see him animated, lively, active, sporting about without care, and undisturbed by the thoughts of futurity; capable of enjoying all his faculties, and so full of life as to seem desirous to infuse it into every object around him. I foresee him in a more advanced age, exerting that sense and genius, which his faculties are daily displaying. I contemplate the object before me; as a child he gives me great delight; as a future man he delights me still more; his youthful blood seems to give fresh motion to mine, I catch from him a new portion of life, and grow young again in his vivacity.

But the clock strikes; the school-hour is come: what an alteration! In a moment his eyes lose their fire, his cheerfulness is at an end: farewell to joy and play. A severe and crabbed preceptor takes him by the hand, and saying gravely, "Come, Sir," forces him away. The chamber he is led into is furnished with books. Books! dull furniture, indeed, for a child of his age; but the poor infant suffers himself to be dragged thither, casting in silence an eye of regret on every object around him, his eyes swimming in tears he dares not shed, and his heart swelling with sighs he dare not vent.

O thou, who hast nothing of this kind to fear; thou, who art always a stranger to trouble and restraint; thou, who passest the day without disquietude, the night without impatience, and reckonest the hours only by thy pleasures, come, my happy, my amiable pupil, and comfort me, by thy presence, for the departure of this little unfortunate. He comes——I feel at his approach a sensation of joy, of which I see him with pleasure partake. It is his friend, his comrade, the companion of his sports, who called him; he is certain, that, whenever he sees me, he shall not be long without some agreeable amusement; we are never dependent on each other, yet always agree, and are never so happy with any other person as when we are together.

His figure, attitude and countenance speak assurance and contentment; his face is the picture of health; his firm step gives him an air of strength and vigor; his complexion, delicate without being pale and wan, has nothing in it of effeminate softness; the sun and the wind having already given to his skin the honorable tint of his sex: his features, though still plump, begin to show some distinguishing marks of physiognomy; his eyes, as yet unanimated by the glow of sentiment, have all their natural serenity; they are not grown dull and heavy from care or sorrow, nor have incessant tears made furrows in his cheeks. On the contrary, you may see, in his alert but steady motions, the vivacity of his age, the firmness of his independence, and the experience he has gained from the many and various exercises to which he has been accustomed. He has an open and liberal mien, without the least air of insolence or vanity; as he has not been kept

poring over his books, his looks are not directed downwards, nor is there any occasion to bid him hold up his head: neither fear nor shame ever made him hang it down.

Make room for him, Gentlemen, in the midst of an assembly; examine him, ask him what questions you please: you need neither fear his impertinence, his prate, nor his indiscretion. You need be under no apprehensions that he will expect to ingross your employment or conversation, or that you should not be able to get rid of him at pleasure.

At the same time, you must as little expect of him, smart repartees or witty and agreeable discourse. You must not think he will retail to you a set of pretty phrases that I may have taught him by rote. All that you have to expect from him is simple and native truth, without ornament, without preparation and without vanity. He will as readily tell you his evil thoughts and actions, as his good ones, without giving himself any concern about the effect it may have on those to whom he is speaking. He will use the privilege of speech with all the simplicity of its first institution.

We are fond of forming good presages of children, and always feel regret at that torrent of impertinence, which usually overturns those hopes that are so apt to be excited when any lucky hit escapes them. If mine should seldom excite such hopes, he will in return never occasion such regret; for he will never use a word without meaning, nor waste his breath in telling what nobody will listen to. His ideas, it is true, are confined, but clear; if he knows nothing by rote, he knows a great deal by experience. If he has read less than other children in printed volumes, he has read much more in the volume of nature. His understanding does not lie on his tongue, but in his brain: he has less memory than judgment; he can speak only one language, but then he understands what he says, and though he may not talk of things so well as others, he will do them much better.

He knows nothing at all of custom, fashion, or habit: what he did yesterday, has no influence at all on what he is to do to-day: he pursues no formula, is influenced by no authority or example, but acts and speaks from his own judgment. Hence you must never expect of him studied discourses

nor affected manners, but always the faithful expression of his ideas, and the conduct influenced only by his inclinations.

You will find in him a few moral notions relative to his actual state, but none on the relative situation in which he stands to society: and indeed of what use would the latter be to him, as, while a child, he is not yet become an acting member of the community? Talk to him about liberty, property, or even the right of convention, he will so far understand you: he knows why that which belongs to him, is really his own; and why that which does not belong to him, is not his own. But go beyond this, and he will understand nothing of the matter. Speak to him of duty and obedience, and he will not know what you are talking about. Command him to do anything, he will not understand what you mean by it; but tell him, that, if he will do you such or such a favor now, you will return it on some other occasion, he will fly immediately to oblige you, for he desires nothing more than to increase his rights, and to acquire over you those which he thinks inviolable. Perhaps he will not even be sorry to be held in estimation, and be looked upon as of some consequence; but if you discover this last motive, he hath already deviated from nature, and we have not taken care to close up all the avenues of vanity.

ROUSSEAU AT MADAME BASILE'S.

(From "The Confessions," Book II.)

WALKING one morning, pretty early, in Turin, I saw a young tradeswoman behind a counter, whose looks were so charmingly attractive, that, notwithstanding my timidity with the ladies, I entered the shop without hesitation, offered my service as usual, and had the happiness to have it accepted. She made me sit down and relate my little history; pitied my forlorn situation; bade me be cheerful, and endeavored to make me so by an assurance that every good Christian would give me assistance; then (while she sent to a goldsmith's in the neighborhood for some tools I had occasion for) she went up stairs and fetched me something for breakfast. This seemed a promising beginning, nor was what followed less flattering:

she was satisfied with my work, and, when I had a little recovered myself, still more with my discourse. She was rather elegantly dressed, and notwithstanding her gentle looks this appearance of gayety had disconcerted me; but her good nature, the compassionate tone of her voice, with her gentle and caressing manner, soon set me at ease with myself: I saw my endeavors to please were crowned with success, and this assurance made me succeed the more. Though an Italian, and too pretty to be entirely devoid of coquetry, she had so much modesty, and I so great a share of timidity, that our adventure was not likely to be brought to a very speedy conclusion, nor did they give us time to make any good of it. I cannot recall the few short moments I passed with this lovely woman without being sensible of an inexpressible charm, and can yet say, it was there I tasted in their utmost perfection the most delightful, as well as the purest, pleasures of love.

She was a lively pleasing brunette, and the good nature that was painted on her lovely face rendered her vivacity more interesting. She was called Madam Basile; her husband, who was considerably older than herself, consigned her, during his absence, to the care of a clerk, too disagreeable to be thought dangerous; but who, notwithstanding, had pretensions that he seldom showed any signs of, except of ill-humor, a good share of which he bestowed on me; though I was pleased to hear him play the flute, on which he was a tolerable musician. This second Egistus was sure to grumble whenever he saw me go into his mistress' apartment, treating me with a degree of disdain which she took care to repay him with interest; seeming pleased to caress me in his presence, on purpose to torment him. This kind of revenge, though perfectly to my taste, would have been still more charming in a tête-à-tête, but she did not proceed so far; at least there was a difference in the expression of her kindness. Whether she thought me too young, that it was my place to make advances, or that she was seriously resolved to be virtuous, she had at such times a kind of reserve, which though not absolutely discouraging kept my passion within bounds.

I was embarrassed, agitated, feared to look, and hardly dared to breathe in her presence, yet to have left her would

have been worse than death. How fondly did my eyes devour whatever they could gaze on without being perceived! the flowers on her gown, the point of her pretty foot, the interval of a round white arm that appeared between her glove and ruffle, the least part of her neck, each object increased the force of all the rest, and added to the infatuation. Gazing thus on what was to be seen, and even more than was to be seen, my sight became confused, my chest seemed contracted, respiration was every moment more painful. I had the utmost difficulty to hide my agitation, to prevent my sighs from being heard, and this difficulty was increased by the silence in which we were frequently plunged. Happily, Madam Basile, busy at her work, saw nothing of all this, or seemed not to see it; yet I sometimes observed a kind of sympathy, especially by the frequent rising of her handkerchief, and this dangerous sight almost mastered every effort; but when on the point of giving way to my transports, she spoke a few words to me with an air of tranquillity, and in an instant the agitation subsided.

I saw her several times in this manner without a word, a gesture, or even a look, too expressive, making the least intelligence between us. This situation was both my torment and delight, for hardly, in the simplicity of my heart, could I imagine the cause of my uneasiness. I should suppose these tête-à-têtes could not be displeasing to her, at least, she sought frequent occasions to renew them; this was a very disinterested labor, certainly, as appeared by the use she made, or ever suffered me to make, of them.

Being one day wearied with the clerk's discourse, she had retired to her chamber; I made haste to finish what I had to do in the back shop, and followed her: the door was half open, and I entered without being perceived. She was embroidering near a window on the opposite side of the room; she could not see me, and the carts in the streets made too much noise for me to be heard. She was always well dressed, but this day her attire bordered on coquetry. Her attitude was graceful, her head leaning gently forward, discovered a small circle of her neck; her hair, elegantly dressed, was ornamented with flowers; her figure was universally charming, and I had an uninterrupted opportunity to admire it. I was absolutely

in a state of ecstasy, and, involuntarily sinking on my knees, I passionately extended my arms towards her, certain she could not hear, and having no conception that she could see me; but there was a chimney-glass at the end of the room that betrayed all my proceedings. I am ignorant what effect this transport produced on her; she did not speak, she did not look on me; but, partly turning her head, with the movement of her finger only, she pointed to the mat which was at her feet.—To start up, with an articulate cry of joy, and occupy the place she had indicated, was the work of a moment; but it will hardly be believed, I dared attempt no more, not even to speak, raise my eyes to hers, or rest an instant on her knees, though in an attitude which seemed to render such a support necessary. I was dumb, immovable, but far enough from a state of tranquillity; agitation, joy, gratitude, ardent indefinite wishes, restrained by the fear of giving displeasure, which my unpracticed heart too much dreaded, were sufficiently discernible. She neither appeared more tranquil, nor less intimidated than myself—uneasy at my present situation, confounded at having brought me there, beginning to tremble for the effects of a sign which she had made without reflecting on the consequences, neither giving encouragement, nor expressing disapprobation, with her eyes fixed on her work, she endeavored to appear unconscious of everything that passed; but all my stupidity could not hinder me from concluding that she partook of my embarrassment, perhaps, my transports, and was only restrained by a bashfulness like mine, without even that supposition giving me power to surmount it. Five or six years older than myself, every advance, according to my idea, should have been made by her, and, since she did nothing to encourage mine, I concluded they would offend her. Even at this time, I am inclined to believe I thought right; she certainly had wit enough to perceive that a novice like me had occasion, not only for encouragement, but instruction.

I am ignorant how this animated, though dumb scene would have ended, or how long I should have continued immovable in this ridiculous, though delicious, situation, had we not been interrupted—in the height of my agitation, I heard the kitchen door open, which joined Madam Basile's

chamber; who, being alarmed, said, with a quick voice and action, "Get up!—Here's Rosina!" Rising hastily I seized one of her hands, which she held out to me, and gave it two eager kisses; at the second I felt this charming hand press gently on my lips. Never in my life did I enjoy so sweet a moment; but the occasion I had lost returned no more, this being the conclusion of our amours.

THE PERIWINKLE.

(From "The Confessions," Book VI.)

AT this moment began the short happiness of my life, those peaceful and rapid moments, which have given me a right to say, *I have lived.* Precious and ever-regretted moments! Ah! recommence your delightful course; pass more slowly through my memory, if possible, than you actually did in your fugitive succession. How shall I prolong, according to my inclination, this recital at once so pleasing and simple? How shall I continue to relate the same occurrences, without wearying my readers with the repetition, any more than I was satiated with the enjoyment? Again, if all this consisted of facts, actions, or words, I could somehow or other convey an idea of it; but how shall I describe what was neither said nor done, nor even thought, but enjoyed, felt, without being able to particularize any other object of my happiness than the bare idea? I rose with the sun, and was happy; I walked, and was happy; I saw Madame de Warens, and was happy; I quitted her, and still was happy!—Whether I rambled through the woods, over the hills, or strolled along the valley, read, was idle, worked in the garden, or gathered fruits, happiness continually accompanied me; it was fixed on no particular object, it was within me, nor could I depart from it a single moment.

Nothing that passed during that charming epoch, nothing that I did, said, or thought, has escaped my memory. The time that preceded or followed it, I recollect only by intervals, unequally and confused; but here I remember all as distinctly as if it existed at this moment. Imagination, which in my youth was perpetually anticipating the future, but now takes a retrograde course, makes some amends by these charming

recollections for the deprivation of hope, which I have lost forever. I no longer see anything in the future that can tempt my wishes, it is a recollection of the past alone that can flatter me, and the remembrance of the period I am now describing is so true and lively, that it sometimes makes me happy, even in spite of my misfortunes.

Of these recollections I shall relate one example, which may give some idea of their force and precision. The first day we went to sleep at Charmettes, the way being up-hill, and Madame de Warens rather heavy, she was carried in a chair, while I followed on foot. Fearing the chairmen would be fatigued, she got out about half-way, designing to walk the rest of it.

As we passed along, Madame saw something blue in the hedge, and said, "There's some periwinkle in flower yet!" I had never seen any before, nor did I stop to examine this: my sight is too short to distinguish plants on the ground, and I only cast a look at this as I passed: an interval of near thirty years had elapsed before I saw any more periwinkle, at least before I observed it, when being at Cressier, in 1764, with my friend, M. du Peyrou, we went up a small mountain, on the summit of which there is a level spot, called with reason, *Belle-vue;* I was then beginning to herbalize;—walking and looking among the bushes, I exclaimed with rapture, "Ah, there's some periwinkle!" Du Peyrou, who perceived my transport, was ignorant of the cause, but will some day be informed, I hope, on reading this. The reader may judge by this impression, made by so small an incident, what an effect must have been produced by every occurrence of that time.

LITERATURE OF THE REVOLUTION

AMONG the causes of the French Revolution, the literature which preceded it for half a century must always be considered. Voltaire had fearlessly attacked the abuses of the Church; Rousseau assailed the whole social order. Had some of the brilliant writers of that age been a little less radical and the higher orders just a little more receptive to new ideas which were fast forming in the minds of the oppressed, some of the horrors of the Revolution might have been avoided.

After the turmoil of a decade, when at least temporary peace fell upon the land, still the scenes of awful years stood foremost in the memories of those who had witnessed them and it was concerning them men wrote. Many books appeared, some gloating over the atrocities of the terrorists; some conscious only of the misfortunes of the *noblesse;* all written by those who stood too near the event to view it impartially. Nevertheless, for the one who would get into the spirit of those years such writings have much value and keen interest.

A VISION OF THE REVOLUTION.

IT seems to me but yesterday, and yet it was in the beginning of 1788. We were at table, in the house of one of our colleagues at the Academy, a gentleman of high position and a man of wit. The company was numerous and varied—courtiers, lawyers, men of letters, academicians. We had been well treated, according to the wont of our host. At dessert the wines of Malmsey and Constance added to our well-bred cheerfulness that sort of liberty which does not always maintain the well-bred tone. Men had then arrived at the point at which everything is forgiven if it leads to a laugh. Champfort had read to us his impious and libertine stories, and the ladies of distinction had listened without even resorting to their fans. Then followed a flood of jests upon religion. One quoted a tirade from Voltaire's "Pucelle," another repeated certain philosophical verses of Diderot. One of the guests had taken no part in all this lively conversation.

It was Cazotte, a pleasant and original man, but unfortunately infatuated by the dreams of the illuminati. He began to speak in the most serious tone: "Gentlemen," said he, "be content; you will all see this great revolution which you desire so much. You know that I am something of a prophet, and I repeat that you will see it. Do you know what will come of this revolution, what will happen to all of you that are here?" "Ah, let us hear," said Condorcet, with his sly and simple smile; "a philosopher is not sorry to come across a prophet." "You, Monsieur de Condorcet, will die on the pavement of a prison-cell; you will die of poison which you will have taken to escape the executioner, of poison which the luck of that time will compel you to carry always with you." At first there was great astonishment; then they laughed with the utmost gaiety. "What may all this have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?" "It is exactly as I tell you; it is in the name of philosophy, of humanity, of liberty, it is under the reign of reason that you will end thus; and it will be veritably a reign of reason, for it will have temples, and indeed there will be no other temples in all France at that time save those of reason. You, Monsieur de Champfort, you will cut your veins with two-and-twenty strokes of a razor, and yet you will only die months afterward. You, Monsieur Vicq d'Azyr, will not open your veins yourself, but you will have them opened six times in one day, in the midst of an attack of gout, to be the more sure of your death; and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicolai, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur Bailly, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur de Malesherbes, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur Roucher, also on the scaffold." "Oh, then, we shall be worsted by the Turks and Tartars?" "Not at all; as I have said, you will be governed by philosophy and reason alone. They who will treat you thus will be all philosophers, will continually have in their mouths the phrases you have been uttering for an hour past; they will repeat all your maxims, will quote like you the verses of Diderot and 'La Pucelle.'" "And when will all this happen?" "Six years will not pass before all that I have told you is accomplished." "Here are plenty of miracles," said La Harpe, "and you do not put me down for anything." "You will come in for a miracle at least as extraordinary; you will

then be a Christian." "Ah," replied Champfort, "I am relieved; if we are only to die when La Harpe is a Christian, we are immortal." "For one reason," then said the Duchess de Grammont, "we women are very fortunate not to count for anything in revolutions. It is an axiom that they take no trouble about us and our sex." "Your sex, ladies, will not protect you this time. You will be treated just like men, with no distinction whatever. You, Madame la Duchesse, will be led to the scaffold, you and many other ladies with you, in a cart, with your arms tied behind you." "Ah, I hope in that case, that I shall at least have a carriage draped in black." "No, madame, greater ladies than yourself will go like you in a cart, their hands bound behind them." "Greater ladies! what! princesses of the blood?" "Greater ladies still." They began to find the jest a little strong. Madame de Grammont, in order to dissipate the cloud, did not dwell upon this last reply, and contented herself with saying in a lighter tone: "You will see he does not mean to leave me so much as a confessor." "No, madame, you will not have one, you nor any one else; the last victim who will have one as a favor will be" . . . He paused for a moment. "Well, then, who is the happy mortal who will have this privilege?" "It is the only privilege which will remain to him, and that man will be the king of France."

ANDRÉ CHENIER.

After a most romantic career, André Marie de Chénier (1762-1794) perished upon the guillotine at the age of thirty-two. He has been styled the Adonis of the French Revolution—"the young swan who died strangled by its bloody hands." Born in Constantinople, he was at one time a French diplomat in London; at another time a soldier, stationed in Strasburg; but, above all, he was a poet, Greek at heart. The Revolution, however, drew this classicist into its maelstrom. He used all his eloquence against the Jacobins, and was one of those who prepared the defence for King Louis XVI. One of his poems, nevertheless, was an "Ode to Charlotte Corday," the assassin of Marat. At last he fell a victim to the Reign of Terror, and a fellow-poet, Roucher (1745-1794), also rode

to his death in the same tumbril. They had been associated in literary work. A dubious tradition declares that as they rode along in the fatal cart they recited together the first scene of Racine's "Andromaque," between Orestes and Pylades. On the scaffold Chénier exclaimed: "I have done nothing for posterity; nevertheless (touching his forehead) there was something there." He had hardly printed a line. He left behind him in Saint-Lazare the portfolios containing his poems. Some are full of the pathos of anticipated death. Thus he sings: "Before the eve my sun must set." Deeply touching is his prison lament for "The Young Captive." She was Mademoiselle Coigny, whom he met in the Conciergerie, and whom, in another ode, he calls "the white and gentle dove." Sainte-Beuve speaks of him as, "before 1789 especially, the poet of pure art and of pleasures; as the man of ancient Greece and of elegy." He compares the poet to "a flute of boxwood, a violin of gold, a lyre of ivory."

To Charlotte Corday.

(Executed July 18, 1795.)

What! while everywhere cowards and evil-doers,
With tears and plaints, whether sincere or feigned,
Consecrate Marat among the immortals;
While from the mire of Parnassus
An impudent reptile, proud priest of that vile idol,
At the foot of his altars vomits an infamous hymn,

Truth is silent! In her frozen mouth
Her tongue, fettered with bonds of fear,
Denies to generous exploits their just homage!
Is it, then, so sweet to live? Of what value is life,
When, under a shameful yoke, the enslaved thought,
Trembling in the depth of the heart, conceals itself from
all eyes?

No! no! Not in silence will I honor thee,
Who didst trust by thy death to give France new life,
And didst dedicate thy days to punishing crimes.
Thy arm grasped the sword, O maid, great and sublime,
To shame the gods, and to repair their crime,
When they gave to that monster the features of a man.

The black serpent, who had emerged from his cavern foul,
Saw the poisonous web of his abhorred days
Break under thy hand, firm and sure.
Back from the bowels of the tiger and from his man-slaying teeth
Didst thou demand the livid members and blood
Of the human beings whom he had devoured!

His dying eye saw thee, in thy great joy,
Congratulate thy arm and contemplate thy victim.
To him thy look said: "Go, furious tyrant!
Go! hasten to open the way for the tyrants, thy accomplices.
As thy sole delight was to bathe in blood—
Bathe in thine own, and recognize the gods!"

Greece—O illustrious girl!—admiring thy courage,
Would have exhausted Paros to place thy image
By the side of Harmodius,—by the side of his friend;
And on thy tomb, choirs in a holy intoxication
Would have celebrated Nemesis, the tardy goddess,
Who strikes the wicked asleep on his throne.

But France abandons thy head to the axe;
For the butchered monster a fête is prepared
Among his companions, all worthy of his lot.
Ah! what a noble disdain made you smile
When a brigand,—the avenger of that savage brigand,—
Sought to terrify thee with threats of death.

Rather should he grow pale, and thy judges unjust,
And our horrible senate, and its horrible servants,
When at their tribunal, without fear or support,
Thy sweetness, thy speech, simple and generous,
Taught them that, indeed, however powerful is crime,
One who renounces life is still more powerful.

Long did thy impenetrable soul,
Under the disguise of a loving cheerfulness, in its deep recesses
Keep hidden the fate of the evil-doer.

Thus smiles a beautiful azure sky,
While gathering in secret the tempest, it prepares
To cast down the mountains, to toss on high the seas.

Beautiful, young, brilliant, when led to execution
Thou didst seem to ride on the bridal chariot;
Thy brow was peaceful, and thy look serene.
Calm on the scaffold, thou didst despise the rage
Of an abject people, servile and fruitful in outrage,
Who still believe themselves free and supreme.

Virtue only is free. Honor of our history,
Our immortal shame lives there with thy glory;
Thou alone wast a man, and didst avenge mankind!
And we, vile eunuchs,—cowardly and soulless herd,—
We can repeat womanish complaints,
But the sword would be too heavy for our feeble hands.

In this mire crawls one villain less.
Virtue applauds thee; listen, fair heroine!
Listen to the glorious voice of her manly praise.
O Virtue! the dagger is thy consecrated weapon,
Sole hope of the world, when the thunder
Allows crime to reign and sells thee to its laws.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE Tyrtæus of the French Revolution was Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle (1760-1836). He composed both the words and the music of the famous hymn of the Marseillaise. As a captain of engineers he was quartered at Strasburg when the volunteers of the Lower Rhine were ordered to join Luckner's army. Mayor Dietrich expressed regret that the soldiers had no patriotic song to march to, whereupon Rouget de Lisle was inspired to write his great "War Song for the Army of the Rhine." An amateur musician, he picked out on a violin the first strains of its martial and inspiriting melody. This was on the night of April 24, 1792. It was played five days later by the band of the Garde Nationale at a review. On June 25 a singer named Mireur created a perfect furore by singing

it at a civic banquet at Marseilles, and printed copies were distributed to the volunteers of the battalion just starting for Paris. Originally it contained only six stanzas, but a seventh was added when it was dramatized for the Fête of the Fédération, in order to complete the characters—an old man, a soldier, a wife and a child, among whom the characters were distributed. Rouget de Lisle was cashiered later for political reasons, and only released from prison on the fall of Robespierre.

The royalist poet received no favor from Napoleon, but after the Revolution in 1830 Béranger interested himself in the unfortunate poet, and Louis Philippe conferred a pension upon him. His other poems are entirely unworthy of the author of "La Marseillaise." Schumann has used the tune in his spirited song of the "Two Grenadiers," with splendid climactic effect.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

YE sons of France, awake to glory!
  Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
  With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
  Affright and desolate the land,
While liberty and peace lie bleeding?
    To arms! to arms! ye brave!
      The avenging sword unsheathe!
    March on! march on! all hearts resolved
      On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
  Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
    And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
  While lawless force, with guilty stride,
  Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
  The bold insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
  To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
  Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
  But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
  Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee,
  Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
  That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
  But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

  To arms! to arms! ye brave!
    The avenging sword unsheathe!
  March on! march on! all hearts resolved
    On victory or death.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

For the melancholy generation of Frenchmen after Waterloo, Alphonse de Prat de Lamartine (1791–1869) was the high priest of sentimentalism. He penned his "Meditations" and "Laments," as he himself expressed it, "not in ink, but in written tears." While chiefly a sentimentalist he was also a landscape painter. He may be said to have wrought into verse what Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Chateaubriand had already expressed in prose. His tenderness and invariable nobility of temperament (despite a certain monotony of complaint which runs like an undercurrent through his verses) may compensate, in his best poems, for his lack of vigor and sterling emotion; and the exquisite harmony and dainty charm of his verse makes us well understand the fervor of Alfred de Musset's apostrophe to his adored Lamartine. Well-bred is the term that irresistibly suggests itself as decriptive of Lamartine, both as poet and as man. Born in Franche-Comté, the son of a royalist who had narrowly escaped from the guillotine of the Terror, this darling of the mournful muse had received the education of a Catholic noble, had served—even while inditing his first "Meditations"—in the royal body-guard, after the Restoration, and was essentially aristocratic. By a curious revolution of the political whirligig, Lamartine was elected to the Chamber of Deputies after the July Revolution of 1830, won great fame as an orator on its floor, and contributed an appreciable share of influence to the overthrow of Louis Philippe. For a brief space, in 1848, he was almost the dictator of France, but his political

prestige was speedily dissipated; and before his death this discredited leader of the Republic was glad to accept a pension from "Napoleon the Little." Lamartine attempted a grand epic, utterly unsuited to his genius, two fragments of which—"Jocelyn" and "The Fall of an Angel"—remain as relics. He was more successful in his picturesque descriptions of the Holy Land in his "Travels in the Orient." He also left a brilliant declamatory "History of the Girondists" and numerous biographies, histories and miscellanies.

My Childhood's Home.

Paternal vales, poor cot, and pleasant field,
  Hard by the woods hung on the mountain brow,
Seems your low roof, by ivy tufts concealed
  A nest beneath a bough.

Ye lawns with intersecting streams and shade,
  Porch, where my father, honored far and nigh,
Told his fat herds returned from grassy glade,
  Throw wide your gates.——'Tis I.

Here rustic gods to make their home rejoice;
  I hear a horn blare from the turret walls;
The air seems laden with a tearful voice,
  Which my young days recalls.

To thee, my childhood's cradle, I return,
  Clinging henceforth to thy protecting hearth;
Cities with their vain opulence I spurn,
  I had, midst shepherds, birth.

A child, I roved far over the plain, like these,
  Till eve after the truant lambs to look;
And then, like them, to wash their snowy fleece
  In pool of running brook.

I loved on woodbine's supple chains to swing,
  And branch on branch to climb to, where above
First I might snatch from 'neath the mother's wing,
  Eggs of the turtle-dove.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

(From "The History of the Girondists.")

THE hour fixed for the trial of Charlotte Corday was known in Paris the previous evening. Curiosity, horror, interest and pity, had attracted an immense crowd. When she appeared, a murmur, as though of malediction, burst from this throng, but scarcely had she passed through them in the full blaze of her beauty, than this murmur of rage was changed into a shudder of interest and admiration. Her features, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, colored by emotion, troubled by the confusion of a young girl exposed to the regards of so many, ennobled by the very grandeur of a crime which she bore in her heart as a virtue, and her pride and modesty, gave her a charm mingled with terror, that troubled all eyes and all hearts, and her very judges seemed to be culprits in her presence. Men deemed they saw divine justice, or the antique Nemesis, substituting conscience for law, and appearing to demand from human justice, not to absolve, but to recognize her and tremble!

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him, she supposed his courage had failed him. The president then assigned her the young Chauveau Lagarde, afterward illustrious by his defense of the queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chauveau Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte gazed on him, as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of her honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed, "Yes, yes—'twas I that killed him." She then related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project of stabbing him in the Convention; and the *ruse* she had employed to obtain access to him. "I confess," said she, with humility, "that this means was unworthy of me, but it was necessary to appear to

esteem this man in order to obtain access to him." "Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?" she was asked. "I did not need the hatred of any one else," she replied. "My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself." "What did you hate in him?" "His crimes." "What did you hope to effect by killing him?" "Restore peace to my country." "Do you then think that you have assassinated all the Marats?" "Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble." The knife was shown her, that she might recognize it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust. "Yes," replied she; "I recognize it." "What persons did you visit at Caen?" "Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Curé of Saint Jean." "Did you confess to a conforming or non-juring priest?" "Neither one nor the other." "Since when had you formed this design?" "Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution." Fauchet was confronted with her. "I only know Fauchet by sight," said she disdainfully. "I look on him as a man devoid of principles; and I despise him." The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed that she must doubtless have been well exercised in crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murderers, she uttered a cry of horror. "Oh, the monster!" exclaimed she, "he takes me for an assassin!"

Fouquier Tinville summed up, and demanded that sentence of death should be passed.

Her defender rose. "The accused," said he, "confesses her crime, she avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defense. This imperturbable calm and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in presence of death—this calm and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, are not natural: they can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignard in her hand. It is for you to decide what weight so stern a fanaticism

should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences."

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die. She heard their verdict unmoved; and the president having asked her if she had anything to say relative to the punishment inflicted on her, she made no reply; but, turning to her defender,—"Monsieur," said she, "you have defended me as I wished to be defended: I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just declared my property confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I bequeath to you the payment of this debt."

During her examination she perceived a painter engaged in taking her likeness; without interrupting the examination, she smilingly turned toward the artist, in order that he might the better see her features. She thought of immortality, and already sat for her portrait, to immortality. . . .

The artist who had sketched Charlotte's likeness at the tribunal, was M. Hauer, officer of the national guard. On her return to the prison, she requested the concierge to allow him to finish his work, and on his arrival Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her, and quietly sat to him, as though whilst she permitted him to transmit her form and features to posterity, she also charged him to hand down her mind and her patriotism to unborn generations. She conversed with M. Hauer on his profession, the events of the day, and the peace of mind she felt after the execution of her design; she also spoke of her young friends at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

Suddenly a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered. Charlotte, turning round, perceived the scissors and red chemise he carried over his arm. "What! already," exclaimed she, turning pale. Then recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, "Monsieur," said she, to the artist, "I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude." As she spoke, she took the scissors from the exe-

cutioner, and severing a lock of her long fair hair, gave it to M. Hauer.

This portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the possession of the family of M. Hauer. The head only was painted, and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by the red chemise to the beauty of his model, that after Charlotte's death, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. "Thank," said she, to him, "those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal." The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the *chemise des condamnés.* "This," said she, "is the toilet of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd who blocked up the squares, the bridges, and the streets along which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her with the fiercest imprecations; but, insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like that of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the setting sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of unearthly brilliancy. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins had placed themselves on her passage to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them on the morrow. She

resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfigured, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on which her eye could rest. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honoré, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold. "He engraved in his heart," to quote his own words, "this unutterable sweetness amidst the barbarous outcries of the crowd, that look so gentle, yet penetrating—these vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from these bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which should have melted a stone."

Thus an enthusiastic and unearthly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her, in hope of an eternal reunion. The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale, but, soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold with as light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted. When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than her impending death; then turning to the guillotine, she placed herself under the axe. The heavy blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants, named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer even than life.

The Cedars of Lebanon.

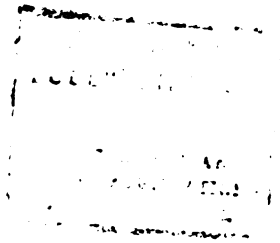
(Translated by Toru Dutt.)

Eagles that wheel above our crests,
  Say to the storms that round us blow,
They cannot harm our gnarled breasts,
  Firm-rooted as we are below.
Their utmost efforts we defy,
They lift the sea-waves to the sky;
  But when they wrestle with our arms,
Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,
Balanced within its cradle fair,
  The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand
  Here planted us; God-sown we grew.
We are the diadem green and grand
  On Eden's summit that He threw.
When waters in a deluge rose,
Our hollow flanks could well enclose
  Awhile the whole of Adam's race
And children of the Patriarch
Within our forest built the Ark
  Of Covenant, foreshadowing Grace.

We saw the Tribes as captives led,
  We saw them back return anon;
As rafters have our branches dead
  Covered the porch of Solomon;
And later, when the Word, made man,
Came down in God's salvation plan,
  To pay for sin the ransom-price,
The beams that formed the Cross we gave;
These, red in blood of power to save,
  Were altars of that Sacrifice.

In memory of such great events,
  Men come to worship our remains;
Kneel down in prayer within our tents,
  And kiss our old trunks' weather-stains,
The saint, the poet, and the sage,
Hear and shall hear from age to age
  Sounds in our foliage like the voice
Of many waters; in these shades
Their burning words are forged like blades,
  While their uplifted souls rejoice,



selves with mediæval lore and art and chivalry. Alongside of kings and queens and warriors, were henceforth to be heroes from the common people, and even brigands and valets. The ugly was to take its place, as the grotesque, side by side with the beautiful and sublime. Hugo announced this theory in the preface to his "Cromwell" (1828), and illustrated it by his creation of Quasimodo and Triboulet.

Victor Hugo did not originate the Romantic revolt in France, but he soon declared his adhesion, and then put himself at its head. He foresaw that the battlefield would be the stage, and for it he composed his strong drama, "Hernani." The classicists petitioned Charles X. to prohibit the play, but the King sensibly replied that where it was a question of poetry his place was in the pit. The first night resolved itself into an uproarious pitched battle between the *grisatres* (graybeards) or *perruques* (periwigs) and the Romanticists. Gautier, as leader of the latter, had dressed himself for the occasion in velvet coat, scarlet vest, green trousers and wore his hair long, falling down his neck. Hernani, the hero of the play, is a bandit who loves Dona Sol, the affianced of the aged Don Gomez. Being caught in a stolen interview, Hernani falls into the hands of Gomez, but the old nobleman refuses to surrender the bandit to Charles V. Hernani wishes to kill this monarch in revenge, and begs his life of Gomez, yet gives him his horn and promises to drink poison whenever Silva shall call on him to yield his forfeited life whenever a blast is blown on the horn. Charles V., being made Emperor, frustrates his would-be assassin, and forgives Hernani. The latter is about to wed Dona Sol when the unexpected blast of the horn is heard. The lovers take the fatal poison and expire in each other's arms.

The Romanticist group comprised, beside Hugo and Balzac, the great critic Sainte-Beuve, Nodier, De Vigny, De Musset, Merimée, Gautier, Gerard de Nerval, and the elder Dumas. They were victorious, and in the Revolution of July, 1830, their cause became identified with that of political as well as literary liberty. It was but natural that Hugo, having been the acknowledged champion of the latter, should over-estimate himself as the champion of the former. The Romantic revolt, important as it seemed at the time, was but

the chief feature of this period of French literature. The long life of Hugo and the fertility of his age prolonged the effects of the movement. His great romantic novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," appeared in 1831, and thirty years later, during his exile from France, came his still greater work, "Les Miserables," which was followed by others of the same general spirit until "Quatre-vingt-treize" closed the series in 1874. In the greatest of these he poured forth his supreme pity for the poor and suffering, especially for persecuted innocence. In spite of the dreadful pictures of sin and misery which he exhibits, Hugo is an optimist and believes in the redemption of man. This spirit pervades the whole of the Romantic period. But before the close of Hugo's career, the new era of realism and pessimism had begun. In spite of the superficial brilliance of the Second Empire, its stifling despotism drove the thoughtful writers of the time to pessimism.

In France, as in England, the modern novel owes much to the genius of women. The most famous of these novelists disguised herself under the masculine name George Sand, but could not conceal in her swiftly-written stories the instincts and passion of her sex. Her personal life was a succession of romances, not always creditable, but all were turned to profit for her brilliant pictures of actual life. Though yielding to the temptations of a corrupt society, she somehow preserved a love for ideal purity, and achieved masterpieces of idyllic beauty as well as questionable presentation of social problems.

The remarkable wavering between Bonapartism and Republicanism, which has characterized a large part of the French people, was fully exemplified in the song-writer Béranger. Sometimes holding a clerkship under the government, sometimes in prison for his political songs, he was ever a favorite of the people, whose feelings and desires he vigorously expressed. The critics have condemned him as vulgar, but the masses of his countrymen and ordinary readers everywhere applaud his wit, patriotism, cheeriness, and humanity. Probably more even than the historian Thiers, Béranger intensified the French devotion to Napoleon, which became the basis of the Second Empire.

VICTOR HUGO.

WHILE he lived the great genius of Victor Marie Hugo was dazzling and bewildering, but in the years which have elapsed since his death we have learned to discriminate between what in him was truly great, and what was merely fortuitous. When he was born, in 1802, the destinies of France were stormy and ambiguous, and parties were arrayed against one another with extraordinary bitterness. The surging of the muddy waves stirred up by the earthquake of the French Revolution was still terrifying civilization; and Napoleon was at the height of his marvellous career. Society had been shaken to its foundations, and men were in doubt whether anything that had been would endure. Violence and tragedy had become familiar things, and vast schemes of glory and conquest existed side by side with despair, anarchy, atheism and doubt. Not only parties, but families were divided; and the man whose opinions were worshipped to-day, might suffer on the scaffold for them to-morrow. Children born in such an age might well be expected to show in their natures traces of the agitation and inequalities amidst which they were brought forth.

Victor's own father and mother were on opposite sides of the quarrel of the day. The father, a general, was wedded to the liberal interests in politics, while the mother was a staunch royalist. The romance in the child's temperament at first caused him to sympathize with the splendor, the picturesqueness and the pathos of the old regime; he was swayed by his mother, and his immature judgment found nothing but darkness and disorder in the cause of the revolutionists. But later, when he had had time to think independently, he dis-

covered a more spiritual beauty and harmony in the new dispensation than in the old; and, extreme in all things, he plunged with such ardor into the battle against the past, that he became the leader among the enthusiastic young fellows who wanted to tear down the sky of their fathers and build a fresh one in its place. He had the valuable trait of believing profoundly in himself, and of being able to see but one side of a question at a time. Common sense was a quality of which he knew nothing; he was a poet first of all, and he tried in perfect good faith to turn poetry into politics, and to make the facts of daily life rhyme together like the stanzas of an ode. The foundations of old beliefs having been overthrown, people were prepared to believe or disbelieve in anything: never was there a time when original gospels stood a better chance of finding disciples. Hugo was carried along on the crest of a wave which he imagined he himself had created; whereas, in truth, he had no more to do with producing or directing it, than has the fly on the wheel. But his quick sympathies enabled him spontaneously to do and say better than the others the things which were in the thoughts and the purposes of the epoch; so he was accepted as the leader which he announced and fancied himself to be. His undoubted gifts rendered the illusion complete; and he really was inspired to achievements which would else have been impossible to him, by the exciting and stimulating atmosphere in which his career was accomplished.

Had he confined himself to literature he would have escaped many mistakes, and have left behind him a far more consistent and reasonable record. He was really the most prominent figure of the romantic school in France; though we now know that others—as, for example, Balzac—were greater than he; his poems, novels and plays had immense vogue, and some of his poetry, at least, is sure to stand the test of time. But he was impelled to make himself his most dramatic and adventurous character; and his utter lack of the sense of humor hurried him into not a few preposterous follies and absurdities. He posed as the unrelenting foe of the Third Napoleon; and when that monarch was overthrown, Hugo no doubt thought that it was his sword that had hewn him down. He fell, in short, into the common error of ardent

natures of fancying himself the motive power of events which swept him helplessly whither he knew not.

Eloquence, a royal imagination, versatility, artistic perception, and a rush and fury of conviction almost unparalleled, were the characteristics of his literary productions, the list of which would fill a closely printed page. His power of portraying character was great, his descriptive power enormous, and the magnitude of his conceptions was only equalled by the indomitable energy with which he carried them out. He had the faculty of creating interest in his reader; and though one's judgment and sense of reality is constantly outraged, it is impossible to resist his spell, once we come under its influence. "Les Miserables" and "L'Homme qui Rit" are truly superb romances, and full of lofty and inspiring thought. His poems have an exquisite melody and completeness which we do not readily find in the verse of any other French author. Several of his dramas, such as "Le Roi S'amuse," hold the stage to-day. Yet almost all that he has done needs much sifting; and when the final criticism is made, it will be found that his total permanent contribution to literature is very much smaller than the catalogue would pretend.

Though he had contributed much to the revival of the Napoleonic cult, he was an earnest Republican, and after the *coup d'état* of 1851 he was banished from France. He was for many years a political exile in the Channel Islands, and there a great amount of his best work was done. His domestic life was happy and honorable; his life was prolonged beyond the common span, for he died at eighty-three. His closing years were spent in the Paris which he loved and had done much to honor; and the sensation of his death could be compared with that caused by the demise of Voltaire. His egotism was naive and amiable, and belonged to his French temperament; he did much good in his day, and his aims were at all times pure, elevated and righteous. But he was less gigantic than he and his contemporaries supposed.

LES MISERABLES.

THE WILD MAN IN HIS LAIR.

Cities, like forests, have their dens, in which everything that is most wicked and formidable conceals itself. The only difference is that what hides itself in cities thus, is ferocious, unclean, and little, that is to say ugly; what conceals itself in the forests is ferocious, savage and grand, that is to say beautiful. Den for den, those of the beasts are preferable to those of men; and caverns are better than hiding-places. Marius was poor, and his room was indigent; but, in the same way as his poverty was noble, his room was clean. The garret into which he was now looking was abject, dirty, fetid, infectious, dark, and sordid. The furniture only consisted of a straw-bottomed chair, a rickety table, a few old earthenware articles, and in the corners two indescribable beds. The only light came through a sky-light with four panes of glass, and festooned with spider-webs. Through this came just sufficient light for the face of a man to seem the face of a spectre. The walls had a leprous look, and were covered with gashes and scars, like a face disfigured with some horrible disease, and a blear-eyed damp oozed from them. Obscene designs, clumsily drawn in charcoal, could be distinguished on them.

The room which Marius occupied had a broken-brick flooring, but in this one people walked on the old plaster, which had grown black under the feet. Upon this uneven flooring, in which the dust was, so to speak, incrusted, and which had but one virginity, that of the broom, were capriciously grouped constellations of old shoes, boots, and frightful rags; this room, however, had a chimney, and for this reason was let at forty francs a year. There was something of everything in this fire-place,—a chafing-dish, a pot, some broken planks, rags hanging from nails, a bird-cage, ashes, and even a little fire, for two logs were smoking there sadly. A thing which augmented the horror of this garret was the fact of its being so large; it had angles, nooks, black holes under the roof, bays and promontories. Hence, came frightful inscrutable corners, in which it seemed as if spiders large as a fist, wood-lice as large as a foot, and possibly some human monsters, must lurk.

One of the beds was near the door, the other near the

window, but the ends of both ran down to the mantel-piece, and faced Marius. In a corner near the hole through which Marius was peeping, a colored engraving in a black frame, under which was written in large letters, THE DREAM, leant against the wall. It represented a sleeping woman and a sleeping child, the child lying on the woman's knees, an eagle in the clouds with a crown in its beak, and the woman removing the crown from the child's head, without awaking it, however; in the background Napoleon, surrounded by a glory, was leaning against a dark blue column, with a yellow capital, that bore the following inscription:

MARINGO.
AUSTERLITS.
JENA.
WAGRAMME.
ELOT.

Below this frame a sort of wooden panel, longer than it was wide, was placed on the ground and leaning against the wall. It looked like a picture turned from the spectator, or some sign-board detached from a wall and forgotten there while waiting to be hung again. At the table, on which Marius noticed pen, ink and paper, a man was seated, of about sixty years of age, short, thin, livid, haggard, with a sharp, cruel, and listless look, a hideous scamp. If Lavater had examined this face he would have found in it the vulture blended with the attorney's clerk; the bird of prey and the man of trickery rendering each other more ugly and more perfect—the man of trickery rendering the bird of prey ignoble, and the bird of prey rendering the man of trickery horrible. This man had a long gray beard, and wore a woman's chemise, which allowed his hairy chest and naked arms, bristling with gray hairs, to be seen. Under this chemise might be noticed muddy trousers, and boots out of which his toes stuck. He had a pipe in his mouth, and was smoking; there was no bread in the garret, but there was still tobacco. He was writing, probably some letter like those which Marius had read. On one corner of the table could be seen an old broken-backed volume, the form

of which, the old 12mo of circulating libraries, indicated a romance; on the cover figured the following title, printed in large capitals—GOD, THE KING, HONOR AND THE LADIES, BY DUCRAY DUMINIL. 1814. While writing, the man was talking aloud, and Marius heard his words:

"Only to think that there is no equality, even when a man is dead! Just look at Père La Chaise! the great ones, those who are rich, are up above, in the Acacia avenue, which is paved, and reach it in a coach. The little folk, the poor people, the wretched—they are put down at the bottom where there is mud up to your knees, in holes and damp, and they are placed there so they may rot all the sooner. You can't go to see them without sinking into the ground."

Here he stopped—smote the table with his fist—and added, while he gnashed his teeth—

"Oh! I could eat the world!"

A stout woman, who might be forty or one hundred, was crouched up near the chimney-piece on her naked feet. She too was dressed only in a chemise and a cotton petticoat, pieced with patches of old cloth, and an apron of coarse canvas concealed one half of the petticoat. Though this woman was sitting all of a heap, you could see that she was very tall, and a species of giantess by her husband's side. She had frightful hair, of a reddish auburn, beginning to turn gray, which she thrust back every now and then with the enormous strong hands with flat nails. By her side, on the ground, was lying an open volume, of the same form as the other, probably part of the same romance. On one of the beds Marius caught a glimpse of a tall, little, sickly girl, sitting up almost naked, and with hanging feet, who did not seem to hear, see or live; she was doubtless the younger sister of the one who had come to him. She appeared to be eleven or twelve years of age, but on examining her attentively it could be seen that she was at least fourteen; it was the girl who said on the boulevard the previous night, "I bolted, bolted, bolted." She was of that backward class who keep down for a long time, and then shoot up quickly and suddenly. It is indigence which produces these human plants, and these creatures have neither infancy nor adolescence. At fifteen they seem twelve, and at sixteen they appear twenty; today it is a little girl, tomorrow

a woman; we might almost say that they stride through life in order to reach the end more rapidly. At this moment, however, she had the look of a child.

In this lodging there was not the slightest sign of work; not a loom, a spinning-wheel, or a single tool, but in one corner were some iron implements of dubious appearance. It was that dull indolence which follows despair and precedes death. Marius gazed for some time at this mournful interior, which was more terrifying than the interior of a tomb, for the human soul could be seen stirring in it and life palpitating. The garret, the cellar, the hole, in which some indigent people crawl in the lowest part of the social edifice, is not exactly the sepulchre, but it is the ante-chamber to it; but, like those rich men who display their greatest magnificence at the entrance to their palace, it seems that death, which is close at hand, places all its greatest wretchedness in this vestibule. The man was silent; the woman did not speak, and the girl did not seem to breathe; the pen could be heard moving across the paper. The man growled, without ceasing to write, "Scoundrels, scoundrels, all are scoundrels."

The variation upon Solomon's exclamation drew a sigh from the wife.

"Calm yourself, my love," she said, "do not hurt yourself, darling. You are too good to write to all those people, dear husband."

In misery bodies draw more closely together, as in cold weather, but hearts are estranged. This woman, to all appearances, must have loved this man with the amount of love in her, but probably this had been extinguished in the daily and mutual reproaches of the frightful distress that pressed upon the whole family, and she now had only the ashes of affection for her husband within her. Still, caressing appellations, as frequently happens, had survived: she called him *darling, pet, husband,* with her lips, but her heart was silent. The man continued to write.

Strategy and Tactics.

Marius, with an aching heart, was just going to descend from the species of observatory which he had improvised, when a noise attracted his attention, and made him remain at

his post. The door of the garret was suddenly opened, and the eldest daughter appeared on the threshold. She had on her feet clumsy men's shoes covered with mud, which had even plashed her red ankles, and she was covered with an old ragged cloak, which Marius had not noticed an hour previously, and which she had probably left at his door, in order to inspire greater sympathy, and put on again when she went out. She came in, shut the door after her, stopped to fetch breath, for she was panting, and then cried, with an expression of triumph and joy:

"He is coming!"

The father turned his eyes toward her, the mother turned her head, and the little girl did not move.

"Who?" the father asked.

"The gentleman."

"The philanthropist?"

"Yes."

"From the church of St. Jacques?"

"Yes. He is following me."

"Are you sure?"

"He is coming in a hackney coach, I tell you."

"A hackney coach! why it is Rothschild!"

The father rose.

"Why are you sure? If he is coming in a coach, how is it that you got here before him? Did you give him the address, and are you certain that you told him the last door on the right in the passage? I only hope he will not make a mistake. Did you find him at church? Did he read my letter, and what did he say to you?"

"Ta, ta, ta," said the girl, "how you gallop, my good man. I went into the church; he was at his usual place; I made a courtesy and handed him the letter. He read it and said to me: 'Where do you live, my child?' I said: 'I will show you the way, sir.' He said: 'No; give me your address, for my daughter has some purchases to make. I will take a hackney coach, and be at your abode as soon as you.' I gave him the address, and when I mentioned the house he seemed surprised, and hesitated a moment, but then said, 'No matter; I will go.' When mass was over I saw him leave the church and get into a coach with his daughter. And I carefully told him the last door on the right at the end of the passage."

"And what tells you that he will come?"

"I have just seen the coach turn into the Rue du Petit Banquier, and that is why I ran."

"How do you know it is the same coach?"

"Because I noticed the number, of course."

"What was it?"

"Four hundred and forty."

"Good; you are a clever girl."

The girl looked boldly at her father, and said, as she pointed to the shoes on her feet:

"It is possible that I am a clever girl, but I say that I will not put on those shoes again; in the first place, on account of my health, and, secondly, for the sake of decency. I know nothing more annoying than shoes which are too big for you, and go, gji, gji, gji, along the road. I would sooner be barefooted."

"You are right," the father replied, in a gentle voice, which contrasted with the girl's rudeness. "But the poor are not admitted into churches unless they wear shoes; God's presence must not be entered barefoot," he added bitterly. Then he returned to the object that occupied him.

"And so you are sure that he will come?"

"He is at my heels," she replied.

The man drew himself up, and there was a species of illumination on his face. "Wife," he cried, "you hear! Here is the philanthropist; put out the fire."

The stupefied mother did not stir, but the father, with the agility of a mountebank, seized the cracked pot, which stood on the chimney-piece, and threw water on the logs. Then he said to his elder daughter:

"Pull the straw out of the chair."

As his daughter did not understand him, he seized the chair and kicked the seat out; his leg passed through it, and while drawing it out, he asked the girl:

"Is it cold?"

"Very cold; it is snowing."

The father turned to the younger girl, who was on the bed, near the window, and shouted in a thundering voice:

"Come off the bed directly, idler; you never do anything. Break a pane of glass!"

The little girl jumped off the bed, shivering.

"Break a pane!" he continued.

The girl was quite stunned, and did not move.

"Do you hear me?" the father repeated. "I tell you to break a pane."

The child, with a sort of terrified obedience, stood on tiptoe, and broke a pane with her fist; the glass fell with a great clash.

"All right!" said the father.

He was serious and active, and his eye rapidly surveyed every corner in the room; he was like a general who makes final preparations at the moment when an action is about to begin. The mother, who had not yet said a word, rose and asked in a slow voice, the words seeming to issue as if frozen.

"Darling, what do you intend to do?"

"Go to bed," the man replied.

The tone admitted of no deliberation, the mother obeyed, and threw herself heavily on one of the beds. A sobbing was now audible in a corner.

"What is that?" the father cried.

The younger girl, without leaving the gloom in which she was crouching, showed her bleeding hand. In breaking the glass she had cut herself, she had crawled close to her mother's bed, and was now crying silently. It was the mother's turn to draw herself up and cry.

"You see what nonsensical acts you commit! She has cut herself in breaking the window."

"All the better," said the man, "I expected it."

"How all the better?" the woman continued.

"Silence!" the father replied, "I suppress the liberty of the press."

Then, tearing the chemise which he wore, he made a bandage, with which he quickly wrapped up the girl's bleeding hand; this done, his eye settled on the torn shirt with satisfaction.

"And the shirt, too!" he said. "All this looks well."

An icy blast blew through the pane and entered the room. The external fog penetrated it, and dilated like a white wadding pulled open by invisible fingers. The snow could be seen falling through the broken pane, and the cold promised

by the Candlemas sun had really arrived. The father took a look around him, as if to make sure that he had forgotten nothing, then he fetched an old spade and strewed the ashes over the wet logs so as to conceal them entirely. Then getting up and leaning against the chimneypiece, he said: "Now we can receive the philanthropist."

A Sunbeam in the Garret.

The elder girl walked up to her father, and laid her hand in his.

"Just feel how cold I am!" she said.

"Stuff!" the father answered, "I am much colder than that."

The mother cried out impetuously:

"You always have everything worse than the others, the evil even."

"To kennel!" the man said.

The mother, looked at by him in a certain way, held her tongue, and there was a momentary silence in the den. The elder girl was carelessly removing the mud from the edge of her cloak, and her younger sister continued to sob. The mother had taken her head between her hands, and covered it with kisses, while whispering.

"Pray do not go on so, my treasure, it will be nothing, so don't cry, or you will vex your father."

"No," the father cried, "on the contrary, sob away, for that does good."

Then he turned to the elder girl.

"Why, he is not coming! Suppose he were not to come! I should have broken my pane, put out my fire, unseated my chair, and torn my shirt all for nothing."

"And hurt the little one," the mother murmured.

"Do you know," the father continued, "that it is infernally cold in this devil's own garret? Suppose the man did not come? But no, he is keeping us waiting, and says to himself, 'Well, they will wait my pleasure, they are sent into the world for that.' Oh! how I hate the rich, and with what joy, jubilation, enthusiasm, and satisfaction, would I strangle them all! All the rich, I say, those pretended charitable men who play the devout, attend mass, keep in with the priests and believe

themselves above us, and who come to humiliate us, and bring us clothes. How they talk! They bring us old rubbish not worth four sous and bread; but it is not that I want, you pack of scoundrels, but money. Ah, money. Never! Because they say we would go and drink, and that we are drunkards and idlers. And they, what are they, pray, and what have they been in their time? Thieves, for they could not have grown rich without that. Oh, society ought to be taken by the four corners of a tablecloth, and the whole lot thrown into the air! All would be broken, very possibly, but at any rate no one would have anything, and that would be so much gained. But what is your humbug of a benevolent gentleman about? Will he come? Perhaps the animal has forgotten the address. I will bet that the old brute—"

At this moment there was a gentle tap at the door; the man rushed forward and opened it, while exclaiming with deep bows and smiles of adoration.

"Come in, sir, deign to enter, my respected benefactor, as well as your charming daughter."

A man of middle age and a young lady stood in the door way; Marius had not left his post, and what he felt this moment is beyond the human tongue. It was she; and any one who has loved knows the radiant meaning conveyed in the three letters that form the word She. It was certainly she, though Marius could hardly distinguish her through the luminous vapor which suddenly spread over his eyes. It was the gentle creature he had lost, the star which had gleamed on him for six months, it was the forehead, the mouth, the lovely mouth which had produced night by departing. The eclipse was over, and she now reappeared—reappeared in this darkness, in this attic, in this filthy den, in this horror. Marius trembled. What! It was she. The palpitation of his heart affected his sight, and he felt ready to burst into tears. What! He saw her again after seeking her so long. It seemed to him as if he had lost his soul and had just found it again. She was still the same, though, perhaps a little paler; her delicate face was framed in a violet velvet bonnet, and her waist was hidden by a black satin pelisse, a glimpse of her little foot in a silk boot could be caught under her long dress. She was accompanied by M. Leblanc, and she walked

into the room and placed a rather large parcel on the table. The elder girl had withdrawn behind the door and looked with a jealous eye at the velvet bonnet, the satin pelisse, and the charming, happy face.

The garret was so dark that persons who came into it felt much as if they were going into a cellar. The two newcomers, therefore, advanced with some degree of hesitation, scarce distinguishing the vague forms around them, while they were perfectly seen and examined by the eyes of the denizens in the attic, who were accustomed to this gloom. M. Leblanc walked up to Father Jondrette, with his sad and gentle smile, and said:

"You will find in this parcel, sir, new apparel, woolen stockings, and blankets."

"Our angelic benefactor overwhelms us," Jondrette said, bowing to the ground; then, bending down to the ear of his elder daughter, he added in a hurried whisper, while the two visitors were examining this lamentable interior. "Did I not say so? Clothes but no money. They are all alike. By the way, how was the letter to the old ass signed?"

"Fabantou."

"The actor, all right."

It was lucky that Jondrette asked this, for at the same moment M. Leblanc turned to him and said with the air of a person who is trying to remember the name.

"I see that you are much to be pitied, Monsieur—"

"Fabantou," Jondrette added quickly.

"Monsieur Fabantou, yes, that is it, I remember."

"An actor, sir, who has been successful in his time."

Here Jondrette evidently believed the moment had arrived to trap his philanthropist, and he shouted in a voice which had some of the bombast of the country showman, and the humility of the professional beggar. "A pupil of Talma, sir! I am a pupil of Talma! Fortune smiled upon me formerly, but now, alas! the turn of misfortune has arrived. You see, my benefactor, we have no bread, no fire. My poor babies have no fire. My sole chair without a seat! A pane of glass broken; in such weather as this! My wife in bed, ill!"

"Poor woman!" said M. Leblanc.

"My child hurt," Jondrette added.

The child, distracted by the arrival of the strangers, was staring at the "young lady" and ceased sobbing.

"Cry, I tell you, roar!" Jondrette whispered to her. And at the same time he squeezed her bad hand. All this was done with the talent of a conjurer. The little one uttered piercing cries, and the adorable girl whom Marius called in his heart "his Ursule," eagerly went up to her.

"Poor dear child!" she said.

"You see, respected young lady," Jondrette continued, "her hand is bleeding. It is the result of an accident which happened to her while working at a factory to earn six sous a day. It is possible that her arm will have to be cut off."

"Really?" the old gentleman said in alarm.

The little girl, taking this remark seriously, began sobbing again her loudest.

"Alas, yes, my benefactor!" the father answered.

For some minutes past Jondrette had been looking at the "philanthropist" in a peculiar way, and while speaking to be scrutinizing him attentively, as if trying to recall his recollections. All at once, profiting by a moment during which the newcomers were questioning the little girl about her injured hand, he passed close to his wife, who was lying in her bed with a surprised and stupid air, and said to her, in a hurried whisper:

"Look at that man."

Then he turned to M. Leblanc, and continued his lamentations:

"Look, sir! My sole clothing consists of a chemise of my wife's, all torn, in the heart of winter. I cannot go out for want of a coat, and if I had the smallest bit of a coat I would go and call on Mademoiselle Mars, who knows me, and is much attached to me; does she still live in the Rue de la Tour des Dames? Do you know, sir, that we played together in the province, and that I shared her laurels. Célimène would come to my help, and Elmire gave alms to Belisarius. But no, nothing! And not a half-penny piece in the house! My wife ill, not a sou! My daughter dangerously injured, not a sou! My wife suffers from shortness of breath—it comes from her age, and then the nervous system is mixed up in it. She requires assistance and so does my daughter. But the

physician and the apothecary, how are they to be paid? I have not a farthing! I would kneel down before a decime, sir. You see to what the arts are reduced! And do you know, my charming young lady, and you, my generous protector, who exhale virtue and goodness, and who perfume the church where my poor child sees you daily when she goes to say her prayers; for I am bringing up my daughters in religion, sir, and did not wish them to turn to the stage. I do not jest, sir, read them lectures of honor, morality and virtue. Just ask them! They must go straight for they have a father. They are not wretched girls who begin by having no family, and finish by marrying the public. Such a girl is Miss Nobody and becomes Madame all the World. There must be nothing of that sort in the Fabantou family! I intend to educate them virtuously, and they must be respectable and honest, and believe in God's holy name. Well, sir, worthy sir, do you know what will happen tomorrow? Tomorrow is the fatal 4th of February, the last respite my landlord has granted me, and if I do not pay my rent by tonight my eldest daughter, myself, my wife, with her fever, my child with her wound, will be all four of us turned out of here into the street, shelterless in the rain and snow. That is the state of the case, sir! I owe four quarters, a year's rent, that is to say, sixty francs."

Jondrette lied, for four quarters would only have been forty francs, and he could not owe four, as it was not six months since Marius had paid two for him. M. Leblanc took a five-franc piece from his pocket and threw it on the table. Jondrette had time to growl in his grown-up daughter's ear.

"The scamp! What does he expect me to do with his five francs? They will not pay for the chair and the pane of glass. There's the result of making an outlay."

In the meanwhile, M. Leblanc had taken off a heavy brown coat, which he wore over his blue one, and thrown on the back of a chair.

Monsieur Fabantou," he said, "I have only these five francs about me, but I will take my daughter home and return tonight. Is it not tonight that you have to pay?"

Jondrette's face was lit up with a strange expression, and he hurriedly answered.

"Yes, respected sir, I must be with my landlord by eight o'clock."

"I will be here by six, and bring you the sixty francs."

"My benefactor!" Jondrette exclaimed wildly, and he added in a whisper:

"Look at him carefully, wife."

M. Leblanc had given his arm to the lovely young lady, and was turning to the door.

"Till this evening, my friends," he said.

"At six o'clock?" Jondrette asked.

"At six o'clock precisely."

At this moment the overcoat left on the back of the chair caught the eye of the elder girl.

"Sir," she said, "you are forgetting your great coat."

Jondrette gave his daughter a crushing glance, accompanied by a formidable shrug of the shoulders, but M. Leblanc turned and replied smilingly.

"I do not forget it, I'll leave it."

"Oh, my protector," said Jondrette, "my august benefactor, I am melting into tears. Permit me to conduct you to your vehicle."

"If you go out," M. Leblanc remarked, "put on that overcoat, for it is really very cold."

Jondrette did not let this be said twice, but eagerly put on the brown coat. Then they all three went out, Jondrette preceding the two strangers.

P. J. BERANGER.

THE supreme chief of French song-writers is Pierre Jean de Béranger (1780-1857). Born the grandson of a poor tailor and son of a grocery clerk—his mother deserted by her husband—Béranger was truly one of the people, and always remained one of them. But from his garret flew forth the songs that were to make him famous, that spoke to the hearts of the people, and glorified Napoleon Bonaparte as the idol of the people. Béranger tells us: "God in His grace bade me sing, sing, poor little one!" And as he once said in a preface to his poems: "My songs are myself." Sir Walter Besant, surveying the world of song, declares not only that "Béranger sums up the poetry of the *esprit gaulois;* in him is the gayety of the trouvères, the malice of the fabliaux, the bonhommie of La Fontaine, the clearness of Marot, the *bonne manière* of Villon, and the sense of Regnier," but also that "there has been, indeed, no lyrist like him in any language; none with a voice and heart so intensely human, so sympathetic, so strong to move, so quick to feel.... He is the one great and unique type of the perfect *chansonnier.*"

It is this very middle-class aspect of Béranger, which caused the classicists and romanticists alike to scorn his Muse as vulgar and pedestrian, that really constitutes his greatness. He reflects the ideas of the masses of his day. Furthermore, there is a notable spice of Gallic mockery even in his songs of patriotism and democracy. He continued, too, the traditions of the eighteenth century chanson, only adding a human tenderness and a patriotic sentiment to the old songs of wine and woman. Thus he glorified the chanson and eclipsed even the prince of light song-writers of France before him—De-

saugiers (1772-1827). Although Béranger became a member of the jolly Caveau—the tavern club of wit and song instituted by Piron (1689-1773), "the greatest epigrammatist of France," of which Desaugiers was president, Béranger lifted the *chanson* to a new level and to a grander mission.

As a boy he had seen the Bastile taken and the stirring events of his youth inspired him with a mixed Bonapartism and republicanism that swayed him to the end, through all the vicissitudes of political change. His gratitude was due to the Bonapartes, too, for he was saved from poverty and obscurity by Lucien Bonaparte. In 1804 he sent to Lucien some of his songs. Lucien gave Béranger the fee sent himself from the Institute and secured the needy poet a clerkship under the Empire. Well did he repay the debt, for he more than any one else established the Napoleonic legend. Of that legend his "Remembrances of the People" was, and remains, the best popular expression. A similar Napoleonic worship breathed in "The Lesson," "He is not dead," "Madame Mère," and "The Old Flag." His contempt for the returning "emigré" nobles was demonstrated with withering sarcasm in the "Marquis de Carabas." After the Restoration he was repeatedly fined and imprisoned, but after its overthrow he sang as he pleased, and he was buried with high honors by the Second Empire government. He added the element of pathos to the chanson, as well as discovered the lyric capabilities of the common people, and he had an actual love romance of a lifetime with a poor ouvrière, Judith Frère. But for posterity a special interest attaches to the satirical and sarcastic chansons, such as that on "The Senator," and on the bonhomme king, the "Roi d'Yvetot," a sharp contrast to the ambitious Napoleon.

As Professor Saintsbury has remarked: "Only prejudice against his political, religious and ethical attitude can obscure the lively wit of his best work; its remarkable pathos; its sound common sense; its hearty, if somewhat narrow and mistaken, patriotism; its freedom from self-seeking and personal vanity, spite, or greed; its thorough humanity and wholesome good feeling. Nor can it be fairly said that his range is narrow. 'Le Grenier,' 'Le Roi d'Yvetot,' 'Roger Bontemps,' 'The Remembrances of the People,' 'The Fools,'

'The Beggars,' cover a considerable variety of tones and subjects, all of which are happily treated." Béranger's Voltairism may be seen in his malicious "Baptism of Voltaire."

THE KING OF YVETOT.

THIS exceedingly celebrated song, written in 1813, takes its title from an old tavern sign in the Norman town of Yvetot.

There was a King of Yvetot,
  Who, little famed in story,
Went soon to bed, to rise was slow,
  And slumbered without glory.
'Twas Jenny crowned this jolly chap
With nothing but a cotton cap
        Mayhap.
    Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
    What a famous king was he, oh la!

Within his thatchèd palace, he
  Consumed his four meals daily;
He rode about his realm to see
  Upon a donkey, gaily;
Beside his dog, no guard he had,
He hoped for good when things were bad,—
        Ne'er sad.

No costly tastes his soul possessed,
  Except a taste for drinking,
And kings who make their subjects blest
  Should live well, to my thinking;
At table he his taxes got,
From every cask he took a pot,
        I wot.

With ladies, too, of high degree
  He was a fav'rite rather,
And of his subjects probably
  In every sense a father.
He never levied troops, but when
He raised the target, calling then
        His men.

He did not widen his estates
  Beyond their proper measure;
A model of all potentates,
  His only code was pleasure.
And 'twas not till the day he died
His faithful subjects ever sighed
  Or cried.

This wise and worthy monarch's face
  Is still in preservation,
And as a sign it serves to grace
  An inn of reputation.
On holidays, a joyous rout
Before it push their mugs about
  And shout,
    Ho! ho! ho! ho! ah! ah! ah! ah!
    What a famous king was he, oh, la!

The White Cockade.

This ironical song was written in 1816, when the Royalists gave a dinner to celebrate the entrance of the Allies into Paris after Waterloo.

Great day of peace and happiness,
  By which the vanquished free are made;
Great day that dawned our France to bless
  With honor and the white cockade!

The theme for ladies' ears is meet,—
  Sing the success of monarchs brave;
How rebel Frenchmen they could beat,
  And all the pious Frenchmen save.

Sing how the foreign hordes could pour
  Into our land, and how with ease
They opened every yielding door,—
  When we had given up the keys.

Had it not been for this blessed day,
  What dire misfortunes now might lower!
The tricolor might—who can say?—
  Float over London's ancient tower.

Our future history will record
How to the Cossacks of the Don,
Kneeling, we pardon once implored
For Frenchmen slain and glory gone.

Then to the foreigners drink we,
At this most national repast,
Who brought back our nobility,
After so many dangers past.

Another toast, and then we've done,—
A cup to Henry's name is due,
Who took, by his own arm alone,
The throne of France and Paris too.

THE REMEMBRANCES OF THE PEOPLE.

AMID the lowly straw-built shed,
Long will the peasant seek his glory;
And, when some fifty years have fled
The thatch will hear no other story.
Around some old and hoary dame
The village crowd will oft exclaim,—
"Mother, now, till midnight chimes,
Tell us tales of other times.
He wronged us! say it if they will,
The people love his memory still;—
Mother, now the day is dim,
Mother, tell us now of him!"

"My children, in our village here,
I saw him once by kings attended;
That time has passed this many a year,
For scarce my maiden days were ended.
On foot he climbed the hill, and nigh
To where I watched him passing by:
Small his hat upon that day
And he wore a coat of gray;
And when he saw me shake with dread,
'Good day to you, my dear!' he said."
"Oh! my mother, is it true?
Mother, did he speak to you?"

"From this a year had passed away,
Again in Paris' streets I found him:
To Notre Dame he rode that day,
With all his gallant court around him.
All eyes admired the show the while,
No face that did not wear a smile:
'See how brightly shine the skies!
'Tis for him!' the people cries:
And then his face was soft with joy
For God had blessed him with a boy."
"Mother, oh, how glad to see
Days that must so happy be!"

"But when o'er our province ran
The bloody armies of the strangers,
Alone he seemed, that famous man,
To fight against a thousand dangers.
One evening, just like this one here,
I heard a knock that made me fear:
Entered, when I oped the door,
He and guards perhaps a score;
And, seated where I sit, he said,
'To what a war have I been led!' "
"Mother, and was that the chair?
Mother, was he seated *there?*"

" 'Dame, I am hungry,' then he cried;
I set our bread and wine before him;—
There at the fire his clothes he dried,
And slept while watched his followers o'er him.
When with a start he rose from sleep,
He saw me in my terror weep,
And he said, 'Nay, our France is strong;
Soon I will avenge her wrong.'
This is the dearest thing of mine,—
The glass in which he drank his wine."
"And through change of good and ill,
Mother, you have kept it still."

GEORGE SAND.

MADAME DUDEVANT, whose maiden name was Armatine Lucile Aurore Dupin, and who was known to the world as George Sand, stands highest in point of genius among that small group of famous women of this century which includes George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Harriet Martineau, and, perhaps, Caroline Herschell. She was born in 1804 and died in 1876; was educated in a convent, and two years after leaving it, at the age of eighteen, was married to Baron Dudevant, a military personage much older than herself, whose nature and character were in all respects profoundly incompatible with hers. She had in her veins the instincts of liberty and revolt; and in 1831, after nine years of matrimonial endurance, she left her husband and went to Paris with Jules Sandeau, to live a life strangely compounded of passion, intellect and independence. She and Jules were lovers, comrades and collaborators; their first work was done together; but later, at Jules' suggestion, she struck out for herself in literature. She was strongly interested in politics, and, as might have been expected, embraced the republican cause, and advocated it in many publications. She went further, and in the ardor of her youth championed socialism and free love; but age brought wisdom and moderation, though she remained always on the side of freedom. Her life was a story of mental and moral growth; she feared nothing and studied everything; her lovers, like Alfred de Musset and Chopin, were mere elements in her self-education; she was greater than they,

and when she had sounded them, she left them. Her genius enabled her to use experience such as few women survive in form of exquisite literary art; she drew from seeming chaos the essence of a deep philosophy; she "beat her music out;" and when she attained her intellectual majority, she gave the world the benefit of it in such masterpieces of serene beauty and wisdom as "Consuelo," "L'Homme de Neigt," "Mauprat," "La Petite Fadette." But her earlier books, such as "Indiana," "Valentine" and "Jacques," have also the value which belongs to audacity, insight, and the fire of youthful genius, rendered enchanting by a matchless literary style. The immense vogue which her books enjoyed is due, however, less to their extraordinary literary merit than to the fact that she voiced the unrest and speculation of her age; as Renan well said, she was "the Æolian harp of her time." Like the young Zoroaster, she longed at first to "tear down this tiresome old sky;" but when she had learned its true sublimity, she bent her energies to dispelling the clouds and vapors which obscured its radiance,—to vindicating the immortal truths which error and cowardice had distorted. She is a great figure; and her final influence is beneficent.

Consuelo's Triumph.

Consuelo made haste to the church Mendicanti, whither the crowd were already flocking, to listen to Porpora's admirable music. She went up to the organ-loft in which the choir were already in air, with the professor at his desk. On entering she knelt down, buried her face in her hands, and prayed fervently and devoutly.

"Oh, my God," she cried with the voice of the heart, "thou knowest that I seek not advancement for the humiliation of my rivals. Thou knowest that I have no thought to surrender myself to the world and worldly acts, abandoning thy love, and straying into the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride dwells not in me, and that I implore thee to support me, and to swell my voice, and to expand my thoughts as I sing thy praises, only that I may dwell with him whom my mother permitted me to love."

When the first sounds of the orchestra called Consuelo to

her place, she rose slowly, her mantilla fell from her shoulders, and her face was at length visible to the impatient and restless spectators in the neighboring tribune. But what marvelous change is here in this young girl, just now so pale, so cast down, so overwhelmed by fatigue and fear! The ether of heaven seemed to bedew her lofty forehead, while a gentle languor was diffused over the noble and graceful outlines of her figure. Her tranquil countenance expressed none of those petty passions, which seek, as it were, to exact applause. There was something about her solemn, mysterious and elevated—at once lovely and affecting.

"Courage, my daughter," said the professor in a low voice. "You are about to sing the music of a great master, and he is here to listen to you."

"Who?—Marcello?" said Consuelo, seeing the professor lay the Hymns of Marcello open on the desk.

"Yes—Marcello," replied he. "Sing as usual—nothing more and nothing less—and all will be well."

Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had in fact come once again to revisit Venice, his birth-place, where he had gained renown as a composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy towards Porpora, who had requested him to be present in his school, intending to surprise him with the performance of Consuelo, who knew his magnificent *"I cieli immensi narrano"* by heart. Nothing could be better adapted to the religious glow that now animated the heart of this noble girl. So soon as the first words of this lofty and brilliant production shone before her eyes, she felt as if wafted into another sphere. Forgetting Count Zustiniani—forgetting the spiteful glances of her rivals—forgetting even Anzoleto—she thought only of God and of Marcello, who seemed to interpret those wondrous regions whose glory she was about to celebrate. What subject so beautiful!—what conception so elevated!—

I cieli immensi narrano	The boundless heavens declare
Del grandi Iddio la gloria.	The glory of the great God.
Il firmamento lucido	The shining firmament
All universo annunzia	Proclaims to the world
Quanto sieno mirabili	How wonderful are
Della sua destra le opere.	The works of His right hand.

A divine glow overspread her features, and the sacred fire of genius darted from her large black eyes, as the vaulted roof rang with that unequalled voice, and with those lofty accents which could only proceed from an elevated intellect, joined to a good heart. After he had listened for a few instants, a torrent of delicious tears streamed from Marcello's eyes. The count, unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed —"By the Holy Rood, this woman is beautiful! She is Santa Cecelia, Santa Teresa, Santa Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As for Anzoleto, who had risen, and whose trembling limbs barely sufficed to sustain him with the aid of his hands, which clung convulsively to the grating of the tribune, he fell back upon his seat ready to swoon, intoxicated with pride and joy. It required all the respect due to the church, to prevent the numerous dilettanti in the crowd from bursting into applause, as if they had been in the theatre. The Count would not wait until the close of the service to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged to repair to the tribune of the Count to receive the thanks and gratitude of Marcello. She found him so much agitated as to be hardly able to speak.

"My daughter," said he, with a broken voice, "receive the blessing of a dying man. You have caused me to forget for an instant the mortal suffering of many years. A miracle seems exerted in my behalf, and the unrelenting frightful malady appears to have fled forever at the sound of your voice. If the angels above sing like you, I shall long to quit the world in order to enjoy that happiness which you have made known to me. Blessings then be on you, O my child, and may your earthly happiness correspond to your deserts! I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; but they are not to be named along with you. It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever yet felt."

Consuelo, overwhelmed by this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, and almost bending to the ground, kissed, without being able to utter a word, the livid fingers of the dying man.

During the remainder of the service, Consuelo displayed

energy and resources which completely removed any hesitation Count Zustiniani might have felt respecting her. She led, she animated, she sustained the choir, displaying at each instant prodigious powers, and the varied qualities of her voice rather than the strength of her lungs. For those who know how to sing do not become tired, and Consuelo sang with as little effort and labor as others might have in merely breathing. She was heard above all the rest, not because she screamed like those performers, without soul and without breath, but because of the unimaginable purity and sweetness of her tones. Besides, she felt that she was understood in every minute particular. She alone, amidst the vulgar crowd, the shrill voices and imperfect trills of those around her, was a musician and a master. She filled, therefore, instinctively and without ostentation, her powerful part, and as long as the service lasted she took the prominent place which she felt was necessary. After all was over, the choristers imputed it to her as a grievance and a crime; and those very persons who, failing and sinking, had as it were implored her assistance with their looks, claimed for themselves all the eulogiums which are given to the school of Porpora at large.

THE PLOUGHMAN AND HIS CHILD.

(From "The Devil's Pool.")

I WAS walking on the border of a field which some peasants were carefully preparing for the approaching seed-time. The area was vast; the landscape was vast also, and enclosed with great lines of verdure, somewhat reddened by the approach of autumn, that broad field of vigorous brown, where recent rains had left, in some furrows, lines of water which the sun made glitter like fine threads of silver. The day had been clear and warm, and the earth, freshly opened by the cutting of the ploughshares, exhaled a light vapor. In the upper part of the field, an old man gravely held his plough of antique form, drawn by two quiet oxen, with pale yellow skins—real patriarchs of the meadow—large in stature, rather thin, with long turned-down horns, old laborers whom long habit had made "brothers," as they are called by our country people, and who, when separated from each other, refuse to

work with a new companion, and let themselves die of sorrow. The old husbandman worked slowly, in silence, without useless efforts; his docile team did not hurry any more than he; but, owing to the continuity of a labor without distraction, and the appliance of tried and well-sustained strength, his furrow was as soon turned as that of his son, who was ploughing at a short distance from him, with four oxen not so stout, in a vein of stronger and more stony soil.

But that which afterwards attracted my attention was really a beautiful spectacle—a noble subject for a painter. At the other extremity of the arable field, a good-looking young man was driving a magnificent team: four pairs of young animals of a dark color, a mixture of black and bay with streaks of fire, with those short and frizzly heads which still savor of the wild bull, those large savage eyes, those sudden motions, that nervous and jerking labor which still is irritated by the yoke and the goad, and only obeys with a start of anger the recently imposed authority. They were what are called newly-yoked steers. The man who governed them had to clear a corner formerly devoted to pasturage, and filled with century-old stumps, the task of an athlete, for which his energy, his youth, and his eight almost unbroken animals were barely sufficient.

A child six or seven years old, beautiful as an angel, with his shoulders covered, over his blouse, by a lamb-skin, which made him resemble the little Saint John the Baptist of the painters of the Restoration, walked in the furrow parallel to the plough, and touched the flank of the oxen with a long and light stick pointed with a slightly sharpened goad. The proud animals quivered under the small hand of the child, and made their yokes and the thongs bound over their foreheads creak, while they gave violent shocks to the plough handles. When a root stopped the ploughshare, the husbandman shouted with a powerful voice, calling each beast by his name, but rather to calm than excite; for the oxen, irritated by this sudden resistance, leaped, dug up the ground with their broad forked feet, and would have cast themselves out of the track, carrying the plough across the field, if, with his voice and goad, the young man had not restrained the four nearest him, while the child governed the other four. He

also shouted, the poor little fellow, with a voice he wished to make terrible, but which remained as gentle as his angelic face. It was all beautiful in strength or in grace, the landscape, the man, the child, the bulls under the yoke; and in spite of this powerful struggle in which the earth was overcome, there was a feeling of gentleness and deep calm which rested upon all things. When the obstacle was surmounted, and the team had resumed its equal and solemn step, the husbandman, whose feigned violence was only an exercise of vigor, and an expenditure of activity, immediately recovered the serenity of simple souls, and cast a look of paternal satisfaction on his child, who turned to smile on him.

Then the manly voice of this young father of a family struck up the melancholy and solemn strain which the ancient tradition of the country transmits, not to all ploughmen indiscriminately, but to those most consummate in the art of exciting and sustaining the ardor of the oxen at work. This chant, the origin of which was perhaps considered sacred, and to which mysterious influences must formerly have been attributed, is still reputed, at this day, to possess the virtue of keeping up the courage of the animals, of appeasing their dissatisfaction, and of charming the ennui of their long task. It is not enough to know how to drive them well while tracing a perfectly straight furrow, to lighten their labor by raising or depressing the point of the ploughshare opportunely in the soil: no one is a perfect ploughman if he does not know how to sing to the oxen, and this is a science apart, which requires taste and peculiar adaptation. This chant is to say the truth, only a kind of recitative, interrupted and resumed at will. Its irregular form and its false intonations, speaking according to the rules of musical art, render it untranslatable. But it is none the less a beautiful chant, and so appropriate to the nature of the labor which it accompanies, to the gait of the oxen, to the calmness of those rural scenes, to the simplicity of the men who sing it, that no genius, a stranger to the labors of the soil, could have invented it, and no singer other than a "finished ploughman" of that country could repeat it. At those epochs of the year when there is no other labor and no other movement in the country than that of ploughing, this chant, so simple and so powerful, rises like the voice of

a breeze, to which its peculiar toning gives it a kind of resemblance. The final note of each phrase, continued and trilled with an incredible length and power of breath, ascends a quarter of a note with systematic dissonance. This is wild, but the charm of it is invincible, and when you become accustomed to hear it, you cannot conceive how any song could be sung at those hours and in those places without disturbing their harmony.

It was then that, on seeing this beautiful pair, the man and the child, accomplish under such poetical conditions, and with so much gracefulness united with strength, a labor full of grandeur and solemnity, I felt a deep pity mingled with an involuntary respect. "Happy the husbandman!" Yes, doubtless, I should be happy in his place, if my arm, suddenly become strong, and my chest, become powerful, could thus fertilize and sing nature, without my eyes ceasing to see and my brain to comprehend the harmony of colors and of sounds, the fineness of tones, and the gracefulness of outlines—in one word, the mysterious beauty of things! and especially without my heart ceasing to be in relation with the divine feeling which presided over the immortal and sublime creation!

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

One of the most curious figures of literary history is Alexander Dumas (1806-70), dubbed by Thackeray "Alexander the Great." His grandfather, a marquis, married a negress of Haiti. His father, a dark-colored, herculean general who fought bravely in Napoleon's army, was wedded to an innkeeper's daughter. The curly hair and mulatto complexion of the famous Dumas expressed the Afric character of his inner self, his tropical luxuriousness of temper, spirit of imagination, the sunny geniality of his genius, and the full-blooded joyousness of his romantic vein. Capricious, prolix, fertile, puissant, he showed his peculiar semi-barbarism in his prodigal habits, his whims, his strange adventures, his very works. The most prolific and best paid author of his day, he squandered his money in a reckless hospitality and was ruined by building for himself a castle of Monte Cristo. Fond of animals, he kept a menagerie. He accompanied Garibaldi on a campaign against the king of Naples, and journeyed to Russia with a charlatan "medium." His son has shown his father as the Count Fernand de la Rivonniere in his aptly named play, "A Prodigal Father." The critic Jules Janin thus summarizes the genius of the elder Dumas: "A mind capable of learning all, forgetting all, comprehending all, neglecting all. Rare mind, rare attention, subtle spirit, gross talent, quick comprehension, execution barely sufficient, and artisan rather than an artist. Skillful to forge, but poor to chisel, and awkward in working with the tools that he knew so well how to make. An inexhaustible mingling of dreams, falsehoods, truths, fancies, impudence, and propriety; of the vagabond and the seigneur, of rich and poor. Sparkling and noisy, the most willful and the

most facile of men; a mixture of the tricky lawyer and of the epic poet; of Achilles and Thersites; swaggering, boastful, vain and—a good fellow."

With this native temperament it is no wonder that Alexandre Dumas proved a born master of romance. His father's military feats, one of which earned for General Dumas from Napoleon himself the title of "the Horatius Cocles of the Republic," must have inspired the son, who after the Empire was to come under the spell of Romanticism and to feed his genius on Scott and Cooper.

Walking on a Paris quay one day, Dumas chanced upon a musty little book which purported to be the "Memoirs of M. D'Artagnan." In these fictitious "Memoirs" Dumas found D'Artagnan whom he has made immortal, and the now famous Three Musketeers—Porthos, Athos and Aramis, as well as the plot of Milady. Here, too, he absorbed the local color of that age of Louis XIII., of Richelieu and Mazarin. In his consequent great trilogy—"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and "Vicomte de Bragelonne"—he revived the romance of adventure and gallantry. He regalvanized Amadis de Gaul, put him into a French cloak and armed him with a sword. D'Artagnan is a brisk and audacious young Gascon who blunders at first into all manner of mishaps and intrigues from which he extricates himself only by his imperturbable bravery and shrewdness. He provokes a quarrel with the Three Musketeers at the very outset but secures their good graces, and is educated by them into the beau ideal cavalier. These three brother-soldiers are delightfully contrasted—the good-natured giant Porthos, the dignified Athos, and the aristocratic Aramis, who finally enters the church. D'Artagnan, who goes up to Paris to seek his fortune with an old horse and a box of miraculous salve given him by his mother, passes through a series of hairbreadth escapes only to die at last on the field of battle. In these romances Dumas fascinates and thrills his reader. He makes the blood leap. He is prodigal of incident, even if loose of plot, and he is a master of intrigue and action in dialogue. Stirring scenes, indeed, are such as those of the kidnapping of Monk, the death of Porthos in the Grotto of Locmaria, or the scene under the scaffold in "Twenty Years After."

Another masterful trilogy of this weaver of historical romances consists of "Queen Margot," "The Lady of Monsoreau" and "The Forty-Five," which deal with the times and the House of Valois. His other historical novels include "Isabeau of Baviere," dealing with the anarchy and misery of France before Joan d'Arc; "Joan d'Arc," mainly historical; "Joseph Balsamo," a revolutionary romance with Cagliostro as its central figure; "The Queen's Necklace," the great scandal of Marie Antoinette's court; the two "Dianas," for the age of Henry II., and "The Black Tulip," a charming tale of tulipomania and the Dutch William.

It would be useless to attempt to name the whole library of Dumas' novels, written, it has been asserted, by a unique bureau of collaborating assistants, yet dominated by the master's spirit. It is only necessary to mention, besides the above, his "Isaac Laquedem," a tale of the Wandering Jew, his two clever stories,—"Chevalier d'Harmental" and "Olympe de Cleves," and his vastly popular "Count of Monte Cristo." This last may be called the Arabian Nights of modern romance. Extravagant in plot, everybody breathlessly follows the story of Edmond Dantes, who is arrested on the eve of his wedding, is imprisoned in the Chateau d'If, learns of a buried treasure, effects a marvelous escape, and, disguised as Lord Wilmore and as Count Busoni, takes revenge on all his enemies. The count's adventures, if not his riches, are almost too fabulous; but the Chateau d'If portions shows Dumas at his best. The picture of the troubled Napoleonic days is also powerful. Dumas also wrote a number of successful dramas, the most conspicuous being "Henry III," and the melodramatic "Tower of Nesle."

THE DEFENCE OF BASTION ST. GERVAIS.

(From "The Three Guardsmen.")

WHEN they arrived at the Parpaillot, it was seven in the morning, and the day was just beginning to dawn. The three friends ordered breakfast, and entered a room where the landlord assured them that they would not be disturbed.

The hour was, unfortunately, ill-chosen for a conventicle. The morning drum had just been beaten; every one was busy

shaking off the sleepiness of night, and to drive away the dampness of the morning air, came to take a drop at the tavern. Dragoons, Swiss, guards, musketeers, and light cavalry, succeeded one another with a rapidity very beneficial to the business of mine host, but very unfavorable to the designs of our four friends, who replied but sullenly, to the salutations, toasts, and jests of their companions.

"Come," said Athos, "We shall bring some good quarrel on our hands presently, and we do not want that just now. D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work: we will tell you ours afterwards."

"In fact," said one of the light-cavalry, who whilst rocking himself, held in his hand a glass of brandy, which he slowly sipped—"in fact you were in the trenches, you gentlemen of the guards, and it seems to me you had a squabble with the Rochellois."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see whether he ought to answer this intruder who thrust himself into the conversation.

"Well," said Athos, "did you not hear M. de Busigny, who did you the honor to address you? Tell us what took place in the night, as these gentlemen seem desirous to hear it."

"Did you not take a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who was drinking rum in a glass of beer.

"Yes, sir," replied d'Artagnan, bowing, "we had that honor. And also, as you have heard, we introduced a barrel of powder under one of the angles, which, on exploding, made a very pretty breach, without reckoning that as the bastion is very old, all the rest of the building is much shaken."

"And what bastion is it?" asked a dragoon, who held, spitted on his sabre, a goose which he had brought to be cooked.

"The bastion Saint Gervais," replied d'Artagnan, "from behind which the Rochellois annoyed our workmen."

"And was it warm work?"

"Yes. We lost five men, and the Rochellois some eight or ten."

"Balzampleu!" said the Swiss, who, in spite of the admirable collection of oaths which the German language possesses, had got a habit of swearing in French.

"But it is probable," said the light-horseman, "that they will send pioneers to repair the bastion this morning."

"Yes, it is probable," said d'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "a wager."

"Ah! a wager," said the Swiss.

"What is it?" asked the light-horseman.

"Stop," said the dragoon, laying his sabre like a spit on the two great iron dogs which kept up the fire in the chimney. "I am in it! A dripping-pan here, instantly, you noodle of a landlord, that I may not loose one drop of the fat of this estimable bird."

"He is right," said the Swiss, "the fat of a goose is very good with sweetmeats."

"There!" said the dragoon; "and now for the wager. We are listening, M. Athos."

"Well, M. de Busigny," said Athos, "I bet you, that my three comrades, Messieurs Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan, and myself, will go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais, and that we will stay there for one hour by the clock, whatever the enemy may do to dislodge us."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other, for they began to understand.

"Why," said d'Artagnan, stooping to Athos's ear, "you are going to get us all killed without mercy."

"We shall be more certainly killed if we do not go," replied Athos.

"Ah, faith, gentlemen," said Porthos, throwing himself back in his chair, and twisting his moustache, "that is a fine wager, I hope."

"And I accept it," said M. de Busigny. "Now we must fix the stakes."

"You are four, gentlemen," said Athos, "and we are four: a dinner for eight—will that suit you?"

"Just the thing!" replied M. de Busigny.

"Exactly," said the dragoon.

"That will do!" exclaimed the Swiss. The fourth auditor, who had remained silent throughout the conversation, bowed his head, as a sign that he acquiesced in the proposition.

"The dejeuner of these gentlemen is ready," said the landlord.

"Well, then bring it here," said Athos.

The landlord obeyed. Athos called Grimaud, and showed him a large basket, which was lying in a corner, and made him a sign to wrap up in the napkin all the eatables which had been brought.

Grimaud, comprehending at once that they were going to breakfast on the grass, took the basket, packed up the eatables, put in the bottles, and took the basket up in his arms.

"But where are you going to eat this breakfast?" said the landlord.

"What does it signify to you," replied Athos, "provided you are paid for it?" And he threw two pistoles majestically on the table.

"Must I give you the change, sir?" said mine host.

"No; but add a couple of bottles of champagne, and the difference will pay for the napkins."

The landlord had not made quite such a good thing of it as he at first expected; but he recompensed himself for it by palming off on his four guests two bottles of Anjou wine, instead of the two bottles of champagne.

"M. de Busigny, will you regulate your watch by mine, or permit me to regulate mine by yours?" inquired Athos.

"Whichever you please," said the light-dragoon, drawing from his fob a very beautiful watch encircled with diamonds. "Half-past seven," added he.

"Five-and-thirty minutes after seven," said Athos; "we shall remember that I am five minutes in advance, sir."

Then bowing to the astonished party, the four young men took the road towards the bastion of St. Gervais, followed by Grimaud, who carried the basket, not knowing where he was going, and from the passive obedience that was habitual to him, not thinking even of inquiring.

Whilst they were within the precincts of the camp, the four friends did not exchange a word: they were, besides, followed by the curious, who, having heard of the wager, wished to know how they would extricate themselves from the affair. But when once they had got beyond the lines of circumnavigation and found themselves in the open country, d'Artagnan, who was entirely ignorant of what they were about, thought it high time to demand some explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "do me the kindness to tell me where you are going."

"You can see well enough," replied Athos: "we are going to the bastion."

"But what are we going to do there?"

"You know very well—we are going to breakfast there."

"But why do we not breakfast at the Parpaillot?"

"Because we have most important things to tell you, and it was impossible to converse for five minutes in that tavern, with all those troublesome fellows, who come and go, and continually address us. Here, at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "no one will come to interrupt us."

Having reached the bastion, the four friends looked behind them. More than three hundred soldiers, of every kind, had assembled at the entrance of the camp; and, in a separate group, they saw M. de Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and the fourth wagerer.

Athos took off his hat, raised it on the end of his sword, and waved it in the air. All the spectators returned his salutation, accompanying this act of politeness with a loud hurrah, which reached their ears. After this occurrence they all four disappeared in the bastion, where Grimaud had already preceded them. As Athos had foreseen, the bastion was occupied by about a dozen dead bodies, French and Rochellois.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, who had taken the command of the expedition, "whilst Grimaud prepares the table, let us begin by collecting together the number of muskets and ammunition. We can, moreover, converse whilst we are doing it. These gentlemen," added he, pointing to the dead bodies, "do not hear us."

"But we may, nevertheless, throw them into the ditches," said Porthos, "having first satisfied ourselves that they have nothing in their pockets."

"Yes," replied Athos, "but that is Grimaud's business."

"Well, then," said d'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and throw them over the walls."

"Not upon any account," said Athos; "they may be of use to us."

"These dead be of use to us?" exclaimed Porthos. "Ah, nonsense! you are getting crazy, my dear friend!"

"Do not judge rashly, say both the gospel and the cardinal," replied Arthos. "How many muskets are there, gentlemen?"

"Twelve."

"How much ammunition?"

"A hundred rounds."

"It is quite as many as we need: let us load our muskets."

The four companions set themselves to work; and just as they had loaded the last gun, Grimaud made a sign to them that breakfast was ready.

Athos indicated by a gesture that he was contented with what was done, and then pointed out to Grimaud a sort of sheltered box, where he was to place himself as sentinel. But, to alleviate the annoyance of his guard, Athos allowed him to take with him a loaf, two cutlets and a bottle of wine.

"And now, to breakfast!" said Athos.

The four friends seated themselves upon the ground, with their legs crossed, like Turks or tailors.

"And now," said d'Artagnan, "as you are no longer afraid of being heard, I hope that you are going to let us know your secret."

"I hope that I provide you at the same time both with amusement and glory, gentlemen!" said Athos. "I have induced you to take a charming little excursion: here is a most nutritious breakfast; and below there, are five hundred persons, as you may perceive through the embrasures, who take us for madmen or heroes—two classes of fools who very much resemble each other."

"But this secret?"

"I saw her ladyship last night," said Athos.

D'Artagnan was just carrying his glass to his lips; but at the sound of her ladyship's name, his hand trembled so that he placed his glass on the ground, in order that he might not spill its contents.

"You have seen your wi—"

"Hush, then!" interrupted Athos; "you forget, my dear fellow, that these gentlemen are not, like you, initiated in the privacies of my family affairs. I have seen her ladyship."

"And where happened that?" demanded d'Artagnan.

"About two leagues from hence, at the Red Dove-Cot."

"In that case, I am a lost man," said d'Artagnan.

"Not just yet," replied Athos; "for, by this time, she must have quitted the shores of France."

D'Artagnan breathed again.

"But after all," inquired Porthos, "who is this lady?"

"A charming woman," said Athos, tasting a glass of sparkling wine. "Scamp of a landlord!" exclaimed he, "who gives us Anjou for champagne, and who thinks we shall be deceived by the subterfuge! Yes," continued he, "a charming woman, to whom our friend d'Artagnan has done something unpardonable, for which she is endeavoring to avenge herself—a month ago, by trying to get him shot; a week ago, by sending him some poison; and yesterday, by demanding his head of the cardinal."

"What! demanding my head of the cardinal?" cried d'Artagnan, pale with terror.

"Yes," said Porthos, "it is true as gospel; for I heard her with my own ears."

"And I also," said Aramis.

"Then," said d'Artagnan, letting his arm fall in a desponding manner, "it is useless to struggle longer: I may as well blow out my brains at once, and have done with it."

"That is the last folly to be perpetrated," said Arthos, "seeing it is the only one which will not admit of remedy."

"But with such enemies, I shall never escape," said d'Artagnan. "First, my unknown antagonist of Meung; then, de Wardes, on whom I inflicted four wounds; next, this lady, whose secret I found out; and, lastly, the cardinal, whose revenge I defeated."

"Well!" said Athos, "and all this makes only four, and we are four—one against one. Egad! if we may trust to Grimaud's signs, we are now about to engage with a far greater number of foes. What's the matter, Grimaud? Considering the seriousness of the circumstance, I permit you to speak, my friend; but be laconic, I beseech you. What do you see!"

"A troop."

"How many persons?"

"Twenty men."

"What sort of men?"

"Sixteen pioneers and four soldiers."

"How far are they off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Good! We have still time to finish our fowl, and to drink a glass of wine. To your health, d'Artagnan."

"Your health," repeated Aramis and Porthos.

"Well, then, to my health; although I do not imagine that your good wishes will be of much benefit to me."

"Bah!" said Athos, "God is great, as the Mahometans say, and the future is in his hands."

Then, having swallowed his wine, and put the glass down, Athos carelessly arose, took the first musket which came to his hand and went towards an embrasure.

The three others did the same. As for Grimaud, he had orders to place himself behind them and to reload their muskets.

An instant afterwards, they saw the troop appearing. It came along a kind of branch trench, which formed a communication between the bastion and the town.

"Zounds!" said Athos, "it is scarcely worth while to disturb ourselves for a score of fellows armed with pick-axes, mattocks and spades!—Grimaud ought to have quietly beckoned to them to go about their business, and I am quite convinced that they would have left us to ourselves."

"I much doubt it," said d'Artagnan, "for they come forward with great resolution. Besides, in addition to the workmen, there are four soldiers and a brigadier, armed with muskets."

"That is because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Faith," said Aramis, "I confess that I am reluctant to fire upon these poor devils of citizens."

"He is a bad priest," said Porthos, "who pities heretics."

"Upon my word," said Athos, "Aramis is right. I will give them a caution."

"What the plague are you doing?" cried d'Artagnan; "you will get yourself shot, my dear fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this warning; and mounting on the breach, his fusee in one hand and his hat in the other:

"Gentlemen," said he, bowing courteously, and addressing himself to the soldiers and pioneers who, astonished by this apparition, halted at about fifty paces from the bastion; "gentle-

men, we are, some of my friends and myself, engaged at breakfast in this bastion. Now you know that nothing is more disagreeable than to be disturbed at breakfast; so we entreat of you, if you really have business here, to wait till we have finished our repast, or to come back in a little while; unless, indeed, you experience the salutary desire of forsaking the ranks of rebellion, and coming to drink with us to the health of the king of France."

"Take care, Athos," said d'Artagnan; "don't you see that they are taking aim at you?"

"Yes, yes," said Athos; "but these are citizens, who are shocking bad marksmen, and will take care not to hit me."

In fact, at that moment four shots were fired, and the bullets whistled around Athos, but without one touching him.

Four shots were instantaneously returned, but with a far better aim than that of the aggressors, three soldiers fell dead and one of the pioneers was wounded.

"Grimaud," said Athos, from the breach, "another musket."

Grimaud obeyed immediately.

The three friends had also reloaded their arms. A second discharge soon followed the first, and the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead. The rest of the troop took to flight.

"Come, gentlemen, a sortie!" said Athos.

The four friends rushed out of the fort; reached the field of battle, picked up the muskets of the soldiers, and the half-pike of the brigadier; and, satisfied that the fugitives would never stop till they reached the town, they returned to the bastion, bearing with them the trophies of their victory.

"Reload the muskets, Grimaud," said Athos; "and let us,

gentlemen, continue our breakfast and conversation. Where were we?"

"I recollect," said d'Artagnan; "you were saying, that, after having demanded my head of the cardinal, her ladyship had left the shores of France. And where is she going?" added d'Artagnan, who was painfully anxious about the itinerary of the lady's journey.

"She is going to England," replied Athos.

"And for what object?"

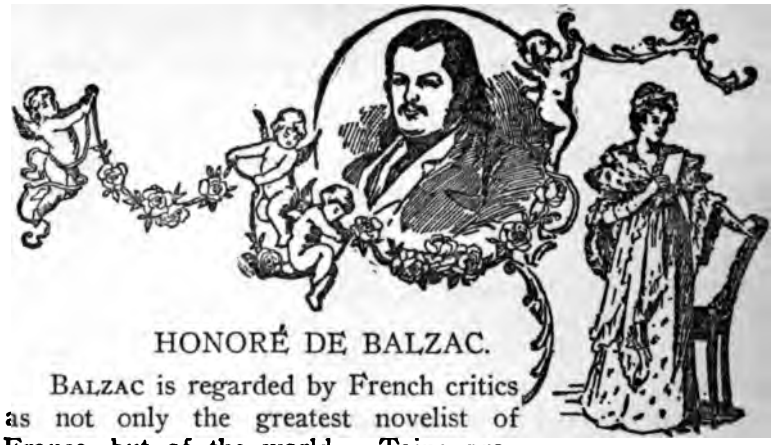
"To assassinate the Duke of Buckingham, or to get him assassinated."

D'Artagnan uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"It is infamous!" exclaimed he.

"Oh, as to that," said Athos, "I beg you to believe that I concern myself very little about it. Now that you have finished, Grimaud," continued he, "take the half-pike of our brigadier, fasten a napkin to it, and fix it on the end of our bastion, that those rebellious Rochellois may see that they are opposed to brave and loyal subjects of the king."

Grimaud obeyed without reply; and an instant afterwards the white flag floated over the heads of the four friends. A cry of joy, a thunder of applause saluted its appearance. Half the camp was at the barriers.



HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

BALZAC is regarded by French critics as not only the greatest novelist of France, but of the world. Taine pronounced his works "the greatest storehouse of documents in human nature." But his style has been criticized as "the least simple, probably, that ever was written; it bristles, it cracks, it swells and swaggers;" it was the expression of a fertile, intense and vivid imagination. Owing to his cumbrous style Balzac was obliged to serve a hard apprenticeship, and his early dramas and stories have fallen into neglect. He did not show his real merit until he wrote "The Chouans" in 1830. Finally he conceived the stupendous idea of the "Comédie humaine" (the comedy of human life) and carried it into marvelous execution, though not completion.

Honoré de Balzac was born in Touraine in 1799, and was thus three years older than Victor Hugo. His family wished him to study law and tried to starve him out of his literary ambition, but his sister Laura sustained his courage by her faith in his genius. He was always fond of speculation, and when his novels began to attract attention, he entered into a grand scheme of printing and publishing, which so loaded him with debt that his task of novel-writing became like the notorious one of Sir Walter Scott's declining years. But in that decade, 1830-40, Balzac, spurred on by necessity, produced most of his best works. His years of terrible toil were lightened by the hope of marriage with a Polish Countess Hanska. But the widow, out of deference to the proprieties, delayed their wedding fully sixteen years. At last the worn-out novelist, then fifty-one, was married in March, 1850, and lived only until August, without realizing that "sweetest of all autumns" to which he had looked forward.

It has been declared that "the great general protagonist of the 'Comédie humaine' is the 20-franc piece." Money certainly resounds through all of Balzac's Inferno as gold does through Dante's third circle. The miser's passion was that which Balzac was most moved to depict; there are numerous portraitures—Eugenie Grandet, Silvie Rogron, the heirs of Doctor Mirouet, Maitre Cornelius, Raphael, the wife of Marquis d'Espard, and Gobseck, the Parisian usurer. Balzac's street-wanderings and Parisian experiences during his early years of profitless romance-writing and play-making were by no means without fruit. In one of the rare autobiographic bits of his "Comedy" he pictures the young man roaming the streets of Paris and following other pedestrians to overhear their conversation. "In listening to these people," he makes his character remark, "I could espouse their life. I felt their rags upon my back; walked with my feet in their broken shoes; their desires, their wants—everything passed into my soul, and my soul passed into theirs; it was the dream of a waking man." And truly Balzac achieved this supreme transference in his great romance-scheme. Scarcely ever do we get a peep of the author himself in his "Comedy;" like Shakespeare, he refuses to be autobiographic.

The idea of the vast fabric of the "Comedy" was not announced by Balzac until 1842, when he had for twelve years been busy in composing his master-pieces. Then suddenly he issued a manifesto, which should be a preface to his works. He declared his intention of doing for mankind what Buffon and Saint-Hilaire had done for the animal kingdom. He undertook to analyze and classify man and life. He called himself the historian of manners, the secretary of society. His "Comedy" does form a wonderful picture of the mass of French civilization of his time. The imaginary world which he revealed is a reflex of the real French world. He claimed to have created at least two thousand original characters. Open "Le Père Goriot" and consider the peculiar relations of the strange inhabitants of the Maison Vauquer, and you find that you have stepped into a new world. That shabby boarding-house is a stage of vast dramas. The same multitudinous effect is felt in the guests that assemble at Madame Bargeton's party, and in many other places. Severe critics

declare that much of Balzac's philosophy about his "Comedy" is charlatanry by which he was himself duped; that his scheme falls far short of being comprehensive, that his limited experience and his plebeian origin (despite his fictitious "de," adopted late in life) prevented him from properly describing the Faubourg St. Germaine and fashionable life; that he had no sense of morality, and that his virtuous women are at the best abstractions, not realities; that he hated the bourgeois too much to do them justice; and that he always looked at provincial life with the eyes of a Parisian boulevardier. These charges are, in the main, true. The scheme of the "Comedy" is by no means scientifically exact, and the divisions are arbitrary and fantastic. He was thoroughly sensual, and transferred his libertinism to the children of his fancy. He paid too much attention to the vulgar, the vicious and the vile. He himself wrote to George Sand: "Vulgar natures interest me more than they do you. I magnify them, idealize them inversely in their ugliness or folly, giving them terrible or grotesque proportions."

The "Comédie humaine" was divided by Balzac into three main sections—Studies of Manners, Philosophical Studies, Analytic Studies. The Studies of Manners he subdivided into "Scenes of Private Life" (24 stories), "Scenes of Provincial Life" (10 stories), "Scenes of Country Life" (3 stories), "Scenes of Parisian Life," his most brilliant section (20 stories), and "Scenes Political and Military" (7 stories). His Philosophical Studies comprise 20 stories, and his Analytical Studies only two. His only truly political work is the "Deputé of Arcis" (left incomplete); his actual military tales are his early "Chouans," "Le Colonel Chabert" (in which there is a description of the battle of Eylau and the French retreat), and "L'Adieu" with its battle scene. The "Passion in a Desert," which relates a panther's love for a soldier, would now be called a decadent tale. In "The Country Doctor" Balzac has expressed the French peasantry's worship of Napoleon.

Among Balzac's masterpieces are "Le Père Goriot," in which old Goriot, like King Lear, makes terrible sacrifice for his two heartless daughters; "Eugénie Grandet," in which a mother and a noble daughter are sacrificed to a sordid miser;

"Poor Relations" in which Cousin Pons, an old musician and bric-a-brac collector is left to the mercy of rogues; "Cousine Bette," which describes the ruin of Baron Hulot by that queen of the demimonde, Valérie Marneffe; "Lost Illusions" and "The Splendors and Miseries of Courtesans," in which Vautrin, the king of convicts, uses the artist, Lucien de Rubempré as a cat's-paw to prey on society; "Ursule Mirouet," in which heirs quarrel for a fortune; "La Duchesse de Langeais," a study of fashionable life, containing a celebrated Spanish convent scene; "The Grandeur and Decline of Cesar Birotteau," in which a pack of scoundrels prey upon a rich perfumer; "The Magic Skin," in which Raphael's talisman is a wild ass's hide, that shrinks with every desire granted and thus shortens his life; "The Search of the Infinite," in which Claës, an alchemist and monomaniac, melts up his family's fortune; and "Louis Lambert," a mystical romance. Among his short tales the most notable are "The Passion in a Desert;" "La Grande Bretecke," in which a husband walls up his wife's lover; "Gobseck," the Parisian usurer; "An Episode under the Terror," which tells the absolution of the executioner of Louis Capet; and "The Anonymous Masterpiece," in which a painter realizes a splendid illusion.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

The doctor's house, on the side facing the garden, consists of a ground floor and a single story, with a row of five windows in each; dormer windows also project from the tiled mansard-roof. The green-painted shutters are in startling contrast with the grey tones of the walls. A vine wanders along the whole side of the house, a pleasant strip of green like a frieze, between the two stories. A few struggling Bengal roses make shift to live as best they may, half drowned at times by the drippings from the gutterless eves.

As you enter the vestibule, the salon lies to your right; it contains four windows, two of which look into your yard, and two into the garden. Ceiling and wainscot are panelled, and the walls are hung with seventeenth century tapestry—pathetic evidence that the room had been the object of the late owner's aspiration, and that he had lavished all that he

could spare upon it. The great roomy arm-chairs, covered with brocaded damask; the old-fashioned, gilded candle-sconces above the chimney-piece, and the window curtains with their heavy tassels, showed that the curé had been a wealthy man. Benassis had made some additions to this furniture, which was not without a character of its own. He had placed two smaller tables, decorated with carved wooden garlands, between the windows on opposite sides of the room, and had put a clock, in a case of tortoise shell, inlaid with copper, upon the mantel-shelf. The doctor seldom occupied the salon; its atmosphere was damp and close, like that of a room that is always kept shut. Memories of the dead curé still lingered about it; the peculiar scent of his tobacco seemed to pervade the corner by the hearth where he had been wont to sit. The two great easy-chairs were symmetrically arranged on either side of the fire, which had not been lighted since the time of M. Gravier's visit; the bright flames from the pine logs lighted the room.

'The evenings are chilly even now,' said Benassis, 'it is pleasant to see a fire.'

Genestas was meditating. He was beginning to understand the doctor's indifference to his everyday surroundings.

'It is surprising to me, sir, that you, who possess real public spirit, should have made no effort to enlighten the Government, after accomplishing so much.'

Benassis began to laugh, but without bitterness; he said, rather sadly:

'You mean that I should draw up some sort of memorial on various ways of civilizing France? You are not the first to suggest it, sir; M. Gravier has forestalled you. Unluckily, Governments cannot be enlightened, and a Government which regards itself as a diffuser of light is the least open to enlightenment. What we have done for our canton, every mayor ought, of course, to do for his; the magistrate should work for his town, the sub-prefect for his district, the prefect for his department, and the minister for France, each acting in his own sphere of interest. For the few miles of country road that I persuaded our people to make, another would succeed in constructing a canal or highway; and for my encouragement of the peasants' trade in hats, a minister would

emancipate France from the industrial yoke of the foreigner by encouraging the manufacture of clocks in different places, by helping to bring to perfection our iron and steel, our tools and appliances, or by bringing silk or dyer's wood into cultivation.

'In commerce, "encouragement" does not mean protection. A really wise policy should aim at making a country independent of foreign supply, but this should be effected without resorting to the pitiful shifts of customs duties and prohibitions. Industries must work out their own salvation, competition is the life of trade. A protected industry goes to sleep, and monopoly, like the protective tariff, kills it outright. The country upon which all others depend for their supplies will be the land which will promulgate free trade, for it will be conscious of its power to produce its manufactures at prices lower than those of any of its competitors. France is in a better position to attain this end than England, for France alone possesses an amount of territory sufficiently extensive to maintain a supply of agricultural produce at prices that will enable the worker to live on low wages; the Administration should keep this end in view, for therein lies the whole modern question. I have not devoted my life to this study, dear sir; I found my work by accident, and late in the day. Such simple things as these are too slight, moreover, to build into a system; there is nothing wonderful about them, they do not lend themselves to theories; it is their misfortune to be merely practically useful. And then work cannot be done quickly. The man who means to succeed in these ways must daily look within himself to find the stock of courage needed for the day, a courage in reality of the rarest kind, though it does not seem hard to practice, and meets with little recognition—the courage of the schoolmaster, who must say the same things over and over again. We all honour the man who has shed his blood on the battlefield, as you have done; but we ridicule this other whose life-fire is slowly consumed in repeating the same words to children of the same age. There is no attraction for any of us in obscure well-doing. We know nothing of the civic virtue that led the great men of ancient times to serve their country in the lowest rank whenever they did not command. Our age

is afflicted with a disease that makes each of us seek to rise above his fellows, and there are more saints than shrines among us.

'This is how it has come to pass. The monarchy fell, and we lost Honour, Christian Virtue faded with the religion of our forefathers, and our own ineffectual attempts at government have destroyed Patriotism. Ideas can never utterly perish, so these beliefs linger on in our midst, but they do not influence the great mass of the people, and Society has no support but Egoism. Every individual believes in himself. For us the future means egoism; further than that we cannot see. The great man who shall save us from the shipwreck which is imminent will no doubt avail himself of this individualism when he makes a nation of us once more; but until this regeneration comes, we bide our time in a materialistic and utilitarian age. Utilitarianism—to this conclusion have we come. We are all rated, not at our just worth, but according to our social importance. People will scarcely look on an energetic man if he is in shirt-sleeves. The Government itself is pervaded by this idea. A minister sends a paltry medal to a sailor who has saved a dozen lives at the risk of his own, while the deputy who sells his vote to those in power receives the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

'Woe to a people made up of such men as these! For nations, like men, owe all their strength and vitality that is in them to noble thoughts and aspirations, and men's feelings shape their faith. But when self-interest has taken the place of faith, and each of us thinks only of himself, and believes in himself alone, how can you expect to find among us much of that civil courage whose very essence consists in self-renunciation? The same principle underlies both military and civil courage, although you soldiers are called upon to yield your lives up once and for all, while ours are given slowly drop by drop, and the battle is the same for both, although it takes different forms.

'The man who would fain civilize the lowliest spot on earth needs something besides wealth for the task. Knowledge is still more necessary; and knowledge, and patriotism, and integrity are worthless unless they are accompanied by a firm determination on his part to set his own personal in-

terests completely aside, and to devote himself to a social idea. France, no doubt, possesses more than one well-educated man and more than one patriot in every commune; but I am fully persuaded that not every canton can produce a man who to these valuable qualifications unites the unflagging will and pertinacity with which a blacksmith hammers out iron. . . .

'Luckily I found a *tabula rasa* in this district. They have followed my advice, and the land is well cultivated; but there had been no previous errors in agriculture, and the soil was good to begin with, so that it has been easy to introduce the five-ply shift, artificial grasses, and potatoes. My methods did not clash with people's prejudices. The faultily constructed ploughshares in use in some parts of France were unknown here, the hoe sufficed for the little field work that they did. Our wheelwright extolled my wheeled ploughs because he wished to increase his own business, so I secured an ally in him; but in this matter, as in all others, I sought to make the good of one conduce to the good of all.

. . . 'On the other side of the mountain at the foot of which our deserted village lies, they find it impossible to use wheeled ploughs, because the soil is not deep enough. Now if the mayor of the commune were to take it into his head to follow in our footsteps, he would be the ruin of his neighbourhood. I advised him to plant vineyards; they had a capital vintage last year in the little district, and their wine is exchanged for our corn.

'Then, lastly, it must be remembered that my words carried a certain weight with the people to whom I preached, and that we were continually brought into close contact. I cured my peasants' complaints; an easy task, for a nourishing diet is, as a rule, all that is needed to restore them to health and strength. Either through thrift, or through sheer poverty, the country people starve themselves; any illness among them is caused in this way, and as a rule they enjoy very fair health.

'When I first decided to devote myself to this life of obscure renunciation, I was in doubt for a long while whether to become a curé, a country doctor, or a justice of the peace. It is not without reason that people speak collectively of the

priest, the lawyer, and the doctor as "men of the black robe"—so the saying goes. The first heals the wounds of the soul, the second those of the purse, and the third those of the body. They represent the three principal elements necessary to the existence of society—conscience, property, and health. At one time the first, and at a later period the second was all-important in the State. Our predecessors on this earth thought, perhaps not without reason, that the priest, who prescribed what men should think, ought to be paramount; so the priest was king, pontiff, and judge in one, for in those days belief and faith were everything. All this has been changed in our day; and we must even take our epoch as we find it. But I, for one, believe that the progress of civilization and the welfare of the people depend on these three men. They are the three powers who bring home to the people's minds the ways in which facts, interests, and principles affect them. They themselves are the three great results produced in the midst of the nation by the operation of events, by the ownership of property, and by the growth of ideas. Time goes on and brings changes to pass, property increases or diminishes in men's hands, all the various readjustments have to be duly regulated, and in this way principles of social order are established. If civilization is to spread itself, and production is to be increased, the people must be made to understand the way in which the interests of the individual harmonize with national interests which resolve themselves into facts, interests and principles. As these three professions are bound to deal with these issues of human life, it seemed to me that they must be the most powerful civilizing agencies of our time. They alone afford to a man of wealth the opportunity of mitigating the fate of the poor, with whom they daily bring him in contact.

'The peasant is always more willing to listen to the man who lays down rules for saving him from bodily ills than to the priest who exhorts him to save his soul. The first speaker can talk of this earth, the scene of the peasant's labours, while the priest is bound to talk to him of heaven, with which, unfortunately, the peasant nowadays concerns himself very little indeed. I say unfortunately, because the doctrine of a future life is not only a consolation but a means by which

men may be governed. Is not religion the one power that sanctions social laws? We have but lately vindicated the existence of God. In the absence of a religion, the Government was driven to invent the Terror, in order to carry its laws into effect; but the terror was the fear of man, and it has passed away.

'When a peasant is ill, when he is forced to lie on his pallet, and while he is recovering, he cannot help himself, he is forced to listen to logical reasoning, which he can understand quite well if it is clearly put before him. This thought made a doctor of me. My calculations for the peasants were made along with them. I never gave advice unless I was quite sure of the results, and in this way compelled them to admit the wisdom of my views. The people require infallibility. Infallibility was the making of Napoleon; he would have been a god if he had not filled the world with the sound of his fall at Waterloo. If Mahomet founded a permanent religion after conquering the third part of the globe, it was by dint of concealing his deathbed from the crowd. The same rules hold good for the great conqueror and for the provincial mayor, and a nation or a commune is much the same sort of crowd; indeed, the great multitude of mankind is the same everywhere.

'I have been exceedingly firm with those whom I have helped with money; if I had not been inflexible on this point, they would all have laughed at me. Peasants, no less than worldlings, end by despising the man that they can deceive. He has been cheated? Clearly, then, he must have been weak; and it is might alone that governs the world. I have never charged a penny for my professional advice, except to those who were evidently rich people; but I have not allowed the value of my services to be overlooked at all, and I always make them pay for medicine unless the patient is exceedingly poor. If my peasants do not pay me in money, they are quite aware that they are in my debt; sometimes they satisfy their consciences by bringing oats for my horses, or corn, when it is cheap. But if the miller were to send me some eels as a return for my advice, I should tell him that he is too generous for such a small matter. My politeness bears fruit. In the winter I shall have some sacks of flour for the poor. Ah,

sir, they have kind hearts, these people, if one does not slight them, and today I think more good and less evil of them than I did formerly.'

'What a deal of trouble you have taken!' said Genestas.

'Not at all,' answered Benassis. 'It was no more trouble to say something useful than to chatter about trifles; and whether I chatted or joked, the talk always turned on them and their concerns wherever I went. They would not listen to me at first. I had to overcome their dislikes; I belonged to the middle classes—that is to say, I was a natural enemy. I found the struggle amusing. An easy or an uneasy conscience—that is all the difference that lies between doing well or ill; the trouble is the same in either case. If scoundrels would but behave themselves properly, they might be millionaires instead of being hanged. That is all.'

'The dinner is growing cold, sir!' cried Jacquotte, in the doorway.

BALZAC.

EMILE ZOLA.

PROMINENT as Zola has been for years in contemporary French literature, it is not yet time for a proper estimate of his work to be formed. He was born in 1840, and died in 1902. His origin was obscure; his mother was French, his father Italian; his youth was embarrassed by poverty, and it was not until after his thirtieth year that he conceived the plan of the Rougon-Macquart Series of novels, in which he attempts to apply the theory of heredity as a sufficient explanation of the events of human life. His ambition was to emulate, or supplement, Balzac's great "Human Comedy;" but his work is vitiated by the bigotry of its underlying theory, and there results a monotony which is not relieved by the beauties and compensations of art. Zola's little code of dogmas fails adequately to measure the dimensions of mankind. Nevertheless, he was a writer of force and power; he could draw character and weave an absorbing web of circumstances.

As Zola was the first writer of fiction deliberately to undertake the analysis of human nature on scientific principles, his books soon attracted attention, and presently won a fame, or

a notoriety, which is altogether in excess of their true value. The foul indecency of many of them augmented their commercial worth, and as leader of a new Naturalistic School, Zola appeared as one of the foremost literary men of France, if not of his age. But sober criticism is compelled to see in him a mind deeply tainted with unwholesome predispositions; he takes the gloomy and repulsive side even of his own dismal theory; and he fails, in the end, to convince us that he has discovered truth. There is in the contents of his series enough good writing and just observation to warrant a sound literary reputation; and we may conjecture that, had he been endowed with a healthier temperament, or had he avoided the pitfalls of a shallow and inconclusive science, he might have been known as an honored member of the literary guild; yet it should be borne in mind that his success, such as it is, may be due to that same mental perversity which renders that success transitory and unsound. The frequent and violent denunciations of Zola have not injured him; but he has been made ridiculous, and his vogue shortened, by the many absurd eulogies and analyses of his reproductions, put forth by hysteric critics who hastened to accept him at his own solemn and extravagant valuation. It has been said that the value of each one of his novels is enhanced by the fact that it is one of the series—a part of an organic whole. But the opposite of this is more probably the truth; we could accept and perhaps admire many single productions of his genius, were we not compelled to regard each but as a facet of his entire achievement. We could forgive him for a dreary, morbid and repulsive book, but not for forcing us to regard it as a step in the development of a materialistic and unconfirmed hypothesis of mortal existence.

The underlying structural idea of the series is that of two branches of a family, one legitimate, one illegitimate, gradually ramifying throughout the various grades and phases of society, and exemplifying the characteristic types of modern life. There is insanity at the root of the genealogical tree of the race, and it flowers in all manner of sordid, vicious and monstrous ways. The author aims, in imitation of Flaubert, to be coldly dispassionate in his treatment, and to concede nothing to sentiment and art; he professes to seek the truth

only, and to be sublimely indifferent to consequences. But this is a mere pose, which, if it deceives Zola himself, deceives no one else. It would be easy to point to inconsistencies in his execution, as well as to fallacies in his method; his stories are not natural in the sense he pretends; they bear the marks of the personal equation of their composer as plainly as do those of other writers. Indeed, one of the few things which his books go near to demonstrate is, that to reproduce nature in novels is impossible. We must select, emphasize and arrange; we must begin, culminate and conclude. Zola, no more than another man, is of a stature to see the bend of the infinite arc of human destiny; and the petty arcs he traces on his paper are ridiculous, not so much in themselves, as in their pretensions.

Zola's most widely-known books are "L'Assommoir," "Nana," "La Terre" and "Le Debacle." They are also in many respects his most revolting productions. In "La Rêve" he attempts to show that he can write a pure story; but it is one of his most labored and least interesting efforts. It may be said, paradoxically, that Zola is at his best when at his worst. But he has been diligent, painstaking, and—in his own way—conscientious; and the profession of literature may confess a debt to him. It will never again be possible for a successful writer to be a careless one, or to neglect the study of life, as a preliminary to depicting it. Zola overdid the note-book, or misused it; but he showed the value of strict observation; and the literature of the future, if it remain true to art, may thank him for the hint that reality cannot safely be ignored.

When his Rougon-Macquart Series was brought to a conclusion, Zola projected another literary scheme, to illustrate the religious movement of the age in three works—"Lourdes," "Rome" and "Paris," corresponding somewhat remotely to Faith, Hope and Charity. A priest who has become perplexed with doubts goes on a pilgrimage to Lourdes to restore his faith, but rather has his disbelief increased by what he sees there; he goes to Rome, but is disappointed; he returns to Paris and there finds science and truth in closest conflict with ignorance and misery, and accepts beneficence to one's neighbors as the chief duty and proper aim of life.

Hardly had Zola finished these romances of religion when he startled the world by interfering in political affairs, accusing the heads of the army of the grossest injustice in the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus and demanding a new trial for the victim. The result was his own trial, condemnation, appeal and withdrawal from France. Meantime unexpected revelations seem to prove that he was in the right, and French public opinion, which had been excited against him for attacking the army administration, turned in his favor.

A Fight with Flails.

(From "La Terre.")

When the relatives, invited to a baptism and supper, had gone to look over the farm, Buteau, dissatisfied at losing the afternoon, took off his jacket and began to thresh, in the paved corner of the court-yard; for he needed a sack of wheat. But he soon wearied of threshing alone, he wanted, to warm him up, the double cadence of the flails, tapping in measure; and he called Françoise, who often aided him in his work, her arms as hard as those of a lad:—"Eh! Françoise, will you come?"

His wife, who was preparing a ragoût of veal with carrots, and who had charged her sister to watch a roast of pork on the spit, wished to prevent the latter from obeying. But Buteau persisted, and Françoise, who had already put on an old dress, was forced to follow him. She took a flail, her own. With both hands she made it whirl above her head, bringing it down upon the wheat, which it struck with a sharp blow. Buteau, opposite her, did the same, and soon nothing was seen but the bits of flying wood. The grain leaped, fell like hail, beneath the panting toc-toc of the two threshers.

At a quarter to seven o'clock, as the night was coming on, Fouan and the Delhommes presented themselves.

"We must finish," Buteau cried to them, without stopping. "Fire away, Françoise!"

She did not pause, tapped harder, in the excitement of the work and the noise. And it was thus that Jean, who arrived in his turn, with the permission to dine out, found them. Françoise, on seeing him, stopped short, troubled. Buteau,

having wheeled about, stood for an instant motionless with surprise and anger. "What are you doing here?"

But Lise cried out, with her gay air: "Eh! true, I have not told you. I saw him this morning, and asked him to come."

The inflamed face of her husband became so terrible, that she added, wishing to excuse herself: "I have an idea, Père Fouan, that he has a request to make of you."

"What request?" said the old man.

Jean colored, and stammered, greatly vexed that the matter should be broached in this way, so quickly, before everybody. But Buteau interrupted him violently, the smiling glance that his wife had cast upon Françoise had sufficed to enlighten him: "Are you making game of us? She is not for you, you scoundrel!"

This brutal reception restored Jean his courage. He turned his back, and addressed the old man: "This is the story, Père Fouan, it's very simple. As you are Françoise's guardian, it is necessary for me to address myself to you to get her, is it not? If she will take me, I will take her. It is marriage that I ask."

Françoise, who was still holding her flail, dropped it, trembling with fright. She ought, however, to have expected this; but never could she have thought that Jean would dare to demand her thus, immediately. Why had he not talked with her about it first? She was overwhelmed, she could not have said if she trembled with hope or with fear. And, all of a quiver, she stood between the two men.

Buteau did not give Fouan time to answer. He resumed, with a growing fury:—"Eh? you have gall! An old fellow of thirty-three marry a girl of eighteen! Only fifteen years difference! Is it not laughable?"

Jean commenced to get angry. "What difference does it make to you, if I want her and she wants me?" And he turned towards Françoise, that she might give her decision. But she remained frightened, stiffened, and seeming not to understand the case. She could not say No; she did not say Yes, however. Buteau, besides, was looking at her as if he would kill her, to force back the Yes in her throat. If she married, he would lose her land. The sudden thought of this result put the climax to his rage.

"See here, father, see here, Delhomme, it's not right to give this girl to that old villain, who is not even of the district, who comes from nobody knows where, after having dragged his ugly mug in all directions! A failure of a joiner who has turned farmer, because, very sure, he has some dirty business to hide!"

"And afterwards? If I want her and she wants me!" repeated Jean, who had controlled himself. "Come, Françoise, speak."

"But it's true!" cried Lise, carried away by the desire of marrying off her sister, in order to disembarrass herself of her, "what have you to say, if they come to an understanding? She has no need of your consent; it's very considerate in her not to send you about your business with a flea in your ear. You exhaust our patience!"

Then Buteau saw that the marriage would be decided upon, if the young girl spoke. At that instant La Grande (the old aunt) entered the court-yard, followed by the Charleses, who had returned with Eloide. And he summoned them with a gesture, without knowing yet what he would say. Then his face puffed out, he bawled, shaking his fist at his wife and sister-in-law:

"Name of God! I'll break the heads of both of them, the jades!"

The Charleses caught his words, open-mouthed, with consternation. Madam Charles threw herself forward, as if to cover with her body Eloide, who was listening; then, pushing her towards the kitchen garden, she herself cried out, very loudly: "Go look at the salads; go look at the cabbages! Oh! the fine cabbages!"

Buteau continued, violently abusing the two women, upon whom he heaped all sorts of epithets. Lise, astonished at this sudden fit, contented herself with shrugging her shoulders, repeating: "He is crazy! he is crazy!"

"Tell him it's none of his business!" cried Jean to Françoise.

"Very sure it's none of his business!" said the young girl, with a tranquil air.

"Ah! it's none of my business, eh?" resumed Buteau.

"Well, I'm going to make you both march, jades that you are!"

This mad audacity paralyzed, bewildered Jean. The others, the Delhommes, Fouan, La Grande, held aloof. They did not seem surprised; they thought, evidently, that Buteau had a right to do as he pleased in his own house. Then Buteau felt himself victorious in his undisputed strength of possession. He turned towards Jean. "And now for you, scoundrel, who came here to turn my house upside down! Get out of here on the instant! Eh! you refuse. Wait, wait!"

He picked up his flail, he whirled it about his head, and Jean had only the time to seize the other flail, Françoise's, to defend himself. Cries burst forth, they strove to throw themselves between them; but the two men were so terrible that they drew back. The long handles of the flails carried the blows for several yards; they swept the court-yard. The two adversaries stood alone, in the centre, at a distance from each other, enlarging the circle of their flails. They uttered not a word, their teeth set. Only the sharp blows of the pieces of wood were heard at each stroke.

Buteau had launched forth the first blow, and Jean, yet stooping, would have had his head broken, if he had not leaped backwards. Instantly, with a sudden stiffening of the muscles, he arose, he raised, he brought down the flail, like a thresher beating the grain. But already the other was striking also, the two flail ends met, bent back upon their leather straps, in the mad flight of wounded birds. Three times the same clash was reproduced. They saw only those bits of wood whirl and hiss in the air at the extremity of the handles, always ready to fall and split the skulls which they menaced.

Delhomme and Fouan, however had rushed forward, when the women cried out. Jean had just rolled in the straw, treacherously stricken by Buteau, who, with a blow like a whip stroke, along the ground, fortunately deadened, had hit him on the legs. He sprang to his feet, he brandished his flail in a rage that the pain increased. The end described a large circle, fell to the right, when the other expected it to the left. A few lines nearer, and the brains would have been beaten out. Only the ear was grazed. The blow, passing obliquely, fell with all its force upon the arm, which was

broken clean. The bone cracked with the sound of breaking glass.

"Ah! the murderer!" howled Buteau, "he has killed me!"

Jean, haggard, his eyes red with blood, dropped his weapon. Then, for a moment, he stared at them all, as if stupefied by what had happened there, so rapidly; and he went away, limping, with a gesture of furious despair.

When he had turned the corner of the house, towards the plain, he saw La Trouille, who had witnessed the fight, over the garden hedge. She was still laughing at it, having come there to skulk around the baptismal repast, to which neither her father nor herself had been invited. Mahomet would split his sides with merriment over the little family fête, over his brother's broken arm! She squirmed as if she had been tickled, almost ready to fall over, so much was she amused at it all.

"Ah! Caporal, what a hit!" cried she. "The bone went crack! It wasn't the least bit funny!"

He did not answer, slackening his step with an overwhelmed air. And she followed him, whistling to her geese, which she had brought to have a pretext for stationing herself and listening behind the walls. Jean, mechanically, returned towards the threshing machine, which was yet at work amid the fading light. He thought that it was all over, that he could never see the Buteaus again, that they would never give him Françoise. How stupid it was! Ten minutes had sufficed; a quarrel which he had not sought, a blow so unfortunate, just at the moment when matters were progressing favorably! And now there was an end to it all! The roaring of the machine, in the depths of the twilight, prolonged itself like a great cry of distress.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS
IN PART VIII

TINTERN ABBEY.

This is one of the most picturesque ruins in England. It was founded in 1131 for the Cistercian monks and was long a center of monastic activity. Probably it is often remembered because of the well-known lines written by Wordsworth and entitled "A Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey." In them the poet speaks of the Wye river, on whose right bank the Abbey was built.

CHAMPS ELYSÉE.

This boulevard is the fashionable promenade of Paris. It extends from the Place de la Concord to the Arc de l'Etoile—a distance of about one and one-half miles. It was laid out under the direction of Marie de Medici. The afternoon hours find the avenue thronged with carriages; the lower end is largely given up to cafés and chantants.

STAIRWAY OF HONOR—PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

The new Opera House of Paris was completed in 1875, having cost approximately $5,600,000. It is still the largest theater in the world, covering about three acres. The Grand Stair-case and the Foyer are beautiful indeed. In 1910 the serious floods in Paris threatened this building for many hours.

CORONATION OF JOSEPHINE—DAVID.

David painted many pictures of the great Napoleon. This one, having for its subject the Coronation of Josephine, hangs today in the Museum of Versailles. Napoleon was then at the height of his power. After all, it must be conceded that few hours of exultation ever fell to the lot of him who planned the conquest of the world.

BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

The battle of Austerlitz was fought on December 2, 1805. England had done her utmost to rouse the nations against France. Learning that the armies of Austria and Russia were under motion, Napoleon quickly broke up camp, captured an Austrian army, marched through Vienna to Austerlitz beyond and there defeated the forces allied against him to the number of 80,000 men. Never has Austria suffered a more humiliating defeat.

RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

Descriptions have always failed to convey an adequate idea of the suffering experienced by Napoleon's army in the retreat from Russia. The Russians had learned not to risk battle with a general who was never outdone, and instead, they continued to advance farther and farther into the heart of their country, laying waste the land as they went. Napoleon failed to understand the climatic conditions of the north and delayed so long that when he finally began his retreat, the severity of a Russian winter was upon him. The artist has tried to tell the story with his brush.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon died May 5, 1821, and was buried with military honors. In 1840 his remains were brought to Paris and interred in the crypt of the Hôtel des Invalides, in a magnificent sarcophagus. The Hôtel des Invalides is a kind of Soldiers' Home, where French veterans are cared for at public expense.

LION OF LUCERNE.

During the French Revolution, being unable to trust wholly to French soldiers, Louis XVI. engaged a Swiss Guard for personal protection. One day the mobs broke into the Tuileries, where the royal family had been held practically prisoners. The King and his family took refuge in the hall of the National Assembly. Although the French soldiers fired, Louis had given orders that the Swiss Guard should not shoot. Obedient to command, they did not protect themselves but were cut off, almost to a man. In token of memory the people of Switzerland desired to raise some monument to the brave Guard, and this wounded lion has been carved out of the living rock, while below one may read the words: "To the glory and honor of the Helvetians who fell August tenth, 1792."

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND CHILDREN—LE BRUN.

The unfortunate Marie Antoinette was frequently painted by Madame Le Brun. Here she is shown with the Princess Elizabeth, the Dauphin, and the royal baby. At this time troubles had not begun to weigh heavily upon the head of the young Queen. Born and reared at the court of Austria, she little understood the conditions which were growing more serious year by year in France.

MADAME LE BRUN AND DAUGHTER.

Madame Le Brun's life was shadowed by an unhappy marriage. Nevertheless, her genius and lovable disposition brought her a host of friends who formed a congenial circle for years in Paris. This picture of mother and daughter is particularly winsome and we are sorry to learn that in later life her only daughter failed to return the affection which her mother continued to shower upon her.

A MAN HOEING—MILLET.

So much criticism and comment has been excited by this picture that it seems best to devote rather more attention to it than to others. It should be remembered that Millet was a peasant who painted the life he saw around him. Just to read over the titles of his pictures will enable one to understand how closely they held to the laborer and the soil. "The Goose-girl," "Shepherdess Knitting," "The Wood-cutters," "The Gleaners," etc. When critics exclaimed that Millet was a socialist who plotted an entire social revolution, he immediately replied that this was untrue—that he was a peasant who painted life as he saw it.

In recent times Markham, our American poet, gazed upon the painting "A Man Hoeing," and wrote his poem: "The Man with a Hoe." This struck home to the hearts of a responsive people. The searching question: "Who made him what he is?" forced some at least to sorrowfully admit their guilt. From one extreme the pendulum swung to the other, and in current literature much appeared deploring the lot of those who toil. Lest the ennobling effects of honest toil should be quite over-

looked, a society which had the welfare of the toiler at heart offered a prize for the poem which should best set forth the dignity of labor. One thousand poems were submitted. The following was awarded the prize:

A Song of Hope.

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
What are ye weaving—labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again. Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles, prepared by the Master.
Life's at the loom;
Room for it, room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
Lighten the labor and sweeten the sorrow.
Now, while the shuttles fly, faster and faster,
Up and be at it, at work *with* the Master!
He stands at your loom.
Room for Him, room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
Look at your fabric of labor and sorrow;
Seamy and dark with despair and disaster—
Turn it, and lo! the design of the Master.
The Lord's at the loom,
Room for Him, room!

A Mexican Cathedral.

Soon after the discovery of a new world, Spanish explorers reached out in every direction to ascertain the nature of recently discovered lands. They were accompanied almost from the first by brave-hearted men who wished to carry the Christian religion to the furthermost parts of the earth. Jesuits were later followed by Franciscan monks, who from Mexico came up into California and the Coast regions to teach and preach.

The Catholic Church has always found it useful to teach by symbol and painting, and especially where the masses are ignorant, all means of illustrating religious stories are eagerly embraced.

Four Thousand Sheep in Australia.

The resources of Australia are only now becoming well understood. The interior of the country is a desert inhabited by primitive tribes. It may be noted in passing that men are studying these tribes of Central Australia today for the purpose of gaining a better understanding of primitive humanity in whatever age or clime.

Great herds of cattle and vast flocks of sheep are raised on the large ranches. Here four thousand sheep are being changed from one pasture to another.